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OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

MADE IN THE COURSE OF A

JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE, ITALY, AND GERMANY.

By HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

MADE IN A JOURNEY THROUGH

France, Italy, and Germany.

NAPLES.

ON the tenth day of this month we arrived early at Naples, for I think it was about two o'clock in the morning; and ſure the providence of God preſerved us, for never was ſuch weather ſeen by me ſince I came into the world; thunder, lightning, ſtorm at ſea, rain and wind, contending for maſtery, and combining to extinguiſh the torches bought to light us the laſt ſtage: Veſuvius, vomiting fire, and pouring torrents of red hot lava down its ſides, was the only object viſible; and *that* we ſaw plainly in the afternoon thirty miles off, where I aſked a Franciſcan friar, If it was the famous volcano? "Yes," replied he,

he, "that's our mountain, which throws up money for us, by calling foreigners to ſee the extraordinary effects of ſo ſurpriſing a phænomenon." The weather was quiet then, and we had no notion of paſſing ſuch a horrible night; but an hour after dark, a ſtorm came on, which was really dreadful to endure; or even look upon: the blue lightning, whoſe colour ſhewed the nature of the original minerals from which ſhe drew her exiſtence, ſhone round us in a broad expanſe from time to time, and ſudden darkneſs followed in an inſtant: no object then but the fiery river could be ſeen, till another flaſh diſcovered the waves toſſing and breaking, at a height I never ſaw before.

Nothing ſure was ever more ſublime or awful than our entrance into Naples at the dead hour we arrived, when not a whiſper was to be heard in the ſtreets, and not a glimpſe of light was left to guide us, except the ſmall lamp hung now and then at a high window before a favourite image of the Virgin.

My poor maid had by this time nearly loſt her wits with terror, and the French valet, cruſhed with fatigue, and covered with

with rain and ſea-ſpray, had juſt life enough left to exclaim—" *Ah, Madame ! il me ſemble que nous ſommes venus icy exprès pour voir la la fin du monde**."

The Ville de Londres inn was full, and could not accommodate our family; but calling up the people of the Crocelle, we obtained a noble apartment, the windows of which look full upon the celebrated bay which waſhes the wall at our door. Caprea lies oppoſite the drawing-room or gallery, which is magnificent; and my bed-chamber commands a complete view of the mountain, which I value more, and which called me the firſt night twenty times away from ſleep and ſupper, though never ſo in want of both as at that moment ſurely.

Such were my firſt impreſſions of this wonderful metropolis, of which I had been always reading ſummer deſcriptions, and had regarded ſomehow as an Heſperian garden, an earthly paradiſe, where delicacy and ſoftneſs ſubdued every danger, and general ſweetneſs captivated

* Lord, Madam ! why we came here on purpoſe ſure to ſee the end of the world.

every ſenſe;—nor have I any reaſon yet to ſay it will not ſtill prove ſo, for though wet, and weary, and hungry, we wanted no fire, and found only inconvenience from that they lighted on our arrival. It was the faſhion at Florence to ſtruggle for a Terreno, but here we are all perched up one hundred and forty two ſteps from the level of the land or ſea; large balconies, apparently well ſecured, give me every enjoyment of a proſpect, which no repetition can render tedious: and here we have agreed to ſtay till Spring, which, I truſt, will come out in this country as ſoon as the new year calls it.

Our eagerneſs to ſee ſights has been repreſſed at Naples only by finding every thing a ſight; one need not ſtir out to look for wonders ſure, while this amazing mountain continues to exhibit ſuch various ſcenes of ſublimity and beauty at exactly the diſtance one would chuſe to obſerve it from; a diſtance which almoſt admits examination, and certainly excludes immediate fear. When in the ſilent night, however, one liſtens to its groaning; while hollow ſighs, as of gigantic ſorrow,

ſorrow, are often heard diſtinctly in my apartment; nothing can ſurpaſs one's ſenſations of amazement, except the conſciouſneſs that cuſtom will abate their keenneſs: I have not, however, yet learned to lie quiet, when columns of flame, high as the mountain's ſelf, ſhoot from its crater into the clear atmoſphere with a loud and violent noiſe; nor ſhall I ever forget the ſcene it preſented one day to my aſtoniſhed eyes, while a thick cloud, charged heavily with electric matter, paſſing over, met the fiery exploſion by mere chance, and went off in ſuch a manner as effectually baffles all verbal deſcription, and laſted too ſhort a time for a painter to ſeize the moment, and imitate its very ſtrange effect. Monſieur de Vollaire, however, a native of France, long reſident in this city, has obtained, by perpetual obſervation, a power of repreſenting Veſuvius without that black ſhadow, which others have thought neceſſary to increaſe the contraſt, but which greatly takes away all reſemblance of its original. Upon reflection it appears to me, that the men moſt famous at London and Paris for performing tricks with fire have been always Italians in my time, and commonly Neapolitans; no wonder, I ſhould think, Naples

would produce prodigious connoiſſeurs in this way; we have almoſt perpetual lightning of various colours, according to the ſoil from whence the vapours are exhaled; ſometimes of a pale ſtraw or lemon colour, often white like artificial flame produced by camphor, but oftenеſt blue, bright as the rays emitted through the coloured liquors ſet in the window of a chemiſt's ſhop in London—and with ſuch thunder!!—"For God's ſake, Sir," ſaid I to ſome of them, "is there no danger of the ſhips in the harbour here catching fire? why we ſhould all fly up in the air directly, if once theſe flaſhes ſhould communicate to the room where any of the veſſels keep their powder."—"Gunpowder, Madam!" replies the man, amazed; "why if St. Peter and St. Paul came here with gunpowder on board, we ſhould ſoon drive them out again: don't you know," added he, "that every ſhip diſcharges her contents at ſuch a place (naming it), and never comes into our port with a grain on board?"

The palaces and churches have no ſhare in one's admiration at Naples, who ſcorns to depend on man, however mighty, however ſkilful, for *her* ornaments; while Heaven has beſtowed

beſtowed on her and her *contorni* all that can excite aſtoniſhment, all that can impreſs awe. We have ſpent three or four days upon Pozzuoli and its environs; its cavern ſcooped originally by nature's hand, aſſiſted by the armies of Cocceius Nerva—ever tremendous, ever gloomy grotto!—which leads to the road that ſhews you Iſchia, an old volcano, now an iſland apparently rent aſunder by an earthquake, the diviſion too plain to beg aſſiſtance from philoſophy: this is commonly called the *Grotto di Poſilippo* though; you paſs through it to go to every place; not without flambeaux, if you would go ſafely, and avoid the neceſſity the poor are under, who, driving their carts through the ſubterranean paſſage, cry as they meet each other, to avoid joſtling, *alla montagna*, or *alla marina*, *keep to the rock ſide*, or *keep to the ſea ſide*. It is at the right hand, awhile before you enter this cavern, that climbing up among a heap of buſhes, you find a hollow place, and there go down again—it is the tomb of Virgil; and, for other antiquities, I recollect nothing ſhewed me when at Rome that gave me as complete an idea how things were really carried on in former days, as does the temple of *Shor Apis* at Pozzuoli, where

the area is exactly all it ever was; the ring remains where the victim was faſtened to; the prieſts apartments, lavatories, &c. the drains for carrying the beaſt's blood away, all yet remains as perfect as it is poſſible. The end of Caligula's bridge too, but that they ſay is not his bridge, but a mole built by ſome ſucceeding emperor—a madder or a wickeder it could not be—though here Nero bathed, and here he buried his mother Agrippina. Here are the centum camera, the priſons employed by that prince for the cruelleſt of purpoſes; and here are his country palaces reſerved for the moſt odious ones: here effeminacy learned to ſubſiſt without delicacy or ſhame, hence honour was excluded by rapacity, and conſcience ſtupefied by conſtant inebriation: here brainſick folly put nature and common ſenſe upon the rack—Caligula in madneſs courted the moon to his embraces—and Sylla, ſatiated with blood, retired, and gave a premature banquet to thoſe worms he had ſo often fed with the fleſh of innocence: here dwelt depravity in various ſhapes, and here Pandora's chambers left ſcarcely a *Hope* at the bottom that better times ſhould come :—who can write proſe however

however in ſuch places!—let the impoſſibility of expreſſing my thoughts any other way excuſe the following

VERSES.

I.

Firſt of Achelous' blood,
Faireſt daughter of the flood,
Queen of the Sicilian ſea,
Beauteous, bright Parthenope!
Syren ſweet, whoſe magic force
Stops the ſwifteſt in his courſe;
Wiſdom's ſelf, when moſt ſevere,
Longs to lend a liſt'ning ear,
Gently dips the fearful oar,
Trembling eyes the tempting ſhore,
And ſighing quits th' enervate coaſt,
With only half his virtue loſt.

II.

Let thy warm, thy wond'rous clime,
Animate my artleſs rhyme,
Whilſt alternate round me riſe
Terror, pleaſure, and ſurpriſe.—
Here th' aſtoniſh'd ſoul ſurveys
Dread Veſuvius' awful blaze,
Smoke that to the ſky aſpires,
Heavy hail of ſolid fires,

Flames

Flames the fruitful fields o'erflowing,
Ocean with the reflex glowing;
Thunder, whoſe redoubled ſound
Echoes o'er the vaulted ground!—
Such thy glories, ſuch the gloom
That conceals thy ſecret tomb,
Sov'reign of this enchanted ſea,
Where ſunk thy charms, Parthenope.

III.

Now by the glimm'ring torch's ray
I tread Pozzuoli's cavern'd way—
Hollow grot! that might beſeem
Th' Ætnean cyclop, Polypheme:
And here the bat at noonday 'bides,
And here the houſeleſs beggar hides,
While the holy hermit's voice
Glads me with accuſtom'd noiſe.
Now I trace, or trav'llers err,
Modeſt Maro's ſepulchre,
Where nature, ſure of his intent,
Is ſtudious to conceal
That eminence he always meant
We ſhould not ſee but feel.
While Sannazarius from the ſteep
Views, well pleas'd, the fertile deep
Give life to them that ſeize the ſcaly fry,
And to their poet—*immortality*.

IV

IV.

Next beauteous Baia's warm remains invite
To Nero's ſtoves my wond'ring ſight;
Where palaces and domes deſtroy'd
Leave a flat unwholeſome void:
Where underneath the cooling wave,
Ordain'd pollution's fav'rite ſpot to lave,
Now hardly heaves the ſtifled ſigh
Hot, hydropic luxury.
Yet, chas'd by Heav'n's correcting hand,
Tho' various crimes have fled the land;
Tho' brutiſh vice, tyrannic pow'r,
No longer tread the trembling ſhore,
Or taint the ambient air;
By deſtiny's kind care arrang'd,
Th' inhabitants are ſcarcely chang'd;
For birds obſcene, and beaſts of prey,
That ſeek the night and ſhun the day,
Still find a dwelling there.

V.

If then beneath the deep profound
Retires unſeen the ſlipp'ry ground;
If melted metals pour'd from high
A verdant mountain grows by time,
Where friſking kids can browze and climb,
And ſofter ſcenes ſupply:
Let us who view the varying ſcene,
And tread th' inſtructive paths between,

See

See famiſh'd Time his fav'rite ſons devour,
Fix'd for an age—then ſwallow'd in an hour;
Let us at leaſt be early wiſe,
And forward walk with heav'n-fix'd eyes,
Each flow'ry iſle avoid, each precipice
deſpiſe;
Till, ſpite of pleaſure, fear, or pain,
Eternity's firm coaſt we gain,
Whence looking back with alter'd eye,
Theſe fleeting phantoms we'll deſcry,
And find alike the ſong and theme
Was but—an empty, airy dream.

When one has exhauſted all the ideas preſented to the mind by the ſight of Monte Nuovo, made in one night by the eruption of Solfa Terra, now ſunk into itſelf and almoſt extinguiſhed; by the lake Avernus; by the Phlegræan fields, where Jupiter killed the giants, with ſuch thunderbolts as fell about our ears the other night I truſt, and buried one of them alive under mount Ætna; when one has ſeen the Sybil's grott, and the Elyſian plains, and every ſeat of fable and of verſe; when one has run about repeating Virgil's verſes and Claudian's by turns, and handled the hot ſand under the cool waves of Baia; when one has ſeen Cicero's villa and Diana's temple, and talked about antiquities till one is afraid of one's

one's own pedantry, and tired of every one's elſe; it is almoſt time to recollect realities of more near intereſt to ſuch of us as are not aſhamed of being Chriſtians, and to remember that it was at Pozzuoli St. Paul arrived after the ſtorms he met with in theſe ſeas. The wind is ſtill called here *Sieuroc*, o ſia *lo vento Greco*; and their manner of pronouncing it led me to think it might poſſibly be that called in Scripture *Euroclydon*, abbreviated by that grammatical figure, which lops off the concluding ſyllables. The old Paſtor Patrobas too, who received and entertained the Apoſtle here, lies interred under the altar of an old church at Pozzuoli, made out of the remains of a temple to Jupiter, whoſe pillars are in good preſervation: I was earneſt to ſee the place at leaſt, as every thing named in the New Teſtament is of true importance, but one meets few people of the ſame taſte: for Romaniſts take moſt delight in venerating traditionary heroes, and Calviniſts, perhaps too eaſily diſguſted, deſire to venerate no heroes at all.

Some curious inſcriptions here, to me not legible, ſhew how this poor country has been

overwhelmed by tyrants, earthquakes, Saracens! not to mention the Goths and Vandals, who however left no traces *but* deſolation: while, as the prophet Joel ſays, "*The ground was as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a deſolate wilderneſs.*

Theſe Mahometan invaders, leſs ſavage, but not leſs cruel, afforded at leaſt an unwilling ſhelter in that which is now their capital, for the wretched remains of literature. To their miſty envelopement of ſcience, fatigued with ſtruggling againſt perpetual ſuffocation, ſucceeded impoſture, barbariſm, and credulity; with ſuperſtition at their head, who ſtill keeps her footing in this country: and inſpires ſuch veneration for St. Januarius, his name, his blood, his ſtatue, &c. that the Neapolitans, who are famous for blaſphemous oaths, and a facility of taking the moſt ſacred words into their mouths on every, and I may ſay, on *no* occaſion, are never heard to repeat *his* name without pulling off their hat, or making ſome reverential ſign of worſhip at the moment. And I have ſeen Italians from other ſtates greatly ſhocked at the groſſneſs of theſe their unenlightened neighbours, particularly the half-Indian cuſtom of burning figures

figures upon their ſkins with gunpowder: theſe figures, large, and oddly diſplayed too, according to the coarſe notions of the wearer.

As the weather is exceedingly warm, and there is little need of clothing for comfort, our Lazaroni have ſmall care about appearances, and go with a vaſt deal of their perſons uncovered, except by theſe ſtrange ornaments. The man who rows you about this lovely bay, has perhaps the angel Raphael, or the bleſſed Virgin Mary, delineated on one brawny ſun-burnt leg, the ſaint of the town upon the other: his arms repreſent the Glory, or the ſeven ſpirits of God, or ſome ſtrange things, while a braſs medal hangs from his neck, expreſſive of his favourite martyr: whom they confidently affirm is ſo madly venerated by theſe poor uninſtructed mortals, that when the mountain burns, or any great diſaſter threatens them, they beg of our Saviour to ſpeak to St. Januarius in their behalf, and intreat him not to refuſe them his aſſiſtance. Now though all this was told me by friends of the Romiſh perſuaſion; and told me too with a juſt horror of the ſuperſtitious folly; I think my remarks and inferences were not agreeable to them, when expreſſing my notion

notion that it was only a relick of the adoration originally paid to Janus in Italy, where the ground yielding up its froſt to the ſoft breath of the new year, is not ill-typified by the liquefaction of the blood; a ceremony which has ſucceeded to various Pagan ones celebrated by Ovid in the firſt book of his Faſti. We know from hiſtory too, that perfumes were offered in *January* always, to ſignify the renovation of *ſweets*; and this was ſo neceſſary, that I think Tacitus tells us Thraſea was firſt impeached for abſence at the time of the new year, when in *Janus*'s preſence, &c. good wiſhes were formed for the Emperor's felicity; and no word of ill omen was to be pronounced.—*Cautum erat apud Romanos ne quod mali ominis verbum calendis* Januariis *efferretur*; ſays Pliny: and the *ſtrenæ*, or new-years gifts, called now by the French "les *etrennes*," and practiſed by Lutherans as well as Romaniſts, is the ſelf-ſame veneration of old *Janus*, if fairly traced up to Tatius King of the Sabines, who fought a laurel bough plucked from the grove of the goddeſs *Strenia*, or *Strenua*, and preſented it to his favourites on the firſt of *January*, from whence the cuſtom aroſe;

roſe; and Symmachus, in his tenth book, twenty-eighth epiſtle, mentions it clearly when writing to the Emperors Theodoſius and Arcadius—" Strenuarum *uſus adolevit auctoritate Tatii regis, qui verbenas felicis arboris ex luco Strenuæ anni.*"

Octavius Cæſar took the name of Auguſtus on the firſt of January in Janus's temple, by Plancus's advice, as a lucky day; and I ſuppoſe our new-year's ode, ſung before the King of England, may be derived from the ſame ſource. The old Fathers of the Church declaimed aloud againſt the cuſtom of new-years gifts, becauſe they conſidered them as of Pagan original. So much for *Les Etrennes.*

As to *St. Januarius*, there certainly was a martyr of that name at Naples, and to him was transferred much of the veneration originally beſtowed on the deity from whom he was probably named. One need not however wander round the world with Banks and Solander, or ſtare ſo at the accounts given us in Cook's Voyages of *tattowed Indians*, when Naples will ſhew one the effects of a like operation, very *very* little better executed, on the broad ſhoulders of numberleſs Lazaroni; and of this there is no need to examine books for in-

formation, he who runs over the Chiaja may read in large characters the groſs ſuperſtition of the Napolitani, who have no inclination to loſe their old claſſical character for lazineſs—

Et in otia natam
Parthenopen;

ſays Ovid. I wonder however whether our people would work much ſurrounded by ſimilar circumſtances; I fancy not: Engliſhmen, poor fellows! muſt either work or ſtarve; theſe folks want for nothing: a houſe would be an inconvenience to them; they like to ſleep out of doors, and it is plain they have ſmall care for clothing, as many who poſſeſs decent habiliments enough, I ſpeak of the Lazaroni, throw almoſt all off till ſome holiday, or time of gala, and ſit by the ſeaſide playing at moro with their fingers.

A Florentine nobleman told me once, that he aſked one of theſe fellows to carry his portmanteau for him, and offered him a *carline*, no ſmall ſum certainly to a Neapolitan, and rather more in proportion than an Engliſh ſhilling; he had not twenty yards to go with it: "*Are you hungry, Maſter?*" cries the fellow. "*No*," replied Count Manucci, "but

" but what of that?"—" *Why then no more am I:*" was the anſwer, " *and it is too hot weather to carry burthens:*" ſo turned about upon the other ſide, and lay ſtill.

This claſs of people, amounting to a number that terrifies one but to think on, ſome ſay ſixty thouſand ſouls, and experience confirms no leſs, give the city an air of gaiety and cheerfulneſs, and one cannot help honeſtly rejoicing in. The Strada del Toledo is one continual crowd: nothing can exceed the confuſion to a walker, and here are little gigs drawn by one horſe, which, without any bit in his mouth, but a ſtring tied round his noſe, tears along with inconceivable rapidity a ſmall narrow gilt chair, ſet between the two wheels, and no ſpring to it, nor any thing elſe which can add to the weight; and this flying car is a kind of *fiacre* you pay ſo much for a drive in, I forget the ſum.

Horſes are particularly handſome in this town, not ſo large as at Milan, but very beautiful and ſpirited; the cream-coloured creatures, ſuch as draw our king's ſtate coach, are a common breed here, and ſhine like ſattin: here are ſome too of a ſhining ſilver

white, wonderfully elegant; and the ladies upon the Corſo exhibit a variety ſcarcely credible in the colour of their cattle which draw them: but the coaches, harneſs, trappings, &c. are vaſtly inferior to the Milaneſe, whoſe liveries are often ſplendid; whereas the four or five ill-dreſſed ſtrange-looking fellows that diſgrace the Neapolitan equipages ſeem to be valued only for their number, and have very often much the air of Sir John Falſtaff's recruits.

Yeſterday however ſhewed me what I knew not had exiſted—a ſkew-ball or pye-balled aſs, eminently well-proportioned, coated like a racer in an Engliſh ſtud, ſixteen hands and a half high, his colour bay and white in large patches, and his temper, as the proprietor told me, ſingularly docile and gentle. I have longed perhaps to purchaſe few things in my life more earneſtly than this beautiful and uſeful animal, which I might have had too for two pounds fifteen ſhillings Engliſh, but dared not, leſt like Dogberry I ſhould have been written down for an aſs by my merry country folks, who, I remember, could not let the Queen of England

England herſelf poſſeſs in peace a creature of the ſame kind, but handſomer ſtill, and from a ſtill hotter climate, called the Zebra.

Apropos to quadrupeds, when Portia, in the Merchant of Venice, enumerates her lovers, ſhe names the Neapolitan prince firſt; who, ſhe ſays, does nothing, for his part, but talk of his horſe, and makes it his greateſt boaſt that he can ſhoe him himſelf. This is almoſt literally true of a nobleman here; and they really do not throw their pains away; for it is ſurpriſing to ſee what command they have their cattle in, though bits are ſcarcely uſed among them.

The coat armour of Naples conſiſts of an unbridled horſe; and by what I can make out of their character, they much reſemble him;

> Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præſæpia vinclis
> Tandem liber æquus, &c. &c. &c. * ;

generous and gay; headſtrong and violent in their diſpoſition; eaſy to turn, but difficult

* Freed from his keepers thus with broken reins
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains.
DRYDEN.

to ſtop. No authority is reſpected by them when ſome ſtrong paſſion animates them to fury: yet lazily quiet, and unwilling to ſtir till accident rouſes them to terror, or rage urges them forward to incredible exertions of ſuddenly-beſtowed ſtrength. In the eruption of 1779, their fears and ſuperſtitions roſe to ſuch a height, that they ſeized the French ambaſſador upon the bridge, tore him almoſt out of his carriage as he fled from Portici, and was met by them upon the Ponte della Maddalena, where they threatened him with inſtant death if he did not get out of his carriage, and proſtrating himſelf before the ſtatue of St. Januarius, which ſtands there, intreat his protection for the city. All this, however, Monſ. le Comte de Clermont D'Amboiſe did not comprehend a word of; but taking all the money out of his pocket, threw it down, happily for him, at the feet of the figure, and pacified them at once, gaining time by thoſe means to eſcape their vengeance.

It was, I think, upon ſome other occaſion that Sir William Hamilton's book relates their unworthy treatment of the venerable Archbiſhop, who refuſed them the relicks with which

which they had no doubt of ſaving the menaced town; but every time Veſuvius burns with danger to the city, they ſcruple not to inſult their Sovereign as he flies from it; throwing large ſtones after his chariot, guards, &c.; making the inſurrection, it is ſure to occaſion, more perilous, if poſſible, than the volcano itſelf. And laſt night when *La Montagna fu cattiva* *, as their expreſſion was, our Laquais de Place obſerved that it might poſſibly be becauſe ſo many hereticks and unbelievers had been up it the day before. "Oh! let us," as King David wiſely choſe, "fall into the hands of God—not into thoſe of "man."

I wiſhed exceedingly to purchaſe here the genuine account of Maſſaniello's far-famed ſedition and revolt, more dreadful in a certain way than any of the earthquakes which have at different times ſhaken this hollow-founded country. But my friends here tell me it was ſuppreſſed, and burned by the hands of the common executioner, with many chaſtiſements beſide beſtowed upon the writer, who tried to eſcape, but found it more prudent to ſubmit to juſtice.

* When the mountain was in *ill-humour*.

Thomas Agnello was the unluckily-adapted name of the mad fiſherman who headed the mob on that truly memorable occaſion: but it is not an unuſual thing here to cut off the firſt ſyllable, and by the figure aphæreſis alter the appellation entirely. By that device of dropping the *to*, he has been called Maſſaniello; and this is one of their methods to render the patois of Naples as unintelligible to us, as if we had never ſeen Italy till now; and one is above all things tormented with their way of pronouncing names. Here are Don and Donna again at this town as at Milan however, becauſe the King of Spain, or *Ré Cattolico*, as theſe people always call him, has ſtill much influence; and they ſeem to think nearly as reſpectfully of him as of their own immediate ſovereign, who is however greatly beloved among them; and ſo he ought to be, for he is the repreſentative of them all. He rides and rows, and hunts the wild boar, and catches fiſh in the bay, and ſells it in the market, as dear as he can too; but gives away the money they pay him for it, and that directly: ſo that no ſuſpicion of meanneſs, or of any thing worſe than a little rough

rough merriment can be ever attached to his truly-honeſt, open, undeſigning character.

Stories of monarchs ſeldom give me pleaſure, who ſeldom am perſuaded to give credit to tales told of perſons few people have any acceſs to, and whoſe behaviour towards thoſe few is circumſcribed within the laws of inſipid and dull routine; but this prince lives among his ſubjects with the old Roman idea of a window before his boſom I believe. They know the worſt of him is that he ſhoots at the birds, dances with the girls, eats macaroni, and helps himſelf to it with his fingers, and rows againſt the watermen in the bay, till one of them burſt out o'bleeding at the noſe laſt week, with his uncourtly efforts to outdo the King, who won the trifling wager by this accident: conquered, laughed, and leaped on ſhore amidſt the acclamations of the populace, who huzzaed him home to the palace, from whence he ſent double the ſum he had won to the waterman's wife and children, with other tokens of kindneſs. Mean time, while he reſolves to be happy himſelf, he is equally determined to make no man miſerable.

When

When the Emperor and the Grand Duke talked to him of their new projects for reformation in the church, he told them he ſaw little advantage they brought into *their* ſtates by theſe new-fangled notions; that when he was at Florence and Milan, the deuce a Neapolitan could he find in either, while his capital was crowded with refugees from thence; that in ſhort they might do *their* way, but he would do his; that he had not now an enemy in the world, public or private; and that he would not make himſelf any for the ſake of propagating doctrines he did not underſtand, and would not take the trouble to ſtudy: that he ſhould ſay his prayers as he uſed to do, and had no doubt of their being heard, while he only begged bleſſings on his beloved people. So if theſe wiſe brothers-in-law would learn of him to enjoy life, inſtead of ſhortening it by unneceſſary cares, he invited them to ſee him the next morning play a great match at tennis.

The truth is, the jolly Neapolitans lead a coarſe life, but it is an unoppreſſed one. Never ſure was there in any town a greater ſhew of abundance: no ſettled market in any given place, I think, but every third ſhop full of what

what the French call ſo properly *ammunition de Bouche*, while whole boars, kids and ſmall calves dangle from a ſort of neat ſcaffolding, all with their ſkins on, and make a pretty appearance. Poulterers hang up their animals in the feathers too, not lay them on boards plucked, as at London or Venice.

The Strada del Toledo is at leaſt as long as Oxford Road, and ſtraight as Bond-ſtreet, very wide too, the houſes all of ſtone, and at leaſt eight ſtories high. Over the ſhops live people of faſhion I am told, but the perſons of particularly high quality have their palaces in other parts of the town; which town at laſt is not a large one, but full as an egg: and Mr. Clarke, the antiquarian, who reſides here always, informed me that the late diſtreſſes in Calabria had driven many families to Naples this year, beſide ſingle wanderers innumerable; which wonderfully increaſed the daily throng one ſees paſſing and repaſſing. To hear the Lazaroni ſhout and bawl about the ſtreets night and day, one would really fancy one's ſelf in a ſemi-barbarous nation; and a Milaneſe officer, who has lived long among them, proteſted that the manners of the great correſponded in every reſpect with the

the idea given of them by the little. His account of female conduct, and that even in the very high ranks, was such as reminded me of Queen Oberea's sincerity, when Sir Joseph Banks joked her about Otoroo. It is however observable, and surely very praiseworthy, that if the Italians are not ashamed of their crimes, neither are they ashamed of their contrition, I saw this very morning an odd scene at church, which, though new to *me*, appeared, perhaps from its frequent repetition, to strike no one but myself.

A lady with a long white dress, and veiled, came in her carriage, which waited for her at the door, with her own arms upon it, and three servants better dressed than is common here, followed and put a lighted taper in her hand. *En cet état*, as the French say, she moved slowly up the church, looking like Jane Shore in the last act, but not so feeble; and being arrived at the steps of the high altar, threw herself quite upon her face before it, remaining prostrate there at least five minutes, in the face of the whole congregation, who, equally to my amazement, neither stared nor sneered, neither laughed nor lamented,

mented, but minded their own private devotions—no maſs was ſaying—till the lady roſe, kiſſed the ſteps, and bathed them with her tears, mingled with ſobs of no affected or hypocritical penitence I am ſure. Retiring afterwards to her own ſeat, where ſhe waited with others the commencement of the ſacred office, having extinguiſhed her candle, and apparently lighted her heart; I felt mine quite penetrated by her behaviour, and fancied her like our firſt parent deſcribed by Milton in the ſame manner:

To confeſs
Humbly her faults, and pardon beg; with tears
Watering the ground, and with her ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from heart contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Let not this ſtory, however, miſlead any one to think that more general decorum or true devotion can be found in churches of the Romiſh perſuaſion than in ours—quite the reverſe. This burſt of penitential piety was in itſelf an indecorous thing; but it is the nature and genius of the people not to mind

ſmall matters. Dogs are ſuffered to run about and dirty the churches all the time divine ſervice is performing; while the crying of babies, and the moſt indecent methods taken by the women to pacify them, give one ſtill juſter offence. There is no treading for ſpittle and naſtineſs of one ſort or another, in all the churches of Italy, whoſe inhabitants allow the filthineſs of Naples, but endeavour to juſtify the diſorders of other cities; though I do believe nothing ever equalled the Chieſa de Cavalieri at Piſa, in any Chriſtian land. Santa Giuſtina at Padua, the Redentore at Venice, St Peter's at Rome, and ſome of the leaſt frequented churches at Milan, are exceptions; they are kept very clean, and do not, by the ſcandalous neglect of thoſe appointed to keep them, diſgrace the beauty of their buildings.

Here has, however, been a dreadful accident which puts ſuch ſlight conſiderations out of one's head. A Friar has killed a woman in the church juſt by the Crocelle inn, for having refuſed him favours he ſuſpected ſhe had granted to another. No ſtep is taken though towards puniſhing the murderer, be-

cauſe

cauſe he is *religioſo, è di più cavaliere.* What a miracle that more ſuch outrages are not daily committed in a country where profeſſion of ſanctity, and real high birth, are protections from law and juſtice! Surely nothing but perfect ſobriety and great goodneſs of diſpoſition can be alleged as a reaſon why worſe is not done every day. I ſaid ſo to a gentleman juſt now, who aſſured me the criminal would not eſcape very ſevere caſtigation; and that perhaps the convent would inflict ſuch ſeverities upon that gentleman as would amply ſupply the want of activity in the exertion of civil power.

It is a ſtupid thing not to mention the common dreſs of the ordinary women here, which ladies likewiſe adopt, if they venture out on foot, deſiring not to be known. Two black ſilk petticoats then ſerve entirely to conceal their whole figure; as when both are tied round their waiſt, one is ſuddenly turned up, and as they pull it quick over their heads, a looſe trimming of narrow black gauze drops over the face, while a hook and eye faſtens all cloſe under the chin, and gives them an air not unlike our country wenches, who

throw the gown tail over their heads, to protect them from a ſummer's ſhower. The holiday dreſſes mean time of the peaſants round Naples, are very rich and cumberſome. One often ſees a great coarſe raw-boned fellow on a Sunday, panting for heat under a thick blue velvet coat comically enough; the females in a ſcarlet cloth petticoat, with a broad gold lace at the bottom, a jacket open before, but charged with heavy ornaments, and the head not unbecomingly dreſſed with an embroidered handkerchief from Turkey, exactly as one ſees them repreſented here in prints, which they ſell dear enough, God knows; and aſk, as I am informed by the purchaſers, not twice or thrice, but four or five times more than at laſt they take, as indeed for every thing one buys here: One portrait is better, however, than a thouſand words, when ſingle figures are to be delineated; but of the Grotta del Cane, deſcription gives a completer idea than drawing. Both are perhaps nearly unneceſſary indeed, when ſpeaking of a place ſo often and ſo accurately deſcribed. What ſurpriſed me moſt among the ceremonies of this extraordinary place was, that the pent up

vapour

vapour ſhut in an excavation of the rock, ſhould, upon opening the door, gradually move forwards a few yards, but not riſe up above a foot from the ſurface, nor, by what I could obſerve, ever diſſipate in air; I think we left it hovering over the favourite ſpot, when the poor cur's noſe had been forcibly held in it for a minute or two, but he took care after his recovery to keep a very judicious diſtance. Sporting with animal life is always highly offenſive; and the fellow's account that his dog was uſed to the operation, and had already gone through it eight times, that it did him no harm, &c. I conſidered as words uſed merely to quiet our impatience of the experiment, which is infinitely more amuſing when tried upon a lighted flambeau, extinguiſhing it moſt completely in a moment. What connection there is between flame and vitality, thoſe who know more of the matter than I do, muſt expound. Certain it is, that many ſorts of vapour are equally fatal to both; and where fermentation is either going forward, or has lately been, people accuſtomed to ſuch matters always try with a candle whether the caſk is approachable by man or not;

and I once ſaw a terrifying accident ariſe in a great brewhouſe, from the headſtrong ſtupidity of a workman who would go down into a vat, the contents of which had lately been drawn off, without ſending his proper præcurſor the candle, to enquire if all was ſafe. The conſequence was half expected by his companions, who hearing him drop off the ſteps, and fall flat to the bottom, began inſtantly hooking him up again, but there were no ſigns of life; ſome ran for their maſter, others for a ſurgeon, but we were neareſt at hand, and recollecting what one had read of the recovery of dogs at Naples, by toſſing them ſuddenly into the lake Agnano, we made the men carry their patient to the cooler, and plunging him over head and ears, reſtored his life, exactly in the manner of the Grotta del Cane experiment, which ſucceeded ſo completely in this fellow's caſe, I remember, that waking after the temporary ſuſpenſion, we had much ado to impreſs ſo inſenſible a mortal with a due ſenſe of the danger his raſhneſs had incurred.

But it is time to tell of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Portici; of a theatre, the ſcene of

gaiety and pleaſure, overwhelmed by torrents of liquid fire! the inhabitants of a whole town ſurpriſed by immediate and unavoidable deſtruction! Where that very town indeed was built with the lava produced by former eruptions, one would think it ſcarce poſſible that ſuch calamities could be totally unexpected;—but no matter, life muſt go on, though we all know death is coming;—ſo the bread was baking in their ovens, the meat was ſmoking on their diſhes, ſome of their wine already decanted for uſe, the reſt in large jars *(amphora)*, now petrified with their contents inſide, and fixed to the walls of the cellars in which they ſtand. —How dreadful are the thoughts which ſuch a ſight ſuggeſts! how *very* horrible the certainty, that ſuch a ſcene may be all acted over again to-morrow; and that we, who to-day are ſpectators, may become ſpectacles to travellers of a ſucceeding century, who miſtaking our bones for thoſe of the Neapolitans, may carry ſome of them to their native country back again perhaps; as it came into my head that a French gentleman was doing, when I ſaw him put a human bone into his pocket this morning, and told him I hoped he had

got the jaw of a Gauliſh officer, inſtead of a Roman ſoldier, for future reflections to energize upon. Of all ſingle objects offered here to one's contemplation, none are more ſtriking than a woman's foot, the *print* of her foot I mean, taken apparently in the very act of running from the river of melted minerals that ſurrounded her, and which now ſerves as an intaglio to commemorate the miſery it cauſed. Another melancholy proof of what needs no confirmation, is the impreſſion of a ſick female, known to be ſo from the *ſtole* ſhe wore, a drapery peculiar to the ſex; her bed, converted into a ſubſtance like plaſter of Paris, ſtill retains the form and covering of her who periſhed quietly upon it, without ever making even an effort to eſcape.

That one of theſe towns is cruſhed, or rather buried, under loads of heavy lava, and is therefore difficult to diſentangle, all have heard; that Pompeia is only lightly covered with pumice-ſtones and aſhes, is new to nobody; it is in the power, as a Venetian gentleman ſaid angrily, of an Engliſh hen and chickens to ſcratch it open in a week, though theſe lazy Neapolitans will leave it not half

diſlodged,

diſlodged, before a new eruption ſwallows all again.

Our viſit to Portici was more than equally provoking in the ſame way; to ſee depoſited there all the antiques which are ſo curious in themſelves, ſo *very* valuable when conſidered as ſpecimens of ancient art, and of the mode of living practiſed in ancient Rome, kept at a place where I do ſincerely believe they will be again overwhelmed and confounded among the king of Naples's furniture, to the great torture of future antiquarians, and to the diſgrace of preſent inſenſibility.

The *triclinia* and *ſtibadia* uſed at ſupper by the old Romans prove the verſes which our critics have been working at ſo long, to have been at leaſt well explained by them, and do infinite honour to thoſe who, without the advantage of ſeeing how the utenſils were conſtructed, knew perfectly well their way of carrying on life, from their acquaintance with a language long ſince *dead*, and I am ſure *buried* under a heap of rubbiſh heavier and more difficult to remove than all the lava heaped on Herculaneum; but it is a ſource of perpetual wonder, and let me add perpetual pleaſure too, to know that Cicero, and Virgil, and Horace,

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if alive, would find their writings as well underſtood, ay and as perfectly taſted, by the ſcholars of Paris and London, as they had ever been by their own old literary acquaintance.

The ſight of the *curule* chair was charming, and one thought of old Papyrius, his long white beard, and ivory ſtick with which he reproved the inſolence of a Gauliſh ſoldier, who, when Brennus entered the city, ſeeing all thoſe venerable ſenators ſitting in a row, took them for inanimate figures, and ſtroked Papyrius's beard, to feel whether he was alive or no. The *curule* chair was ſo called from *currus* a chariot, and this we examined had holes bored in it, where it had been fixed to the car: I do think there is juſt ſuch a one in the Britiſh Muſæum, but that did not much engage my attention, ſo great is the influence of locality upon the mind. The way in which they decypher the old MSS. here likewiſe is pretty and curious, and requires infinite patience, which as far as they have gone has not been well repaid; the operation *laborioſius eſt quam Sibyllæ folia colligere* *, to uſe the words of Politian, whoſe

* More laborious than gathering up the Sibyls leaves.

right

right name I learned at Florence to be *Meſſer Angelo di Monte Pulciano.*

May not, however, a more important conſequence than any yet mentioned be found deducible from what we have ſeen this day? for if *Jeſus Chriſt* condeſcended to uſe the Roman, or commonly adopted cuſtom of ſupping on a *triclinium* (as it is plain he did by the recumbent poſture of St. John), when eating the Paſſover for the laſt time with his diſciples at Jeruſalem; that ſect of Chriſtians called Romaniſts ought ſure to be the *laſt*, not *firſt*, to exclude from ſalvation all ſuch of their brethren as do not receive the Lord's Supper preciſely in *their way*; when nothing can be clearer, from our bleſſed Saviour's example, than that he thought old forms, if laudable, not neceſſary or eſſential to the well-performing a devotional rite; ſeeing that to eat the Paſſover according to original inſtitution, thoſe who communicated were bound to take it *ſtanding*, and with a ſtaff in their hands beſide as expreſſive of more haſte.

The Chriſtmas ſeaſon here at Naples is very pleaſingly obſerved; the Italians are peculiarly ingenious in adorning their ſhops I think, and

ſetting out their wares; every grocer, fruiterer, &c. now mingles orange, and lemon, and myrtle leaves, among the goods expoſed at his door, as we do greens in the churches of England, but with infinitely more taſte; and this device produces a very fine effect upon the whole, as one drives along *la Strada del Toledo*, which all morning looks ſhowy from theſe decorations, and all evening ſplendid from the profuſion of torches, flambeaux, &c. that ſhine with leſs regularity indeed, but with more luſtre and greater appearance of expenſive gaiety, than our neat, clean, ſteady London lamps. Some odd, pretty, moveable coffee-houſes too, or lemonade-ſhops, ſet on wheels, and adorned, according to the poſſeſſor's taſte, with gilding, painting, &c. and covered with ices, orgeats, and other refreſhments, as in emulation each of the other, and in a ſtrange variety of ſhapes and forms too, exquiſitely well imagined for the moſt part,—help forward the ſinery of Naples exceedingly: I have counted thirty of theſe *galante* ſhops on each ſide the ſtreet, which, with their neceſſary illuminations, make a brilliant figure by candle-light, till twelve o'clock, when all the ſhow is over, and every body put out their lights and quietly

quietly lie down to reſt. Till that hour, however, few things can exceed the tumultuous merriment of Naples, while *volantes*, or running footmen, dreſſed like tumblers before a ſhow, precede all carriages of diſtinction, and endeavour to keep the people from being run over; yet whilſt they are liſtening to Policinello's jokes, or to ſome ſuch ſtreet orator as Dr. Moore deſcribes with equal truth and humour, they often get cruſhed and killed; yet, as Pope ſays,

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend:—

The *Lazaroni* who has his child run over by the coach of a man of quality, has a regular claim upon him for no leſs than twelve *carlines* (about five ſhillings Engliſh); if it is his wife that meets with the accident, he gets two *ducats*, live or die; and for the maſter of the family (houſe he has none) three is the regular compenſation; and no words paſs here about *trifles*. Truth is, human life is lower rated in all parts of Italy than with us; they think nothing of an individual, but ſee him periſh (excepting by the hand of juſtice) as a cat or dog. A young man fell from our carriage at Milan one evening; he was not a

ſervant

ſervant of ours, but a friend which, after we were gone home, the coachman had picked up to go with him to the fireworks which were exhibited that night near the *Corſo:* there was a crowd and an *embarras*, and the fellow tumbled off and died upon the ſpot, and nobody even ſpoke, or I believe *thought* about the matter, except one woman, who ſuppoſed that he had neglected to croſs himſelf when he got up behind.

The works of art here at Naples are neither very numerous nor very excellent: I have ſeen the vaunted preſent of porcelain intended for the king of England, in return for ſome cannon preſented by him to this court; and think it more entertaining in its deſign than admirable as a manufacture. Every diſh and plate, however, being the portrait as one may ſay of ſome famous Etruſcan vaſe, or other antique, dug out of the ruins of theſe newly-diſcovered cities, with an account of its ſuppoſed ſtory engraved neatly round the figure, makes it intereſting and elegant, and worthy enough of one prince to accept, and another to beſtow.

There is a work of art, however, peculiar to this city, and attempted in no other; on which

which ſurpriſing ſums of money are laviſhed by many of the inhabitants, who connect or aſſociate to this amuſement ideas of piety and devotion: the thing when finiſhed is called a *preſepio*, and is compoſed in honour of this ſacred ſeaſon, after which all is taken to pieces, and arranged after a different manner next year. In many houſes a room, in ſome a whole ſuite of apartments, in others the terrace upon the houſe-top, is dedicated to this very uncommon ſhow; conſiſting of a miniature repreſentation in ſycamore wood, properly coloured, of the houſe at Bethlehem, with the bleſſed Virgin, St. Joſeph, and our Saviour in the manger, with attendant angels, &c. as in pictures of the nativity; the figures are about ſix inches high, and dreſſed with the moſt exact propriety. This however, though the principal thing intended to attract ſpectators' notice, is kept back, ſo that ſometimes I ſcarcely ſaw it at all; while a general and excellent landſcape, with figures of men at work, women dreſſing dinner, a long road in real gravel, with rocks, hills, rivers, cattle, camels, every thing that can be imagined, fill the other rooms, ſo happily diſ-

poſed

poſed too for the moſt part, the light introduced ſo artfully, the perſpective kept ſo ſurpriſingly!—one wonders and cries out, it is certainly but a baby-houſe at beſt; yet managed by people whoſe heads naturally turned towards architecture and deſign, give them power thus to defy a traveller not to feel delighted with the general effect; while if every ſingle figure is not capitally executed, and nicely expreſſed beſide, the proprietor is truly miſerable, and will cut a new cow, or vary the horſe's attitude, againſt next Chriſtmas *coûte qui coûte:* and perhaps I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much about the matter, if there had not been ſhewn me within this laſt week, *preſepios* which have coſt their poſſeſſors fifteen hundred or two thouſand Engliſh pounds; and, rather than relinquiſh or ſell them, many families have gone to ruin: I have wrote the ſums down in letters, not figures, for fear of the poſſibility of a miſtake. One of theſe playthings had the journey of the three kings repreſented in it, and the preſents were all of real gold and ſilver finely worked; nothing could be better or more livelily finiſhed.—"But, Sir," ſaid I, "why do you dreſs up one of the Wiſe Men with

with a turban and *creſcent*, ſix hundred years before the birth of Mahomet, who firſt put that mark in the forehead of his followers? The eaſtern Magi were not *Turks;* this is a breach of *coſtume.*" My gentleman pauſed, and thanked me; ſaid he would enquire if there was nothing heretical in the objection; and if all was right, it ſhould be changed next year without fail.

A young lady here of Engliſh parents, juſt ten years old, aſked me, very pertinently, "Why this pretty ſight was called a *Preſepio?*" but ſaid ſhe ſuddenly, anſwering herſelf, "I ſuppoſe it is becauſe it is *preceptive:*" ſuch a miſtake was more valuable than knowledge, and gave me great eſteem of her underſtanding; the little girl's name was Zaffory.

The King's *menagerie* is neither rich in animals, nor particularly well kept: I wonder a man of his character and diſpoſition ſhould not delight in poſſeſſing a very fine one. The bears however were as tame as lapdogs; there was a wolf too, larger than ever I ſaw a wolf, and an elephant that played a hundred tricks at the command of his keeper,

keeper, little leſs a beaſt than he; but as Pope ſays, after Horace,

> Let bear or elephant be e'er ſo white,
> The people ſure, the people are the ſight.

Let us then tell about the two aſſemblies, *o ſia converſazioni*, where one goes in ſearch of amuſement as to the rooms of Bath or Tunbridge exactly; only that one of theſe places is devoted to the *nobiltà*, the other is called *de' buoni amici;* and ſuch is the ſtate of ſubordination in this country, that though the great people may come among the little ones, and be ſure of the groſſeſt adulation, a merchant's wife, ſhining in diamonds, being obliged to ſtand up reverentially before the chair of a counteſs, who does her the honour to ſpeak to her; the poor *amici* are totally excluded from the ſubſcription of the nobles, nor dare even to return the ſalutation of a ſuperior, ſhould a good-natured perſon of that rank be tempted, from frequently ſeeing them at the rooms, to give them a kind nod in the ſtreet or elſewhere. All this ſeems comical enough to us, and I had much ado to look grave, while a beautiful and well-

educated

educated wife of a rich banker here, confeſſed herſelf not fit company for an ignorant mean-looking woman of quality. But though ſuch unintelligible doctrines make one for a moment aſhamed both of one's ſex and ſpecies, that lady's knowledge of various languages, her numerous accompliſhments in a thouſand methods of paſſing time away with innocent elegance, and a ſort of ſtudied addreſs never obſerved in Italy before, gave me infinite delight in her ſociety, and daily increaſed my ſuſpicion that ſhe was a foreigner, till nearer intimacy diſcovered her a German Lutheran, with a ſingular head of thick blonde hair, ſo unlike thoſe I ſee around me. We grew daily better acquainted, and ſhe ſhewed me—but not indignantly at all—ſome ladies from the higher aſſembly ſitting among *theſe*, very low dreſſed indeed, a knotting-bag and counters in their lap, to ſhew their contempt of the company; while ſuch as ſpoke to them ſtood before their ſeat, like children before a governeſs in England, as long as the converſation laſted.

I inquired if the men confined their addreſſes wholly to their own rank? She ſaid, beauty often broke the barrier, and when a pretty

a pretty woman of the ſecond rank got a *cavalier ſervente* of the firſt, much happineſs and much diſtinction was the conſequence: but alas! he will not even *try* to puſh her up among the people of faſhion, and when he meets any is ſure to look aſhamed of his miſtreſs; ſo that her felicity can conſiſt only in triumphing over equals, for to rival a ſuperior is here an impoſſibility.

Our Duke and Dutcheſs of Cumberland have made all Naples adore them though, by going richly dreſſed, and behaving with infinite courteſy and good-humour, at an aſſembly or ball given in the *lower rooms*, as the Engliſh comically call them. A young Palermitan prince applauded them for it exceedingly; ſo I took the liberty to expreſs my wonder. "Oh," replied he, "we are not ignorant how much Engliſh manners differ from our own: I have already, though but juſt eighteen years old, as ſovereign of my own ſtate, under the King of both Sicilies, condemned a man to death *becauſe he was a raſcal*, but the law and the people govern in England I know." My deſire of hearing about Sicily, which we could not contrive to viſit, made me happy to cultivate Prince

Venti-

Ventimiglia's acquaintance; he was very ſtudious, very learned of his age, and uncommonly clever: told me of the antiquities his iſland had to boaſt, with great intelligence, and a ſurpriſing knowledge of ancient hiſtory.

We wiſhed to have made a party to go in the ſame company to Pæſtum, but my cowardice kept me at home, ſo bad was the account of the roads and accommodation; though Abate Bianconi of Milan, for whom I have ſo much eſteem, bid me remember to look at the buildings there attentively; adding, that they were better worth our obſervation than all the boaſted antiquities at Rome; "as they had ſeen (ſaid he) the original foundation of her empire, and outlived its decay: that they had ſeen her ſecond birth too, and power under ſome of her pontiffs over all Europe about ſix or ſeven centuries ago; and that they would now probably remain till all *that* was likewiſe aboliſhed, with only ſlight traces left behind to ſhew that *fuimus*, &c."

How mortifying it is to go home and never ſee this Pæſtum! Prince Ventimiglia went there with Mr. Cox; he profeſſes his intention ſoon to viſit England, concerning the

manners and cuſtoms of which he is very inquiſitive, and not ill-verſed in the language; but books drop oddly into people's hands: This gentleman commended Ambroſe Philips's Paſtorals, and I remember the Florentines ſeemed ſtrangely impreſſed with the merit of the other Philips as a poet. Bonducci has tranſlated his Cyder, and calls him *emulous of Milton*, in good time! but it is difficult to diſtinguiſh jeſt from earneſt in a foreign language.

I will not, if I can help it, loſe ſight of our Sicilian however, till I have made him tell me ſomething about Dionyſius's Ear, about the eruptions of Ætna, and the *Caſtagno a cento cavalli*, which, he proteſts, is not magnified by Brydone.

It is wonderfully mortifying to think how little information after all can be obtained of any thing new or any thing ſtrange, though ſo far from one's own country. What I picked up moſt curious and diverting from our converſation, was his expreſſion of ſurpriſe, when at our houſe one day he read a letter from his mother, telling him that ſuch a lady, naming her, remained ſtill unmarried, and even unbetrothed, though now paſt ten

years old. "She will," said I, "perhaps break through old customs, and chuse for herself, as she is an orphan, and has no one whom she need consult."—"Impossible, Madam!" was the reply.—"But tell me, Prince, for information's sake, if such a lady, this girl for example, should venture to assert the rights of humanity, and make a choice somewhat unusual, *what would come of it?*"—"Why nothing in the world would come of it," answered he; "the lass would be immediately at liberty again, for no man so circumstanced could be permitted to leave the country *alive* you know, nor would her folly benefit his family at all, as her estate would be immediately adjudged to the next heir. No person of inferior rank in our country would therefore, unless absolutely mad, set his life to hazard for the sake of a frolic, the event of which is so well known beforehand;—less still, because, if *love* be in the case, all *personal attachment* may be fully gratified, only let her but be once legally married to a man every way her equal." Could one help recollecting Fielding's song in the Virgin unmasked? who says,

For now I've found out that as Michaelmas day
Is ſtill the forerunner of Lammas;
So wedding another is juſt the right way
To get at my dear Mr. Thomas.

I will mention another talk I had with a Sicilian lady. We met at the houſe of the Swediſh miniſter, Monſieur André, uncle to the lamented officer who periſhed in our ſovereign's ſervice in America; and while the reſt of the company were entertaining themſelves with cards and muſic, I began laughing in myſelf at hearing the gentleman and lady who ſat next *me*, called by others *Don Raphael* and *Donna Camilla*, becauſe thoſe two names bring Gil Blas into one's head. Their agreeable and intereſting converſation however ſoon gave my mind a more ſerious turn when diſcourſing on the liberal premiums now offered by the King of Naples to thoſe who are willing to rebuild and repeople Meſſina. Donna Camilla politely introduced me to a very ſick but pleaſing-looking lady, who ſhe ſaid was going to return thither: at which *ſhe*, ſtarting, cried, "Oh God forbid, my dear friend!" in an accent that made me think ſhe had already ſuffered ſomething from the concuſ-

concuſſions that overwhelmed that city in the year 1783. Her inviting manner, her ſoft and intereſting eyes, whoſe languid glances ſeemed to ſhew beauty ſunk in ſorrow, and ſpirit oppreſſed by calamity, engaged my utmoſt attention, while Don Raphael preſſed her to indulge the foreigner's curioſity with ſome particulars of the diſtreſſes ſhe had ſhared. Her own feelings were all ſhe could relate ſhe ſaid—and thoſe confuſedly. "You ſee that girl there," pointing to a child about ſeven or eight years old, who ſtood liſtening to the harpſichord: "ſhe eſcaped! I cannot, for my ſoul, gueſs how, for we were not together at the time."—"Where were *you*, madam, at the moment of the fatal accident?"--"Who? *me?*" and her eyes lighted up with recollected terror: "I was in the nurſery with my maid, employed in taking ſtains out of ſome Bruſſels lace upon a brazier; two babies, neither of them four years old, playing in the room. The eldeſt boy, dear lad! had juſt left us, and was in his father's country-houſe. The day grew *ſo* dark all on a ſudden, and the brazier—Oh, Lord Jeſus! I felt the brazier ſlide from me,

and ſaw it run down the long room on its three legs. The maid ſcreamed, and I ſhut my eyes and knelt at a chair. We thought all over; but my huſband came, and ſnatching me up, cried, *run, run.*—I know not how nor where, but all amongſt falling houſes it was, and people ſhrieked ſo, and there was *ſuch* a noiſe! My poor ſon! he was fifteen years old; he tried to hold me faſt in the crowd. I remember kiſſing *him*: Dear lad, dear lad! I ſaid. I could ſpeak *juſt then*: but the throng at the gate! Oh that gate! Thouſands at once! ay, thouſands! thouſands at once: and my poor old confeſſor too! I knew him; I threw my arms about his aged neck. *Padre mio!* ſaid I—*Padre mio!* Down he dropt, a great ſtone ſtruck his ſhoulder; I ſaw it coming, and my boy pulled me; he ſaved my life, dear, dear lad! But the craſh of the gate, the ſcreams of the people, the heat—Oh ſuch a heat! I felt no more on't though; I ſaw no more on't; I waked in bed, this girl by me, and her father giving me cordials. We were on ſhipboard, they told me, coming to Naples to my brother's houſe here; and do you think I'll ever go back *there* again? No, no; that's a curſt

curſt place; I loſt my ſon in it. *Never*, *never* will I ſee it more! All my friends try to perſuade me, but the ſight of it would do my buſineſs. If my poor boy were alive indeed! but *he!* ah, poor dear lad! he loved his mother; he held *me* faſt—No, no, I'll never ſee that place again: God has curſed it *now;* I am ſure he has."

A narrative ſo melancholy, ſo tender, and ſo true, could not fail of its effect. I ran for refuge to the harpſichord, where a lady was ſinging divinely. I could not liſten though: *her* grateful ſweetneſs who told the diſmal ſtory, followed me thither: ſhe had ſeen my ill-ſuppreſſed tears, and followed to embrace me. The tale ſhe had told ſaddened my heart, and the news we heard returning to the Crocelle did not contribute to lighten its weight, while an amiable young Engliſhman, who had long lain ill there, was now breathing his laſt, far from his friends, his country, or their cuſtoms; all eaſily diſpenſed with, perhaps derided, during the buſtle of a journey, and in the madneſs of ſuperfluous health; but ſure to be ſighed after, when life's laſt twilight ſhuts in precipitately cloſer and cloſer

round a man, and leaves him only the nearer objects to repoſe and dwell on.

Such was Captain ——'s ſituation! he had none but a foreign ſervant with him. We thought it might ſooth him to hear "*Can I do any thing for you, Sir?* in an Engliſh voice: ſo I ſent my maid: he had no commands he ſaid; he could not eat the jelly ſhe had made him; he wiſhed ſome clergyman could be found that he might ſpeak to: ſuch a one was vainly enquired for, till it was diſcovered that ill-health had driven Mr. Mentze to Naples, who kindly adminiſtered the laſt conſolation a Chriſtian can receive; and heard the next day, when confined himſelf to bed, of his countryman's being properly thruſt by the banker into the *Buco Proteſtante;* ſo they contemptuouſly call a dirty garden one drives by in this town, where not leſs than a hundred people, ſmall and great, from our iſland, annually reſort, leaving fifty or ſixty thouſand pounds behind them at a moderate computation; though if their bodies are obliged to take *perpetual* apartments here, no better place has been hitherto provided for them than this kitchen ground; on which

grow

grow cabbages, cauliflowers, &c. ſold to their country folks for double price I trow, the remaining part of the ſeaſon.

Well! well! if the Neapolitans do bury Chriſtians like dogs, they make ſome ſingular compenſations we will confeſs, by nurſing dogs like Chriſtians. A very veracious man informed me yeſter morning, that his poor wife was half broken-hearted at hearing ſuch a Counteſs's dog was run over; "for," ſaid he, "having ſuckled the pretty creature herſelf, ſhe loved it like one of her children." I bid him repeat the circumſtance, that no miſtake might be made: he did ſo; but ſeeing me look ſhocked, or aſhamed, or ſomething he did not like,—"Why, madam," ſaid the fellow, "it is a common thing enough for ordinary men's wives to ſuckle the lapdogs of ladies of quality:" adding, that they were paid for their milk, and he ſaw no harm in gratifying one's *ſuperiors*. As I was diſpoſed to ſee nothing *but* harm in diſputing with ſuch a competitor, our conference finiſhed ſoon; but the fact is certain.

Indeed few things can be fooliſher than to debate the propriety of cuſtoms one is not bound

bound to obſerve or comply with. If you diſlike them, the remedy is eaſy; turn yours and your horſes heads the other way.

20th January 1786.

Here are the moſt excellent, the moſt incomparable fiſh I ever eat; red mullets, large as our maycril, and of ſingularly high flavour; beſides the calamaro, or ink-fiſh, a dainty worthy of imperial luxury; almond and even apple trees in bloſſom, to delight thoſe who can be paid for coarſe manners and confined notions by the beauties of a brilliant climate. Here are all the hedges in blow as you drive towards Pozzuoli, and a ſnow of white May-flowers cluſtering round Virgil's tomb. So ſtrong was the ſun's heat this morning, even before eleven o'clock, that I carried an umbrella to defend me from his rays, as we ſauntered about the walks, which are ſpacious and elegant, laid out much in the ſtyle of St. James's Park, but with the ſea on one ſide of you, the broad ſtreet, called Chiaja, on the other.

other. What trees are planted there however, either do not grow up ſo as to afford ſhade, or elſe they cut them, and trim them about to make them in pretty ſhapes forſooth, as we did in England half a century ago.

Be this as it will, the vaunted view from the caſtle of St. Elmo, though much more deeply *intereſting*, is in conſequence of this defect leſs *naturally* pleaſing than the proſpect from Lomellino's villa near Genoa, or Lord Clifford's park, called King's Weſton, in Somerſetſhire; thoſe two places being, in point of mere ſituation, poſſeſſed of beauties hitherto unrivalled by any thing I have ſeen. Nor does the ſteady regularity of this Mediterranean ſea make me inclined to prefer it to our more capricious or rather active channel. Sea views have at beſt too little variety, and when the flux and reflux of the tide are taken away from one, there remains only rough and ſmooth: whereas the hope which its ebb and flow keep conſtantly renovating, ſerves to animate, and a little change the courſe of one's ideas, juſt as its ſwelling and ſinking is of uſe, to purify in ſome degree, and keep the whole from ſtagnation.

I made

I made inquiry after the old ſtory of Nicola Peſce, told by Kircher, and ſweetly brought back to all our memories by Goldſmith, who, as Dr. Johnſon ſaid of him, touched nothing that he did not likewiſe adorn; but I could gain no addition to what we have already heard. That there was ſuch a man is certain, who, though become nearly amphibious by living conſtantly in the water, only coming ſometimes on ſhore for ſleep and refreſhment, ſuffered avarice to be his ruin, leaping voluntarily into the Gulph of Charybdis to fetch out a gold cup thrown in thither to tempt him—what could a gold cup have done one would wonder for Nicola Peſce?—yet knowing the dangers of the place, he braved them all it ſeems for this bright reward; and was ſuppoſed to be devoured by one of the polypus fiſh, who, ſticking cloſe to the rocks, extend their arms for prey. When I expreſſed my indignation that he ſhould ſo periſh; "He forgot perhaps," ſaid one preſent, "to recommend himſelf to Santo Gennaro."

The caſtle on this hill, called the Caſtel St. Elmo, would be much my comfort did I fix at Naples; for here are eight thouſand ſoldiers conſtantly

conſtantly kept, to ſecure the city from ſudden inſurrection; his majeſty moſt wiſely truſting their command only to Spaniſh or German officers, or ſome few gentlemen from the northern ſtates of Italy, that no perſonal tenderneſs for any in the town below may intervene, if occaſion for ſudden ſeverity ſhould ariſe. We went to-day and ſaw their garriſon, comfortably and even elegantly kept; and I was wicked enough to rejoice that the ſoldiers were never, but with the very utmoſt difficulty, permitted to go among the townſmen for a moment.

To-morrow we mount the Volcano, whoſe preſent peaceful diſpoſition has tempted us to inſpect it more nearly. Though it appears little leſs than preſumption thus to profane with eyes of examination the favourite alembic of nature, while the great work of projection is carrying on; guarded as all its ſecret caverns are too with every contradiction; ſnow and flame! ſolid bodies heated into liquefaction, and rolling gently down one of its ſides; while fluids congeal and harden into ice on the other; nothing can exceed the curioſity of its appearance, now the lava is leſs rapid,

and

and ſtiffens as it flows; ſtiffens too in ridges very ſurpriſingly, and gains an odd aſpect, not unlike the paſteboard waves repreſenting ſea at a theatre, but black, becauſe this year's eruption has been mingled with coal. The connoiſſeurs here know the different degrees, dates, and ſhades of lava to a perfection that amazes one; and Sir William Hamilton's courage, learning, and perfect ſkill in theſe matters, is more people's theme here than the Volcano itſelf. Bartolomeo, the Cyclop of Veſuvius as he is called, ſtudies its effects and operations too with much attention and philoſophical exactneſs, relating the adventures he has had with our miniſter on the mountain to every Engliſhman that goes up, with great ſucceſs. The way one climbs is by tying a broad ſaſh with long ends round this Bartolomeo, letting him walk before one, and holding it faſt. As far as the Hermitage there is no great difficulty, and to that place ſome chuſe to ride an aſs, but I thought walking ſafer; and there you are ſure of welcome and refreſhment from the poor good old man, who ſets up a little croſs wherever the fire has ſtopt near his cell; ſhews you the place with a ſort of polite

ſolemnity

ſolemnity that impreſſes, ſpreads his ſcanty proviſions before you kindly, and tells the paſt and preſent ſtate of the eruption accurately, inviting you to partake of

His ruſhy couch, his frugal fare,
His bleſſing and repoſe. GOLDSMITH.

This Hermit is a Frenchman. *J'ai danſé dans mon lit tans de fois* *, ſaid he: the expreſſion was not ſublime when ſpeaking of an earthquake, to be ſure; I looked among his books, however, and found Bruyere. "Would not the Duc de Rochefoucault have done better?" ſaid I. "Did I never ſee you before, Madam?" ſaid he; "yes, ſure I have, and dreſſed you too, when I was a hair-dreſſer in London, and lived with Monſ. Martinant, and I dreſſed pretty Miſs Wynne too in the ſame ſtreet. *Vit'elle encore? Vit'elle encore* †? Ah I am old now," continued he; "I remember when black pins firſt came up." This was charming, and in ſuch an unexpected way, I could hardly prevail upon myſelf ever to leave the ſpot; but Mrs. Greatheed having been quite to the cra-

* I have danced in my bed ſo often this year.

† Is ſhe yet alive? Is ſhe yet alive?

ter's

ter's edge with her only ſon, a baby of four years old; ſhame rather than inclination urged me forward; I aſked the little boy what he had ſeen; I ſaw the chimney, replied he, and it was on fire, but I liked the elephant better.

That the ſituation of the crater changed in this laſt eruption is of little conſequence; it will change and change again I ſuppoſe. The wonder is, that nobody gets killed by venturing ſo near, while red-hot ſtones are flying about them ſo. The Biſhop of Derry did very near get his arm broke; and the Italians are always recounting the exploits of theſe raſh Britons who look into the crater, and carry their wives and children up to the top; while we are, with equal juſtice, amazed at the courageous Neapolitans, who build little ſnug villages and dwell with as much confidence at the foot of Veſuvius, as our people do in Paddington or Hornſey. When I enquired of an inhabitant of theſe houſes how ſhe managed, and whether ſhe was not frighted when the Volcano raged, leſt it ſhould carry away her pretty little habitation: "Let it go," ſaid ſhe, "we don't mind now if it goes to-

to-morrow, ſo as we can make it anſwer by raiſing our vines, oranges, &c. againſt it for three years, our fortune is made before the fourth arrives; and then if the red river comes we can always run away, *ſcappar via*, ourſelves, and hang the property. We only deſire three years uſe of the mountain as a hot wall or forcing-houſe, and then we are above the world, thanks be to God and St. Januarius," who always comes in for a large ſhare of their veneration; and this morning having heard that the Neapolitans ſtill preſent each other with a cake upon New-year's day, I began to hug my favourite hypotheſis cloſer, recollecting the old ceremony of the wheaten cake ſeaſoned with ſalt, and called *Janualis* in the Heathen days. All this however muſt ſtill end in mere conjecture; for though the weather here favours one's idea of Janus, who looſened the furrow and liquefied the froſt, to which the melting our martyr's blood might, without much ſtraining of the matter, be made to allude; yet it muſt be recollected after all, that the miracle is not performed in this month but that of May, and that St. Januarius did certainly exiſt and give his life as

teſtimony to the truth of our religion, in the third century. Can one wonder, however, if corruptions and miſtakes ſhould have crept in ſince? And would it not have been equal to a miracle had no tares ſprung up in the field of religion, when our Saviour himſelf informs us that there is an enemy ever watching his opportunity to plant them?

Theſe dear people too at Rome and Naples do live ſo in the very hulk of ſhip-wrecked or rather foundered Paganiſm, have their habitation ſo at the very bottom of the caſk, can it fail to retain the ſcent when the lees are ſcarce yet dried up, clean or evaporated? That an odd jumble of paſt and preſent days, paſt and preſent ideas of dignity, events, and even manner of portioning out their time, ſtill confuſe their heads, may be obſerved in every converſation with them; and when a few weeks ago we reviſited, in company of ſome newly-arrived Engliſh friends, the old baths of Baiæ, Locrine lake, &c. Tobias, who rowed us over, bid us obſerve the Appian way under the water, where indeed it appears quite clearly, even to the tracks of wheels on its old pavement made of very large ſtones; and ſeeing me perhaps

haps particularly attentive, "Yes, Madam," ſaid he, "I do aſſure you, that *Don* Horace and *Don* Virgil, of whom we hear ſuch a deal, uſed to come from Rome to their country-ſeats here in a day, over this very road, which is now overflowed as you ſee it, by repeated earthquakes, but which was then ſo good and ſo unbroken, that if they roſe early in the morning they could eaſily gallop hither againſt the *Ave Maria*."

It was very obſervable in our ſecond viſit paid to the Stuffe San Germano, that they had increaſed prodigiouſly in heat ſince mount Veſuvius had ceaſed throwing out fire, though at leaſt fourteen miles from it, and a vaſt portion of the ſea between them; it vexed me to have no thermometer again, but by what one's immediate feelings could inform us, there were many degrees of difference. I could not now bear my hand on any part of them for a moment. The ſame luckleſs dog was again produced, and again reſtored to life, like the lady in Dryden's Fables, who is condemned to be hunted, killed, recovered, and ſet on foot again for the amuſement of her tormentors; a ſtory borrowed from the Italian.

Solfaterra burned my fingers as I plucked an incruſtation off, which allured me by the beauty of its colours, and roared with more violence than when I was there before. This horrible volcano is by no means extinguiſhed yet, but ſeems pregnant with wonders, principally combuſtible, and likely to break with one at every ſtep, all the earth round it being hollow as a drum, and I ſhould think of no great thickneſs neither; ſo plainly does one hear the ſighings underneath, which ſome of the country people imagine to be tortured ſpirits howling with agony.

It is ſuppoſed that Lake Agnano, where the dog is flung in, if the dewy graſs do not ſuffice to recover him, with its humidity and freſhneſs, as it often does; is but another crater of another volcano, long ago ſelf-deſtroyed by ſcorpion-like ſuicide; and it is like enough it may be ſo. There are not wanting however thoſe that think, or ſay at leaſt, how a ſubterraneous or ſubaqueous city remains even now under that lake, but lies too deep for inſpection.

Sia come ſia *, as the Italians expreſs themſelves, theſe environs are beyond all power

* Be it as it may.

of

of comprehenſion, much more beyond all effort of words to deſcribe; and as Sannazarius ſays of Venice, ſo I am ſure it may be ſaid of this place, "That man built Rome, but God created Naples:" for ſurely, ſurely he has honoured no other ſpot with ſuch an accumulation of his wonders: nor can any thing more completely bring the deſcription of the devoted cities mentioned in Geneſis before one's eyes, than theſe concealed fires, which there I truſt burſt up unexpectedly, and, attended by ſuch lightning as only hot countries can exhibit, devoured all at once, nor ſpared the too incredulous inquirer, who turned her head back with contempt of expected judgments, but entangling her feet in the purſuing ſtream of lava, fixed her faſt, a monument of bituminous ſalt.

Though ſurrounded by ſuch terrifying objects, the Neapolitans are not, I think, diſpoſed to cowardly, though eaſily perſuaded to devotional ſuperſtitions; they are not afraid of ſpectres or ſupernatural apparitions, but ſleep contentedly and ſoundly in ſmall rooms, made for the ancient dead, and now actually in the occupation of old Roman bodies, the catacombs belonging to whom

are ſtill very impreſſive to the fancy; and I have known many an Engliſh gentleman, who would not endure to have his courage impeached by *living wight*, whoſe imagination would notwithſtanding have diſturbed his ſlumbers not a little, had he been obliged to paſs one night where theſe poor women ſleep ſecurely, wiſhing only for that money which travellers are not unwilling to beſtow; and perhaps a walk among theſe hollow caves of death, theſe ſad repoſitories of what was once animated by valour and illuminated by ſcience, ſtrike one much more than all the urns and lachrymatories of Portici.

How judicious is Mr. Addiſon's remark, "That *Siſte Viator!* which has a ſtriking effect among the Roman tombs placed by the road ſide, loſes all its power over the mind when placed in the body of a church:" I think he might have ſaid the ſame, had he lived to ſee funereal urns uſed as decorations of hackney-coach pannels, and *Caput Bovis* over the doors in New Taviſtock-ſtreet.

It is worth recollecting however, that the Dictator Sylla is ſuppoſed to be the firſt man of conſequence who ordered his body to be burned at Rome, as till then, burial was apparently

parently the fashion: his death, occasioned by the *morbus pedicularis*, made his interment difficult, and what necessity suggested to be done for him, grew up into a custom, and the sycophants of power, ever hasty to follow their superiors, now shewed their zeal even in *post obit* imitation. But while I am writing, more modern and less tyrannic claimants for respect agreeably disturb one's meditations on the cruelty and oppression used by these wicked possessors of immortal though ill-gotten fame.

The Queen of Naples is delivered, and we are all to make merry: the *Castello d' Uovo*, just under our windows, is to be illuminated: and from the Carthusian convent on the hill, to my poor solitary old acquaintance the hermit and hair-dresser, who inhabits a cleft in mount Vesuvius, all resolve to be happy, and to rejoice in the felicity of a prince that loves them.—— Shouting, and candles, and torches, and coloured lamps, and Polinchinello above all the rest, did their best to drive forward the general joy, and make known the birth of the royal baby for many miles round the capital; and there was a splendid opera the

next night, in this fineſt of all fine theatres, though that of Milan pleaſes me better; as I prefer the elegant curtains which feſtoon it over the boxes there, to our heavy gilt ornaments here at Naples; and their boaſted looking-glaſſes, never cleaned, have no effect as I perceive towards helping forward the enchantment. A *feſta di ballo*, or maſquerade, given here however, was exceedingly gay, and the dreſſes ſurpriſingly rich: *our* party, a very large one, all Italians, retired at one in the morning to quite the fineſt ſupper of its ſize I ever ſaw. Fiſh of various ſorts, incomparable in their kinds, compoſed eight diſhes of the firſt courſe; we had thirty-eight ſet on the table in that courſe, forty-nine in the ſecond, with wines and deſſert truly magnificent, for all which Mr. Piozzi proteſted to me that we paid only three ſhillings and ſix-pence a head Engliſh money; but for the truth of that he muſt anſwer: we ſate down twenty-two perſons to ſupper, and I obſerved there were numbers of theſe parties made in different taverns, or apartments adjoining to the theatre, whither after refreſhment we returned, and danced till day-light.

The

The theatre is a vaſt building, even when not inhabited or ſet off by lights and company: all of ſtone too, like that of Milan; but particularly defended from fire by St. Anthony, who has an altar and chapel erected to his honour, and ſhowily decorated at the door; and on Sunday night, January the twenty-ſecond, there were fireworks exhibited in honour of himſelf and his *pig*, which was placed on the top, and illuminated with no ſmall ingenuity: the fire catching hold of his tail firſt—*con riſpetto*—as ſaid our Cicerone. But *il Rè Lear è le ſue tre Figlie* are advertiſed, and I am ſick to-night and cannot go.

Oh what a time have I choſe out, &c.
To wear a kerchief—would I were not ſick!

My loſs however is ſomewhat compenſated; for though I could not ſee our own Shakeſpear's play acted at Naples, I went ſome days after to one of the charming theatres this town is entertained by every evening, and ſaw a play which ſtruck me exceedingly: the plot was ſimply this—An Engliſhman appears, dreſſed preciſely as a Quaker, his hat on his head, his

his hands in his pockets, and with a very penſive air ſays he will take that piſtol, producing one, and ſhoot himſelf; "for," ſays he, "the politics go wrong at home now, and I hate the miniſterial party, ſo England does not pleaſe me; I tried France, but the people there laughed ſo about nothing, and ſung ſo much out of tune, I could not bear France; ſo I went over to Holland; thoſe Dutch dogs are ſo covetous and hard-hearted, they think of nothing but their money; I could not endure a place where one heard no ſound in the whole country but frogs croaking and ducats chinking. *Maladetti!* ſo I went to Spain, where I narrowly eſcaped a ſun-ſtroke for the ſake of ſeeing thoſe idle beggarly dons, that if they do condeſcend to cobble a man's ſhoe, think they muſt do it with a ſword by their ſide. I came here to Naples therefore, but ne'er a woman will afford one a chaſe, all are too eaſily caught to divert *me*, who like ſomething in proſpect; and though it is ſo fine a country, one can get no fox-hunting, only running after a wild pig. Yes, yes, I *muſt* ſhoot myſelf, the world is ſo *very* dull I am tired on't."—He then

then coolly prepares matters for the operation, when a young woman burſts into his apartment, bewails her fate a moment, and then faints away. Our countryman lays by his piſtol, brings the lady to life, and having heard part of her ſtory, ſets her in a place of ſafety. More confuſion follows; a gentleman enters ſtorming with rage at a treacherous friend he hints at, and a falſe miſtreſs; the Engliſhman gravely adviſes him to ſhoot himſelf: "No, no," replies the warm Italian, "I will ſhoot *them* though, if I can catch them; but want of money hinders me from proſecuting the ſearch." *That* however is now inſtantly ſupplied by the generous Briton, who enters into their affairs, detects and puniſhes the rogue who had betrayed them all, ſettles the marriage and reconciliation of his new friends, adds himſelf ſomething to the good girl's fortune, and concludes the piece with ſaying that he has altered his intentions, and will think no more of ſhooting himſelf, while life may in all countries be rendered pleaſant to him who will employ it in the ſervice of his fellow-creatures; and finiſhes with theſe words, that *ſuch are the ſentiments of an Engliſhman.*

Were

Were this pretty ſtory in the hands of one of our elegant dramatic writers, how charming an entertainment would it make us! Mr. Andrews ſhall have it certainly, for though very flattering in its intentions towards our countrymen, and the *ground-plot*, as a *ſurveyor* would call it, well imagined; the play itſelf was ſcarcely written I believe, and very little eſteemed by the Italians; who made excuſes for its groſſneſs, and ſaid that their theatre was at a very low ebb; and ſo I believe it is. Yet their genius is reſtleſs, and for ever fermenting; and although, like their volcano, of which every individual has a ſpark, it naturally throws out of its mouth more rubbiſh than marble; like that too, from ſome occaſional eruptions we may gather gems ſtuck faſt among ſubſtances of an inferior nature, which want only diſentangling, and a new poliſh, to make them valued, even beyond thoſe that reward the toil of an expecting miner.

The word gems reminds one of *Capo di Monte*, where the king's *cameos* are taken care of, and where the medalliſt may find perpetual entertainment; for I do believe nothing can exceed the riches of this collection; though it requires

requires good eyes, great experience, and long ſtudy, to examine their merits with accurate ſkill, and praiſe them with intelligent rapture: of theſe three requiſites I boaſt none, ſo cannot enjoy this regale as much as many others; but I have a mortal averſion to thoſe who encumber the general progreſs of ſcience by reciprocating contempt upon its various branches: the politician however, who weighs the intereſts of contending powers, or endeavours at the happineſs of regulating ſome particular ſtate; who ſtudies to prevent the encroachments of prerogative, or impede advances to anarchy; hears with faint approbation, at beſt, of the diſcoveries made in the moon by modern aſtronomers—diſcoveries of a country where he can obtain no power, and ſettle no ſyſtem of government—diſcoveries too, which can only be procured by peeping through glaſſes which few can purchaſe, at a place which no man can deſire to approach. While the muſical compoſer equally laments the fate of the foſſiliſt, who literally buries his talent in the ground, and equally dead to all the charms of taſte, the tranſports of true expreſſion, and the delights of harmony, riſes with the ſun only to ſhun his beams, and

and ſeek in the dripping caverns of the earth the effects of his diminiſhed influence. The medalliſt has had much of this ſcorn to contend with; yet he that makes it his ſtudy to regiſter great events, is perhaps next to him who has contributed to their birth: and this palace diſplays a degree of riches *en ce genre*, difficult to conceive.

I was, however, better entertained by admiring the incomparable Schidonis, which are to be found only here: he was a ſcholar, or rather an imitator, of Correggio; and what he has done ſeems more the reſult of genius animated by obſervation, than of profound thought or minute nicety; he painted ſuch ragged folks as he found upon the *Chiaja;* yet his pictures differ no leſs from the Dutch ſchool, than do thoſe which flow from the majeſtic pencil of the demi-divine Caracci and their followers, and for the ſame reaſon; their minds reflected dignity and grace, his eyes looked upon forms finely proportioned, though covered with tatters, or perhaps ſcarcely covered at all; no ſmugneſs, no plumpneſs, no *vulgar* character, ever croſſed the fancy of Schidone; for a *Lazaroni* at Naples, like a ſailor at Portſmouth, is no mean character,

character, though he is a coarſe one; it is in the low Pariſian, and the true-bred London blackguard, we muſt look for innate baſeneſs, and near approaches to brutality; nor are the Hollanders wanting in originals I truſt, when one has ſeen ſo many copies of the human form from their hands, diveſted of ſoul as I may ſay, and, like Prior's Emma when ſhe reſolves to ramble with her outlawed lover,

> And mingle with the people's wretched lee—
> Oh line extreme of human infamy!—
> Left by her look or colour be expreſt
> The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dreſt.

Here is a beautiful performance too of the Venetian ſchool—a reſurrection of Lazarus, by Leandro Baſſano, eſteemed the beſt performance of that family, and full of merit—the merit of *character* I mean; while Mary's eyes are wholly employed, and her mind apparently engroſſed by the Saviour's benignity, and almighty power; Martha thinks merely on the preſent exertion of them, and only watches the deliverance of her beloved brother from the tomb: the reſtored Lazarus too—an apparent corpſe, re-awakened ſuddenly to a thouſand ſenſations at once, wonder, gratitude, and affectionate

delight!—How can one coldly ſit to hear the connoiſſeurs *admire the folds of the drapery?* Lanfranc's St. Michael too is a very noble picture; and though his angel is infinitely leſs angelic than that of Guido, his devil is a leſs ordinary and vulgar devil than that of his fellow-ſtudent, which ſomewhat too much reſembles the common peeping ſatyr in a landſcape; whereas Lanfranc's Lucifer ſeems embued with more intellectual vices—rage, revenge, and ambition.

But I am called from my obſervations and reflexions, to ſee what the Neapolitans call *il trionfo di Policinello*, a perſon for whom they profeſs peculiar value. Harlequin and Brighella here ſcarcely ſhare the fondneſs of an audience, while at Venice, Milan, &c. much pleaſantry is always caſt into *their* characters.

The triumph was a pageant of prodigious ſize, ſet on four broad wheels like our waggons, but larger; it conſiſted of a pyramid of men, twenty-eight in number, placed with wonderful ingenuity all of one ſize, ſomething like what one has ſeen exhibited at Sadler's Wells, the Royal Circus, &c.; dreſſed in one uniform,

uniform, viz. the white habit and puce-coloured maſk of *caro* Policinello; diſpoſed too with that ſkill which tumblers alone can either diſplay or deſcribe; a ſingle figure, ſtill in the ſame dreſs, crowning the whole, and forming a point at the top, by ſtanding fixed on the ſhoulders of his companions, and playing merrily on the fiddle; while twelve oxen of a beautiful white colour, and trapped with many ſhining ornaments, drew the whole ſlowly over the city, amidſt the acclamations of innumerable ſpectators, that followed and applauded the performance with ſhouts.

What I have learned from this ſhow, and many others of the ſame kind, is of no greater value than the derivation of *his name* who is ſo much the favourite of Naples: but from the maſk he appears in, cut and coloured ſo as exactly to reſemble a *flea*, with hook noſe and wrinkles, like the body of that animal; his employment too, being ever ready to hop, and ſkip, and jump about, with affectation of uncommon elaſticity, giving his neighbours a ſly pinch from time to time: all theſe circumſtances, added to the very intimate acquaintance and connection all the Neapolitans have with this, the leaſt offenſive of all the

innumerable insects that infest them; and, last of all, *his name*, which, corrupt it how we please, was originally *Pulicinello*; leaves me persuaded that the appellation is merely *little flea*.

A drive to Caserta, the king's great palace, not yet quite finished, carries me away from this important study, and leaves me little time to enjoy the praises due to a discovery of so much consequence.

The drive perhaps pleased us better than the palace, which is a prodigious mass of building indeed, and to my eye appears to cover more space than proud Versailles itself; court within court, and quadrangle within quadrangle; it is an enormous bulk to be sure—not pile—for it is not high in proportion to the surrounding objects somehow; and being composed all of brick, presents ideas rather of squat solidity, than of princely magnificence. Ostentation is expected always to strike, as elegance is known to charm, the beholder; and space seldom fails in its immediate effect upon the mind; but here the *valley* (I might say *hole*) this house is set in, looks too little for it; and offends one in the same manner as the more

beautiful buildings do at Buxton, where from every hill one expects to tumble down upon the new Crescent below. The stair-case is such, however, as I am persuaded no other palace can shew; vastly wider than any the French king can boast, and infinitely more precious with regard to the marbles which compose its sides. The immensity of it, however, though it enhances the value, does not do much honour to the taste of him who contrived it. No apartments can answer the expectations raised by such an approach; and in fact the chapel alone is worthy an ascent so fit for a triumphal procession, instead of a pair of stairs. That chapel is I confess of exquisite beauty and elegance; and there is a picture, by Mengs, of the blessed Virgin Mary's presentation when a girl, that is really *paitrie des graces;* it scarcely can be admired or commended enough, and one can scarcely prevail on one's self ever to quit it. Her marriage, a picture on the other side, is not so happily imagined; but it seems as if the painter thought that joke too good to part with, that there never was a particularly excellent picture of a wedding; and that Poussin

himſelf failed, when having repreſented all the ſix other ſacraments ſo admirably, that of marriage has been found fault with by the connoiſſeurs of every ſucceeding generation.

Well! if the palace at Caſerta muſt be deemed more heavy than handſome, I fear the gardens muſt likewiſe be avowed to be laid out in a manner one would rather term ſavage than natural: all artifice is baniſhed however: the king of Naples ſcorns petty tricks for the amuſement of petty minds;—he turns a whole river down his caſcade,—*a real one;* and if its formation is not of the firſt rate for aſſuming an appearance of nature, it has the merit of being ſincerely that which others only pretend to be: while I am told that his architects are now employed in connecting the great ſtones awkwardly diſpoſed in two rows down each ſide the torrent, with the very rocks and mountains among which the ſpring riſes; if they effect this, their caſcade will, ſo far as ever I have read or heard, be ſingle in its kind.

Van Vittelli's aqueduct is a prodigiouſly beautiful, magnificent, and what is more, a uſeful performance: having the fineſt models of antiquity, he is ſaid to have ſurpaſſed them all.

all. Why ſuch ſuperb and expenſive methods ſhould be ſtill uſed to conduct water up and down Italy, any more than other nations, or why they are not equally neceſſary in France and England, nobody informs me. Madame de Bocages enquired long ago, when ſhe was taken to ſee the fountain Trevi at Rome, why they had no water at Paris but the Seine? I think the queſtion ſo natural, that one wiſhes to repeat it; and one great reaſon, little urged by others, incites me to look with envy on the delicious and almoſt innumerable guſhes of water that cool the air of Naples and of Rome, and pour their pellucid tides through almoſt every ſtreet of thoſe luxurious cities: *it is this*, that I conſider them as a preſervative againſt that dreadfulleſt of all maladies, canine madneſs; a diſtemper which, notwithſtanding the exceſſive heat, has here ſcarcely a name. Sure it is the plenty of drink the dogs meet at every turn, that muſt be the ſole cauſe of a bleſſing ſo deſirable.

My ſtay has been always much ſhorter than I wiſhed it, in every great town of Italy; but *here!* where numberleſs wonders ſtrike the ſenſe without fatiguing it, I do feel double

pleaſure; and among all the new ideas I have acquired ſince England leſſened to my ſight upon the ſea, thoſe gained at Naples will be the laſt to quit me. The works of art may be found great and lovely, but the drunken Faun and the dying Gladiator will fade from one's remembrance, and leave the glow of Solfaterra and the gloom of Poſilippo indelibly impreſſed. Veſuvius too! that terrified me ſo when firſt we drove into this amazing town, what future images can ever obliterate the thrilling ſenſations it at firſt occaſioned? Surely the ſight of old friends after a tedious abſence can alone ſupply the vacancy that a mind muſt feel which quits ſuch ſublime, ſuch animated ſcenery, and experiences a ſudden deprivation of delight, finding the boſom all at once unfurniſhed of what has yielded it for three ſwiftly-flown months, perpetual change of undecaying pleaſures.

To-morrow I ſhall take my laſt look at the Bay, and driving forward, hope at night to lodge at Terracina.

JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO ROME.

THE morning of the day we left our fair Parthenope was paſſed in recollecting her various charms: every one who leaves her carries off the ſame ſenſations. I have aſked ſeveral inhabitants of other Italian States what they liked beſt in Italy except home; it was Naples always, dear delightful Naples! When I ſay this, I mean always to exclude thoſe whoſe particular purſuits lead them to cities which contain the prize they preſs for. Engliſh people when unprejudiced expreſs the like preference. Attachments formed by love or friendſhip, though they give charms to every place, cannot be admitted as a reaſon for commending any one above the reſt. A traveller without candour it is vain to read; one might as well hope to get a juſt view of nature by looking through a coloured glaſs, as to gain a true account of foreign countries, by turning over pages dictated by prejudice.

With the nobility of Naples I had no acquaintance, and can of courſe ſay nothing of their manners. Thoſe of the middling people ſeem to be behind-hand with their neighbours; it

is ſo odd that they ſhould never yet have arrived at calling their money by other names than thoſe of the weights, an *ounce* and a *grain*; the coins however are not ugly.

The evening of the day we left this ſurpriſing city was ſpent out of its king's dominions, at Terracina, which now affords one of the beſt inns in Italy; it is kept by a Frenchman, whoſe price, though high, is regulated, whoſe behaviour is agreeable, and whoſe ſuppers and beds are delightful. Near the ſpot where his houſe now ſtands, there was in ancient Pagan days a temple, erected to the memory of the beardleſs Jupiter called Anxurus, of which Pauſanias, and I believe Scaliger too, take notice; though the medal of Panſa is *imago barbata, ſed intonſa*, they tell me; and Statius extends himſelf in deſcribing the innocence of Jupiter and Juno's converſation and connection in their early youth. Both of them had ſtatues of particular magnificence venerated with very peculiar ceremonies, erected for them in this town, however, *ut Anxur fuit quæ nunc Terracinæ ſunt* *. The tenth Thebaid too ſpeaks much *de templo*

* Which was once Anxur, and now is Terracina.

ſacro et Junoni puellæ, Jovis Axuro *; and who knows after all whether theſe odd circumſtances might not be the original reaſon of Anxur's grammatical peculiarity, well known to all from the line in old *Propria que maribus*,

Et genus Anxur quod dat utrumque?

This place was founded and coloniſed by Æmilius Mamercus and Lucius Plautus, Anno Mundi 3725 I think; they took the town of Priverna, and ſent each three hundred citizens to ſettle this new city, where Jupiter Anxurus was worſhipped, as Virgil among ſo many other writers bears teſtimony:

Circeumque jugum, queis Jupiter Anxuris arvis
Præſidet †. 7th ÆNEID.

Æmilius Mamercus was a very pious conſul, and when he ſerved before with Genutius his colleague, made himſelf famous for driving the nail into Minerva's temple to ſtop the progreſs of the plague; he was therefore likely

* The temple ſacred to the maiden Juno and unrazored Jove.

† And the ſteep hills of Circe ſtretch around,
Where fair Feronia boaſts her ſtately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove. PITT.

enough

enough to encourage this ſuperſtitious worſhip of the beardleſs Jupiter.

Some books of geography, very old ones, had given me reaſon to make enquiry after a poiſonous fountain in the rocks near Terracina. My enquiries were not vain. The fountain ſtill exiſts, and whoever drinks it dies; though Martial ſays,

Sive ſalutiferis candidus Anxur acquis *,

The place is now cruelly unwholeſome however; ſo much ſo, that our French landlord proteſts he is obliged to leave it all the ſummer months, at leaſt the very hot ſeaſon, and retire with his family to Molo di Gaeta. He told us with rational delight enough of a viſit the Pope had made to thoſe places ſome few years ago; and that he had been heard to ſay to ſome of his attendants, how there was no *mal aria* at all thereabouts in paſt days: an obſervation which had much amazed them. It was equally their wonder how his Holineſs went o'walking about with a book in his hand or pocket, repeating verſes by the ſeaſide. One of them had aſked the name of the book, but nobody could remember it. "Was it *Virgil?*" ſaid one of our company. "*Eh mon*

* White Anxur's ſalutary waters roll.

Dieu,

Dieu, Madame, vous l'avez divinée *," replied the man. But, O dear (thought I), how would theſe poor people have ſtared, if their amiable ſovereign, enlightened and elegant as his mind is, had happened to talk more in their preſence of what he had been reading on the ſea ſhore, *Virgil* or *Homer;* had he chanced to mention that *Molo di Gaeta* was in ancient times the ſeat of the Leſtrygones, and inhabited by canibals, men who eat one another! and ſurely it is ſcarcely leſs comical than curious, to recollect how Ulyſſes expreſſes his ſenſations on firſt landing juſt by this now lovely and highly-cultivated ſpot, when he pathetically exclaims,

——Upon what coaſt,
On what *new* region is Ulyſſes toſt?
Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men whoſe boſoms tender pity warms?
POPE'S ODYSSEY.

Poor Cicero might indeed have aſked the queſtion ſeven or eight centuries after, in days falſely ſaid to be civilized to a ſtate of perfection; when his moſt inhuman murder near this town, completed the meaſure of their crimes; who to their country's fate added that of its philoſopher, its orator, its acknowledged father

* Why, Madam, you have hit on it ſure enough.

and

and preſerver.—Cruel, ungrateful Rome! ever crimſon with the blood of its own beſt citizens—theatre of civil diſcord and proſcriptions, unheard of in any hiſtory but her's; who, next to Jeruſalem in ſins, has been next in ſufferings too; though twice ſo highly favoured by Heaven—from the dreadful moment when all her power was at once cruſhed by barbariſm, and even her language rendered *dead* among mankind—to the preſent hour, when even her ſecond ſplendours, like the laſt gleams of an *aurora borealis*, fade gradually from the view, and ſink almoſt imperceptibly into decay. Nor can the exemplary virtues and admirable conduct of *this*, and of her four laſt princes, redeem her from ruin long threatened to her paſt tyrannical offences; any more than could the merits of Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus Pius compenſate for the crimes of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero.—Let the death of Cicero, which inſpired this rhapſody, contribute to excuſe it; and let me turn my eyes to the bewitching ſpot—

Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day.

That ſuch enchantreſſes ſhould inhabit ſuch regions could have been ſcarce a wonder in Homer's

Homer's time I trow; the ſame country ſtill retains the ſame power of producing ſingers, to whom our Engliſh may with propriety enough cry out;

——Hail, *foreign* wonder!
Whom certes our rough ſhades did never breed.
MILTON.

That ſhe ſhould be the offspring of Phœbus too, in a place where the ſun's rays have ſo much power, was a well-imagined fable one may *feel;* and her inſtructions to Ulyſſes for his ſucceeding voyage, juſt, apt, and proper: enjoining him a prayer to Crateis the mother of Scylla, to pacify her rapacious daughter's fury, is the leaſt intelligible of all Circe's advice, to me. But when I ſaw the naſty trick they had at Naples, of ſpreading out the ox-hides to dry upon the ſea ſhore, as one drives to Portici; the Sicilian herds, mentioned in the Odyſſey, and their crawling ſkins, came into my head in a moment.

We have left theſe ſcenes of fabulous wonder and real pleaſure however; left the warm veſtiges of claſſic ſtory, and places which have produced the nobleſt efforts of the human mind; places which have ſerved as no ignoble themes for truly immortal ſong; all quitted

quitted now! all left for recollection to muſe on, and for fancy to combine: but theſe eyes I fear will never more ſurvey them. Well! no matter—

When like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion,
The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And like ſome unſubſtantial pageant faded
Leave not a wreck behind.

ROME.

We are come here juſt in time to ſee the three laſt days of the carnival, and very droll it is to walk or drive, and ſee the people run about the ſtreets, all in ſome gay diſguiſe or other, and maſked, and patched, and painted to make ſport. The Corſo is now quite a ſcene of diſtraction; the coachmen on the boxes pretending to be drunk, and throwing ſugar-plumbs at the women, which it grows hard to find out in the crowd and confuſion, as the evening, which ſhuts in early, is the feſtive hour: and there is ſome little hazard in parading the ſtreets, leſt an accident might happen;

pen ; though a temporary rail and *trottoir* are erected, to keep the carriages off. Our high joke, however, ſeems to conſiſt in the men putting on girls clothes: a woman is ſomewhat a rarity at Rome, and ſtrangely ſuperfluous as it ſhould appear by the extraordinary ſubſtitutes found for them on the ſtage: it is more than wonderful to ſee great ſtrong fellows dancing the women's parts in theſe faſhionable dramas, paſtoral and heroic ballets as they call them. *Soprano* ſingers did not ſo ſurpriſe me with their feminine appearance in the Opera; but theſe clumſy *figurantes!* all ſtout, coarſe-looking men, kicking about in hooped petticoats, were to me irreſiſtibly ridiculous: the gentlemen with me however, both Italians and Engliſh, were too much diſguſted to laugh, while *la premiere danſeuſe* acted the coquet beauty, or diſtracted mother, with a black beard which no art could ſubdue, and deſtroyed every illuſion of the pantomime at a glance. All this ſtruck nobody but us foreigners after all; tumultuous and often *tender* applauſes from the pit convinced us of *their heart-felt* approbation! and in the parterre ſat gentlemen much celebrated at Rome for their taſte and refinement.

As

As their exhibition did not pleaſe our party, notwithſtanding its ſingularity, we went but once to the theatre, except when a Feſta di Ballo was advertiſed to begin at eleven o'clock one night, but detained the company waiting on its ſtairs for two hours at leaſt beyond the time: for my own part I was better amuſed *outſide* the doors, than *in*. Maſquerades can of themſelves give very little pleaſure except when they are new things. What was moſt my delight and wonder to obſerve, was the ſight of perhaps two hundred people of different ranks, all in my mind ſtrangely ill-treated by a nobleman; who having a private ſupper in the room, prevented their entrance who paid for admiſſion; all mortified, all crowded together in an inconvenient place; all ſuffering much from heat, and more from diſappointment; yet all in perfect good humour with each other, and with the gentleman who detained in longing and ardent, but not impatiently-expreſſed expectation, ſuch a number of *Romans:* who, as I could not avoid remarking, certainly deſerve to rule over all the world once more, if, as we often read in hiſtory, *command* is to be beſt learned from the practice of *obedience*.

The

The maſquerade was carried on when we had once begun it, with more taſte and elegance here, than either at Naples or Milan; ſo it was at Florence, I remember; more dreſſes of contrivance and fancy being produced. We had a very pretty device laſt night, of a man who pretended to carry ſtatues about as if for ſale: the gentlemen and ladies who perſonated the figures were incomparable from the choice of attitudes, and ſkill in colouring; but *il carnovale è morto*, as the women of quality told us laſt night from their coaches, in which they carried little tranſparent lanthorns of a round form, red, blue, green, &c. to help forward the ſhine; and theſe they throw at each other as they did ſugar plums in the other towns, while the millions of ſmall thin bougie candles held in every hand, and ſtuck up at every balcony, make the *Strada del Popolo* as light as day, and produce a wonderfully pretty effect, gay, natural, and pleaſing.

The unſtudied hilarity of Italians is very rejoicing to the heart, from one's conſciouſneſs that it is the reſult of cheerfulneſs really felt, not a mere incentive to happineſs hoped for. The death of Carnovale, who was carried to his grave with ſo many candles ſuddenly extinguiſhed

at twelve o'clock laſt night, has reſtored us to a tranquil poſſeſſion of ourſelves, and to an opportunity of examining the beauties of nature and art that ſurround one.

St. Peter's church is inconteſtably the firſt object in this city, ſo crowded with ſingle figures: That this church ſhould be built in the form of a Latin croſs inſtead of a Greek one may be wrong for ought I know; that columns would have done better than piers inſide, I do not think; but that whatever has been done by man might have been done better, if that is all the critics want, I readily allow. This church is, after all their objections, nearer to perfect than any other building in the world; and when Michael Angelo, looking at the Pantheon, ſaid, "Is this the beſt our vaunted anceſtors could do? If ſo, I will ſhew the advancement of the art, in ſuſpending a dome of equal ſize to this up in the air." He made a glorious boaſt, and was perhaps the only perſon ever exiſting who could have performed his promiſe.

The figures of angels, or rather cherubims, eight feet high, which ſupport the vaſes holding holy water, as they are made after the form of babies, do perfectly and cloſely repreſent infants of eighteen or twenty months old;

old; nor till one comes quite close to them indeed, is it possible to discern that they are colossal. This is brought by some as a proof of the exact proportions kept, and of the prodigious space occupied, by the area of this immense edifice; and urged by others, as a peculiarity of the *human* body to deceive so at a distance, most unjustly: for one is surprised exactly in the same manner by the doves, which ornament the church in various parts of it. *They* likewise appear of the natural size, and completely within one's reach upon entering the door, but soon as approached, recede to a considerable height, and prove their magnitude nicely proportioned to that of the angels and other decorations.

The canopied altar, and its appurtenances, are likewise all colossal I think, when they tell me of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds weight of bronze brought from the Pantheon, and used to form the wreathed pillars which support, and the torses that adorn it. Yet airy lightness and exquisite elegance are the characteristics of the fabric, not gloomy greatness, or heavy solidity. How immense then must be the space it

ſtands on! four hundred and ſixty-ſeven of my ſteps carried me from the door to the end. Warwick caſtle would be contained in its middle *aiſle*. Here are one hundred and twenty ſilver lamps, each larger than I could lift, conſtantly burning round the altar; and one never ſees either them, or the light they diſpenſe, till forced upon the obſervation of them, ſo completely are they loſt in the general grandeur of the whole. In ſhort, with a profuſion of wealth that aſtoniſhes, and of ſplendour that dazzles, as ſoon as you enter on an examination of its ſecondary parts, every man's *firſt* impreſſion at entering St. Peter's church, muſt be ſurpriſe at ſeeing it ſo clear of ſuperfluous ornament. This is the true character of innate excellence, the *ſimplex munditiis*, or *freedom from decoration*; the noble ſimplicity to which no embelliſhment can add dignity, but ſeems a mere appendage. Getting on the top of this ſtupendous edifice, is however the readieſt way to fill one's mind with a deſerving notion of its extent, capacity, and beauty; nor is any operation eaſier, ſo happily contrived is the aſcent. Contrivance here is an ill-choſen word too, ſo luminous ſo convenient is the

walk,

walk, ſo ſpacious the galleries beſide, that all idea of danger is removed, when you perceive that even round the undefended cornice, our king's ſtate coach might be moſt ſafely driven.

The monuments, although incomparable, ſcarcely obtain a ſhare of your admiration for the firſt ten times of your ſurveying the place; Guglielmo della Porta's famous figure, ſupporting that dedicated to the memory of Paul the Third, was found ſo happy an imitation of female beauty by ſome madman here however, that it is ſaid he was inflamed with a Pigmalion-like paſſion for it, of which the Pontiff hearing, commanded the ſtatue to be draped. The ſteps at almoſt the end of this church we have all heard were porphyry, and ſo they are; how many hundred feet long I have now forgotten:—no matter; what I have not forgotten is, that I thought as I looked at them—why ſo they *ſhould* be porphyry—and that was all. While the vaſes and ciſterns of the ſame beautiful ſubſtance at Villa Borgheſe attracted my wonder; and Clement X.'s urn at St. John de Lateran, appeared to me an urn fitter for the aſhes of an Egyptian monarch, Buſiris or Seſoſtris,

than for a Chriſtian prieſt or ſovereign, ſince univerſal dominion has been aboliſhed. Nothing, however, *can* look very grand in St. Peter's church; and though I ſaw the general benediction given (I hope partook it) upon Eaſter day, my conſtant impreſſion was, that the people were below the place; no pomp, no glare, no dove and glory on the chair of ſtate, but what looked too little for the area that contained them. Sublimity diſdains to catch the vulgar eye, ſhe elevates the ſoul; nor can long-drawn proceſſions, or ſplendid ceremonies, ſuffice to content thoſe travellers who ſeek for images that never tarniſh, and for truths that never can decay. Pius Sextus, in his morning dreſs, paying his private devotions at the altar, without any pageantry, and with very few attendants, ſtruck me more a thouſand and a thouſand times, than when arrayed in gold, in colours, and diamonds, he was carried to the front of a balcony big enough to have contained the conclave; and there, ſhaded by two white fans, which, though really enormous, looked no larger than that a girl carries in her pocket, pronounced words which on account of the height they came from were difficult to hear.

All

All this is known and felt by the managers of these theatrical exhibitions so certainly, that they judiciously confine great part of them to the *Capella Sestini*, which being large enough to impress the mind with its solemnity, and not spacious enough for the priests, congregation, and all, to be lost in it, is well adapted for those various functions that really make Rome a scene of perpetual gala during the holy week; which an English friend here protested to me he had never spent with so little devotion in his life before. The *miserere* has, however, a strong power over one's mind—the absence of all instrumental music, the steadiness of so many human voices, the gloom of the place, the picture of Michael Angelo's last judgment covering its walls, united with the mourning dress of the spectators—is altogether calculated with great ingenuity to give a sudden stroke to the imagination, and kindle that temporary blaze of devotion it is wisely enough intended to excite: but even this has much of its effect destroyed, from the admission of too many people: crowd and bustle, and struggle for places, leave no room for any ideas to range

themſelves, and leaſt of all, ſerious ones: nor would the opening of our ſacred muſic in Weſtminſter Abbey, when nine hundred performers join to celebrate *Meſſiah*'s praiſes, make that impreſſion which it does upon the mind, were not the king, and court, and all the audience, as ſtill as death, when the firſt note is taken.

The ceremony of waſhing the pilgrims feet is a pleaſing one: it is ſeen in high perfection here at Rome; where all that the pope perſonally performs is done with infinite grace, and with an air of mingled majeſty and ſweetneſs, difficult to hit, but ſingularly becoming in him, who is both prieſt of God, and ſovereign of his people.

But how, ſaid Cyrus, ſhall I make men think me more excellent than themſelves? *By being really ſo*, replies Xenophon, putting his words into the mouth of Cambyſes. Pius Sextus takes no deeper method I believe, yet all acknowledge his ſuperiour merit: No prince can leſs affect ſtate, nor no clergyman can leſs adopt hypocritical behaviour. The Pope powders his hair like any other of the Cardinals, and is, it ſeems, the firſt who has ever done ſo. When he takes the air it is in a fa-

a fashionable carriage, with a few, a very few guards on horseback, and is by no means desirous of making himself a shew. Now and then an old woman begs his blessing as he passes; but I almost remember the time when our bishops of Bangor and St. Asaph were followed by the country people in North Wales full as much or more, and with just the same feelings. One man in particular we used to talk of, who came from a distant part of our mountainous province, with much expence in proportion to his abilities, poor fellow, and terrible fatigue; he was a tenant of my father's, who asked him how he ventured to undertake so troublesome a journey? It was to get my good Lord's blessing, replied the farmer, *I hope it will cure my rheumatism.* Kissing the slipper at Rome will probably, in a hundred years more, be a thing to be thus faintly recollected by a few very old people; and it is strange to me it should have lasted so long. No man better knows than the present learned and pious successor of St. Peter, that St. Peter himself would permit no act of adoration to his own person; and that he severely reproved Cornelius for kneeling to him, charging him to rise and stand upon his feet, adding

ing theſe remarkable words, *ſeeing I alſo am a man* *. Surely it will at laſt be found out among them that ſuch a ceremony is inconſiſtent with the Pope's character as a Chriſtian prieſt, however it may ſuit ſtate matters to continue it in the character of a ſovereign. The road he is now making on every ſide his capital to facilitate foreigners approach, the money he has laid out on the conveniencies of the Vatican, the deſire he feels of reforming a police much in want of reformation, joined to an immaculate character for private virtue and an elegant taſte for the fine arts, muſt make every one wiſh for a long continuance of his health and dignity; though the wits and jokers, when they ſee his arms up, as they are often placed in galleries, &c. about the palace, and conſiſt of a zephyr blowing on a flower, a pair of eagle's wings, and a few ſtars, have invented this Epigram, to ſay that when the Emperor has got his eagle back, the King of France his fleurs de lys, and the ſtars are gone to heaven, Braſchi will have nothing left him but the *wind:*

Redde aquilam Cæſari, Francorum lilia regi,
Sydera redde polo, cætera Braſche tibi.

* Surge, et ego ipſe homo ſum. VULGATE.

Theſe

Theſe verſes were given me by an agreeable Benedictine Friar, member of a convent belonging to St. Paul's *fuor delle mura*; he was a learned man, a native of Raguſa, had been particularly intimate with Wortley Montague, whoſe variety of acquirements had impreſſed him exceedingly.

He ſhewed us the curioſities of his church, the fineſt in Rome next to St. Peter's, and had ſilver gates; but the plating is worn off and only the braſs remains. There is an old Egyptian candleſtick above five feet high preſerved here, and many other ſingularities adorn the church. The Pillars are 136 in number, all marble, and each conſiſting of one unjoined and undivided piece; 40 of theſe are fluted, and two which did belong to a temple of Mars are ſeven feet and a half each in diameter. Here is likewiſe the place where Nero ran for refuge to the houſe of his freed-man, and in the cloiſter a ſtone, with this inſcription on it,

Hoc ſpecus accepit poſt aurea tecta Neronem *.

Here is an altar ſupported by four pillars of red porphyry, and here are the pictures of all the popes; St. Peter firſt, and our preſent Braſ-

* This hiding-hole received Nero after his golden houſe.

chi laſt. It has given much occaſion for chat that there ſhould now be no room left to hang a ſucceſſor's portrait, and that he who now occupies the chair is painted in powdered hair and a white head-dreſs, ſuch as he wears every day, to the great affliction of his courtiers, who recommended the uſual ſtate diadem; but "No, no," ſaid he, "there have been *red cap Popes* enough, mine ſhall be only white, and *white it is*.

This beautiful edifice was built by the Emperor Theodoſius, and there is an old picture at the top, of our Saviour giving the benediction in the form that all the Greek prieſts give it now. Apropos, there have been many ſects of Oriental Chriſtians dropt into the Church of Rome within theſe late years; a very venerable old Armenian ſays Greek maſs regularly in St. Peter's church every day before one particular altar; his long black dreſs and white beard attracted much of my notice; he ſaw it did, and now whenever we meet in the ſtreet by chance he kindly ſtands ſtill to bleſs me. But the Syriac or Maronites have a church to themſelves juſt by the *Bocca della Verita*; and extremely curious we thought it to ſee their ceremonies upon Palm Sunday, when their aged patriarch, not

leſs

leſs than ninety-three years old, and richly attired with an inconvenient weight of drapery, and a mitre ſhaped like that of Aaron in our Bibles exactly, was ſupported by two olive coloured orientals, while he pronounced a benediction on the tree that ſtood near the altar, and was at leaſt ten feet high. The attendant clergy, habited after their own eaſtern taſte, and very ſuperbly, had broad phylacteries bound on their foreheads after the faſhion of the Jews, and carried long ſtrips of parchment up and down the church, with the law written on them in Syriac characters, while they formed themſelves into a proceſſion and led their truly reverend principal back to his place. An exhibition ſo ſtriking, with the view of many monuments round the walls, ſacred to the memory of ſuch, and ſuch a biſhop of Damaſcus, gave ſo ſtrong an impreſſion of Aſiatic manners to the mind, that one felt glad to find Europe round one at going out again. One of the treaſures much renowned in it we have ſeen to-day, the transfiguration painted by Rafaelle; it was the *firſt* thing the Emperor *did* viſit when he came to Rome, and ſo a Franciſcan Friar who ſhews it, told us. He ſaw a gentleman walk into church it ſeems, and leaving his friends

at

at dinner, went out to converſe with him. "*Pull aſide the curtain, Sir,*" ſaid the ſtranger, "*for I am in haſte to ſee this maſter-piece of your immortal Raphael.*" I was as willing to be in a hurry as *he*, ſays the Friar, and obſerved how fortunate it was for us that it could not be moved, otherwiſe we had loſt it long ago; for, Sir, ſaid I, they would have carried it away from poor *Monte Citoria* to ſome finer *temple* long ago; though, let me tell you, this is an elegant Doric building too, and one of Bramante's beſt works, much admired by the Engliſh in particular. I hope, if it pleaſe God now that I ſhould live but a very little longer, I may have the honour of ſhewing it *the Emperor.* "Is he expected?" enquired the gentleman. "Every day, Sir," replies the Friar. "And *well now*," cries the foreigner, "what ſort of a man do you expect to ſee? Why, Sir, you ſeem a traveller, did *you* ever ſee him?" quoth the Franciſcan. "Yes, ſure, my good friend, very often indeed, he is as plain a man as myſelf, has good intentions, and an honeſt heart; and I think you would like him if you knew him, becauſe he puts nobody out of their way."

This

This dialogue, natural and ſimple, had taken ſuch hold of our good *religieux*'s fancy, that not a word would he ſay about the picture, while his imagination was ſo full of the prince, and of his own amazement at the ſalutation of his companions, when returning to the refectory;—"Why, Gaetano," cried they, "thou haſt been converſing with *Cæſar*:"—I too liked the tale, becauſe it was artleſs, and becauſe it was true. But the picture ſurpaſſes all praiſe; the woman kneeling on the foreground, her back to the ſpectators, ſeems a repetition of the figure in Raphael's famous picture of the Vatican on fire, that is ſhewn in the chambers called particularly by his name; where the perſonifications of Juſtice and Meekneſs, engraved by Strange, ſeize one's attention very forcibly: it is obſervable, that the firſt is every body's favourite in the painting, the laſt in the engraving.

Raphael's Bible, as one of the long galleries is comically called by the connoiſſeurs, breaks one's neck to look at it. The ſtories, beginning with Adam and Eve, are painted in ſmall compartments; the colouring as vivid now as if it were done laſt week; and the

arabeſques

arabeſques ſo gay and pretty, they are very often repreſented on fans; and we have fine engravings in England of all, yet, though exquiſitely done, they give one ſomehow a falſe notion of the whole: ſo did Piraneſi's prints too, though invaluable, when conſidered by themſelves as proofs of the artiſt's merit. His judicious manner, however, of keeping all coarſe objects from interfering with the grand ones, though it mightily increaſes the dignity, and adds to the ſpirit of his performance, is apt to lead him who wiſhes for information, into a ſtyle of thinking that will at laſt produce diſappointment as to general appearances, which here at Rome is really diſproportionate to the aſtoniſhing productions of art contained within its walls.

But I muſt leave this glorious Vatican, with the perpetual regret of having ſeen ſcarcely any thing of its invaluable library, except the prodigious ſize and judicious ornaments of it: neither book nor MS. could I prevail on the librarian to ſhew me, except ſome love-letters from Henry the Eighth of England to Anne Boleyn, which he ſaid were moſt likely to intereſt *me*: they were very groſs and indecent ones to be ſure; ſo I felt offended, and went

went away, in a very ill humour, to ſee Caſtle St. Angelo; where the emperor Adrian intended perpetually to repoſe; but the urn containing his aſhes is now kept in a garden belonging to one of the courts in the palace, near the Apollo and other Greek ſtatues of peculiar excellence. From his tomb too, ſome of the pillars of St. Paul's were taken, and this ſplendid mauſolæum converted into a ſort of citadel, where Sixtus Quintus depoſited three millions of gold, it is ſaid; and Alexander the Sixth retired to ſhield himſelf from Charles the Eighth of France, who entered Rome by torch-light in 1494, and forced the Pope to give him what the French hiſtorians call *l'inveſtiture du royaume de Naples;* after which he took Capua, and made his conquering entry into Naples the February following, 1495; Ferdinand, ſon of Alphonſo, flying before him. This Pope was the father of the famous Cæſar Borgia; and it was on this occaſion, I believe, that the French wits made the well-known diſtich on his notorious avarice and rapacity:

Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Chriſtum,
Vendere jure poteſt, emerat ille prius*.

* Our Alexander ſells keys, altars, heaven;
When law and right are ſold, he'll buy:—that's even.

This Caſtle St. Angelo went once, I believe, under the name of the Ælian Bridge, when the emperor Adrian firſt fixed his mind on making a monument for himſelf there. The ſoldiers of Beliſarius are ſaid to have deſtroyed numberleſs ſtatues which then adorned it, by their odd manner of defending the place from the Gothic aſſaulters. It is now a fort of tower for the confinement of ſtate priſoners; and decorated with many well-painted, but ill-kept pictures of Polydore and Julio Romano.

The fire-works exhibited here on Eaſterday are the completeſt things of their kind in the world; three thouſand rockets, all ſent up into the air at once, make a wonderful burſt indeed, and ſerve as a pretty imitation of Veſuvius: the lighting up of the building too on a ſudden with fire-pots, had a new and beautiful effect; we all liked the entertainment vaſtly.

I looked here for what ſome French *recueil*, *Menagiana* if I remember rightly, had taught me to expect; this was ſome braſs cannon belonging to Chriſtina queen of Sweden, who had cauſed them to be caſt, and added an engraving

engraving on them with theſe remarkable words;

Habet ſua fulmina Juno *.

No ſuch thing, however, could be found or heard of. Indeed a ſearch after truth requires ſuch patience, ſuch penetration, and ſuch learning, that it is no wonder ſhe is ſo ſeldom got a glimpſe of; whoever is diligently deſirous to find her, is ſo perplexed by ignorance, ſo retarded by caution, ſo confounded by different explications of the ſame thing recurring at every turn, ſo ſickened with ſilly credulity on the one hand, and ſo offended with pertneſs and pyrrhoniſm on the other, that it is fairly rendered impoſſible for one to keep clear of prejudices, while the ſteady reſolution to do ſo becomes itſelf a prejudice.—But with regard to little follies, it is better to laugh at than lament them.

We were ſhewn one morning lately the ſpot where it is ſuppoſed St. Paul ſuffered decapitation; and our *Cicerone* pointed out to us three fountains, about the warmth of Buxton, Matlock, or Briſtol water, which were ſaid to have burſt from the ground at the moment of his martyrization. A Dutch gen-

* Juno too has her thunder.

tleman in company, and a ſteady Calviniſt, loudly ridiculed the tradition, called it an idle tale, and triumphantly expreſſed his *certain conviction*, that ſuch an event *could not poſſibly* have ever taken place. To this aſſertion no reply was made; and as we drove home all together, the converſation having taken a wide range and a different turn, he related in the courſe of it a long Rouſſeau-like tale of a lady he once knew, who having the ſtrongeſt poſſible attachment to one lover, married another upon principles of filial obedience, ſtill retaining inviolate her paſſion for the object of her choice, who, adorned with every excellence and every grace, continued a correſpondence with her acroſs the Atlantic ocean; having inſtantly changed his hemiſphere, not to give the huſband diſturbance; who on his part admired their letters, many of which were written in *his* praiſe, who had ſo cruelly interrupted their felicity. Seeing ſome marks of diſbelief in my countenance, he begun obſerving, in an altered tone of voice, that *common* and *vulgar* minds might hold ſuch events to be out of poſſibility, and ſuch ſentiments to be out of nature, but it was only becauſe they were *above* the *comprehenſion* and beyond the

the reach of people educated in large and corrupt capitals, Paris, Rome, or London, to think true. Now was not ſome ſhare of good breeding (beſt learned in great capitals perhaps) neceſſary to prevent one from retorting upon ſuch an orator—that it was more likely nature ſhould have been permitted to deviate in favour of Paul the apoſtle of Jeſus Chriſt, than of a fat inhabitant of North Zealand, no way diſtinguiſhed from the maſs of mankind?

But we have been called to paſs ſome moments on the Cælian hill; and ſee the *Chieſa di San Gregorio*, intereſting above all others to travellers who delight in the veſtiges of Pagan Rome: as, having been built upon a Patrician's houſe, it ſtill to a great degree retains the form of one; while to the ſcholar who is pleaſed with anecdotes of eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, the days recur when the ſtone chair they ſhew us, contented the meek and venerable biſhop of Rome who ſate in it, while his gentle ſpirit ſought the welfare of every Chriſtian, and refuſed to perſecute even the benighted and unbelieving Jews; oppoſing only the arms of piety and prayer, to the few enemies his tranſcendent excellence had raiſed

him. His picture here is conſidered as a maſter-piece of Annibale Caracci; and it is ſtrange to think that the trial-pieces, as they are called, ſhould be erroneouſly treated of in the Carpenteriana: when ſpeaking of the contention between the two ſcholars, to decide which the maſter ſent for an old woman, Monſieur de Carpentier tells us the diſpute lay between Domenichino and Albano—a groſs miſtake; as it was Guido, not Albano, who ventured to paint ſomething in rivalry with Domenichino, relative to St. Andrew and his martyrdom; and theſe trial-pieces produced from her the ſame preference given by every ſpectator who has ſeen them ſince: for when Caracci (unwilling to offend either of his ſcholars, as both were men of the higheſt rank and talents) enquired of *her* what *ſhe* thought of Guido's performance?—"Indeed," replied the old woman, "I have never yet looked at it, ſo fully has my mind been occupied by the powers ſhewn in that of Domenichino."

The *vecchia* is here at Rome the common phraſe when ſpeaking of your only female ſervant, a perſon not unlike an Oxford or Cambridge bed-maker in appearance; and much amazed

amazed was I two days ago at the anſwer of *our vecchia*, when curioſity prompted me to aſk her age:—"*O, Madam, I am a very aged woman*," was the reply, "*and have two grandchildren married; I am forty-two years old*, poveretta me!" I told an Italian gentleman who dined with us what Caterina had ſaid, and begged him to aſk the *laquais de place*, who waited on us at table, a ſimilar queſtion. He appeared a large, well-looking, ſturdy fellow, about thirty-eight years old; but ſaid he was ſcarce twenty-two; that he had been married ſix years, and had five children. How old was your wife when you met?—"Thirteen, Sir," anſwered Carlo: ſo all is kept even at leaſt; for if they end life ſooner than in colder climates, they begin it earlier it is plain.

Yet ſuch things ſeem ſtrange to *us*; ſo do a thouſand which occur in theſe warm countries in the commoneſt life. Brick floors, for example, with hangings of a dirty printed cotton, affording no bad ſhelter for ſpiders, bugs, &c.; a table in the ſame room, encruſted with *verd antique*, very fine and worthy of Wilton houſe; with ſome exceeding good

copies of the fineſt pictures here at Rome; form the furniture of our preſent lodging: and now we have got the little caſement windows clean to look at it, I paſs whole hours admiring, even in the copy, our glorious deſcent from the croſs, by Daniel de Volterra; which to ſay truth loſes leſs than many a great performance of the ſame kind, becauſe its merits conſiſt in compoſition and deſign; and as ſentiment, not ſtyle, is tranſlatable, ſo grouping and putting figures finely together can be eaſier tranſmitted by a copy, than the meaner excellencies of colouring and finiſhing. Homer and Cervantes may be enjoyed by thoſe who never learned their language, at leaſt to a great degree; while a true taſte of Gray's Odes or Martial's Epigrams has been hitherto found exceedingly difficult to communicate. It would, however, be cruel to deny the merit of colouring to Daniel de Volterra's deſcent from the croſs, only becauſe being painted in freſco it has ſuffered ſo terribly by time and want of care, but it is now kept covered, and they remove the curtain when any body deſires to contemplate its various beauties.

The

The church of Santa Maria Maggiore has been too long unſpoken of, rich as it is with the firſt gold torn from the unfortunate aborigines of America; a preſent from Ferdinand and Iſabella of Spain to the Pope, in return for that permiſſion he had given them to exert and eſtabliſh their ſanguinary ſway over thoſe luckleſs nations. One pillar from the temple of Peace is an ill-adapted ornament to this edifice, built nearly in the form of an ancient *baſilica;* and with ſo expenſive a quantity of gilding, that it is ſaid two hundred and fifty thouſand pounds were expended on one chapel only, which is at laſt inferior in fame and beauty to *cappella Corſini;* in riches and magnificence to *cappella Borgheſe*, where an amethyſt frame of immenſe value ſurrounds the names, in gold cypher, of our bleſſed Saviour and his Mother, the ground of which is of tranſparent jaſper, and cannot be matched for elegance or perfection, being at leaſt four feet high (the tablets I mean), and three feet wide. But to this Borgheſe family, I am well perſuaded, it would be a real fatigue to count the wealth which they enjoy.

Villa

Villa Pamphili is a lovely place, or might be made ſo; but laying out pleaſure grounds is not the forte of Italian taſte. I never ſaw one of them, except Lomellino of Genoa, who had higher notions of a garden than what an opera ſcene affords; and that is merely a range of trees in great pots with gilded handles, and rows of tall cypreſſes planted one between every two pots, all ſtraight over againſt each other in long lines; with an octangular marble baſon to hold water in the middle, covered for the moſt part with a thick green ſcum.

At Villa Pamphili is a picture of Sanctorius, who made the weighing balance ſpoken of by Addiſon in the Spectator; it was originally contrived for the Pamphili Pope. And here is an old ſtatue of Clodius profaning the myſteries of the Bona Dea, as we read in the Roman hiſtory. And here are camels working in the park like horſes: we found them playing about at their leiſure when we were at Piſa, and at Milan they were ſhewed for a ſhow; ſo little does one ſtate of Italy connect with another. Theſe three cities cannot poſſibly be much further from each other than London, York, and Exeter; yet the manners differ entirely,

entirely, and what is done in one place is not known at all in the other. It muſt be remembered that they are all ſeparate ſtates.

At the Farneſini palace our amuſements were of a nature very contrary to this; but every place produces amuſement when one is willing to be pleaſed. After looking over the various and ineſtimable productions of art contained there, we came at laſt to the celebrated marriage of Alexander's Roxana; where, ſay ſome of the books of deſcription, the world's greateſt hero is repreſented by Europe's greateſt painter. Some French gentlemen were in our company, and looking ſteadily at the picture for a while, one of them exclaimed, "*A la fin voila ce qui eſt vrayment noble; cet Alexandre là; il parvit effectivement le roy de France même* *."

The Spada palace boaſts Guercino's Dido, ſo diſliked by the critics, who ſay ſhe looks ſpitted; but extremely eſteemed by thoſe that underſtand its merit in other reſpects. There is alſo the very ſtatue kept at this palace, at the feet of which Cæſar fell when he was aſſaſſinated at the capitol: thoſe who ſhew it

* Here's ſomething at laſt that's truly great however! why this Alexander looks fit to be king of France.

never

never fail to relate his care to die gracefully; which was likewiſe the laſt deſire that occupied Lucretia's mind: Auguſtus too, juſtly conſidering his life as ſcenical, deſired the *plaudits* of his friends at its concluſion: and even Flavius Veſpaſian, a plain man as one ſhould think during a pretty large portion of his exiſtence, wiſhed at laſt to *die like an emperor*. That this ſtatue of Pompey ſhould have been accidentally found with the head lying in one man's ground and the body in another, is curious enough: a rage for appropriation gets the better of all the love of arts; ſo the contending parties (like the ſifters in David Simple, with their fine-worked carpet) fairly ſevered the ſtatue, and took home each his half; the proprietor of this palace meanwhile purchaſed the two pieces, ſtuck them once more together, and here they are. —Pity but the ſovereign had carried both off for himſelf.—Pius Sextus however is not ſo diſpoſed: he has had a legacy left him within theſe laſt years, to the prejudice of ſome nobleman's heirs; who loudly lamented *their fate*, and *his tyranny* who could take advantage, as they expreſſed it, of their relation's caprice.

price. The Pope did not give it them back, becauſe they behaved ſo ill, he ſaid; but neither did he ſeize what was left him, by dint of deſpotic authority; *he went to law* with the family for it, which I thought a very ſtrange thing; *and loſt his cauſe*, which I thought a ſtill ſtranger.

We have juſt been to ſee his gardens; they are poor things enough; and the device of repreſenting Vulcan's cave with the Cyclops, in *water*-works, was more worthy of Ireland than Rome! Monte Cavallo is however a palace of prodigious dignity; the pictures beyond meaſure excellent; his collection of china-ware valuable and taſteful, and there are two Mexican jars that can never be equalled.

Villa Albani is the moſt dazzling of any place yet however; and the caryatid pillars the fineſt things in it, though replete with wonders, and diſtracting with objects each worthy a whole day's attention. Here is an antique liſt of Euripides's plays in marble, as thoſe tell me who can read the Greek inſcriptions; I loſe infinite pleaſure every day, for want of deeper learning. Pillars not only of

giall

giall' antique, but of *paglia**, which no houſe but this poſſeſſes, amaze and delight *indocti doctique* though; the Vatican itſelf cannot ſhew ſuch: a red marble maſk here, three feet and a half in diameter, is unrivalled; they tell you it is worth its own weight in louis d'ors: a canopus in baſalt too; and cameos by the thouſand.

Mengs ſhould have painted a more elegant Apollo for the centre of ſuch a gallery; but his muſes make amends; the Viaggiana ſays they are all portraits, but I could get nobody to tell me whoſe. The Abbé Winckelman, who if I recollect aright loſt his life by his paſſion for *virtù*, arranged this ſtupendous collection, in conjunction with the cardinal, whoſe taſte was by all his contemporaries acknowledged the beſt in Rome.

We were carried this morning to a cabinet of natural hiſtory belonging to another cardinal, but it did not anſwer the account given of it by our conductors.

What has moſt ſtruck me here as a real improvement upon ſocial and civil life, was the ſchool of Abate Sylveſter, who, upon the

* *Paglia* is a ſtraw-coloured marble, wonderfully beautiful, and extremely rare; found only in ſome northern tracts of Africa, I am told here.

plan of Monſieur L'Epée at Paris, teaches the deaf and dumb people to ſpeak, read, write, and caſt accounts; he likewiſe teaches them the principles of logic, and inſtructs them in the ſacred myſteries of our holy religion. I am not naturally credulous, nor apt to take payment in words for meanings; much of my *life* has been ſpent, and all my *youth*, in the tuition of babies; I was of courſe leſs likely to be deceived; and I can ſafely ſay, that they did appear to have learned all he taught them: that appearance too, if it were no more, is ſo difficult to obtain, the patience required from the maſter is ſo very great, and the good he is doing to mankind ſo extenſive, that I did not like offenſively to detect the difference between *knowing* a ſyllogiſm, and *appearing* to know it. With regard to morality, the pupils have certainly gained many præcognita. While the capital ſcholars were ſhewing off to another party, I addreſſed a girl who ſat working in the window, and perceived that ſhe could explain the meaning of the commandments competently well. To prove the truth, I pretended to pick a gentleman's pocket who ſtood near me; *peccato!* ſaid the wench diſtinctly; ſhe was about ten years old perhaps: but a little boy of ſeven was deſervedly the maſter's

maſter's favourite; he really poſſeſſed the moſt intelligent and intereſting countenance I ever ſaw, and when to explain the major, minor, and conſequence, he put the two firſt together into his hat with an air of triumph, we were enchanted with him. Some one to teize him ſaid he had red hair; he inſtantly led them to a picture of our Saviour which hung in the room, ſaid it was the ſame colour of his, and ought to be reſpected.

Surely it is little to the credit of us Engliſh, that this worthy Abbé Sylveſter ſhould have a ſtipend from government; that Monſieur L'Epée de Paris ſhould be encouraged in the ſame good work; that Mr. Braidwood's Scotch pupils ſhould juſtly engage every one's notice—while *we ſleep!* A friend in company ſeeing me fret at this, aſked me if I, or any one elſe, had ever ſeen or heard of a perſon really qualified for the common duties of ſociety by any of theſe profeſſors;—"That a deaf and dumb man ſhould underſtand how to diſcourſe about the hypoſtatic union," added he, "I will not deſire; but was there ever known in Paris, Edinburgh, or Rome, a deaf and dumb ſhoemaker, carpenter, or taylor? Or did ever any watchmaker, fiſhmonger, or wheelwright, ever keep and willingly

ingly employ a deaf and dumb journeyman?" —Nobody replied; and we went on our way to ſee what was eaſier decided upon and underſtood—the tomb of Raphael at the Pantheon.

Among the many tours that have been written, a muſical tour, an aſtronomical tour, &c. I wonder we have never had a ſepulchral tour, making the tombs of famous men its object of attention. That Raphael, Caracci, with many more people of eminence, ſleep at the Pantheon, is however but a ſecondary conſideration; few can think of the monuments in this church, till they have often contemplated its architecture, which is ſo finely proportioned that on firſt entering you think it ſmaller than it really is: the pillars are enormous, the ſhafts all of one piece, the compoſition Egyptian granite; theſe are the ſixteen which ſupport the portico built by Agrippa; whoſe car, adorned with trophies and drawn by brazen horſes, once decorated the pediment, where the holes formed by the cramps which faſtened it are ſtill viſible. Genſeric changed the gate, and connoiſſeurs know not where he placed that which Agrippa made: the preſent gate is magnificent, but does not

fit the place; much of the braſs plating was removed by Urban the Eighth, and carried to St. Peter's: he was the Barberini pope; and of him the people ſaid—

Barbarini faciunt barbara, &c.

He was a poet however, and could make epigrams himſelf; there is a very fine edition of his poems printed at Paris under the title of *Maffei Barberini Poemata;* and ſuch was his knowledge of Greek literature, that he was called the Attic bee. The drunken faun aſleep at Palazzo Barberini, by ſome accounted the firſt ſtatue in Rome, we owe wholly to his care in its preſervation.

But the Pantheon muſt not be quitted till we have mentioned its pavement, where the precious ſtones are not diſpoſed, as in many churches, without taſte or care, apparently by chance; here all is inlaid, ſo as to enchant the eye with its elegance, while it dazzles one with its riches: the black porphyry, in ſmall ſquares, diſpoſed in compartments, and inſcribed as one may call it in pavonazzino perhaps; the red, bounded by ſerpentine; the granites, in giall antique,

antique, have an undeſcribable effect; no Florence table was ever ſo beautiful: nor can we here regret the caryatid pillars ſaid by Pliny to have graced this temple in his time; while the four prodigious columns, two of Egyptian granite, two of porphyry, ſtill remain, and replace them ſo very well. Montioſius, who ſought for the pillars ſaid by Pliny to have been placed by Diogenes, an Athenian architect, as ſupporters of this temple, relates however, that in the year 1580 he ſaw four of them buried in the ground as high as their ſhoulders: but it does not ſeem a tale much attended to; though I confeſs my own deſire of digging, as he points out the place ſo exactly, on the right hand ſide of the portico. The beſt modern caryatids are in the old Louvre at Paris, done by Goujon; but thoſe of Villa Albani are true antiques, perfect in beauty, ineſtimable in value.

The church that now ſtands where a temple to Bacchus was built, *fuori delle mura*, engaged our attention this morning. Nothing can be freſher than the old decorations in honour of this jocund deity; the figures of men and

women carrying grapes, oxen drawing barrels, &c. all the progreſs of a gay and plenteous vintage; a ſacrifice at the end. I forget to whom the church is now dedicated, but *it is* a church; and from under it has been dug up a ſarcophagus, all of one piece of red porphyry, which repreſents on its ſides a Bacchanalian triumph; the coffin is nine feet long, and the Pope intends removing it to the Vatican, as a companion to that of Scipio Æmilianus, found a few months ago; his name engraven on it, and his bones inſide. Before the proper precautions could be taken however, *they* were flung away by miſtaken zeal and prejudice; but an Engliſhman, ſay they, who loves an unbeliever, got poſſeſſion of a *tooth:* meantime the aſhes of the emperor Adrian, who, as Euſebius tells us, ſet up the figure of a ſwine on the gates of Bethlehem, built a temple in honour of Venus, on Mount Calvary; another to Jupiter, upon the hill whence our Saviour aſcended into heaven in ſight of his diſciples;—*his* aſhes are kept in a gilt pine-apple, brought from Caſtle St. Angelo, and preſerved among other rarities in the Pope's muſæum. So poor Scipio's remains needed not to have been treated worſe

than

than *his*, as we know not how good a Chriſtian he might have made, had he lived but 150 years later: we are ſure that he was a wiſe and a warlike man; that he fulfilled the ſcriptures unwittingly by burning Carthage; and that he protected Polybius, whom he would ſcarcely ſuffer out of his ſight.

After looking often at the pictures of St. Sebaſtian, I have now ſeen his church founded by Conſtantine: he lies here in white marble, done by Bernini; and here are more marvellous columns.—I am tired of looking out words to expreſs their various merits.

The catacombs attract me more ſtrongly; here, and here alone, can one obtain a juſt idea of the melancholy lives, and diſmal deaths, endured by thoſe who firſt dared at Rome to profeſs a religion inoffenſive and beneficial to all mankind. San Filippo Neri has his body ſomewhat diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of theſe old pious Chriſtians, among whom he lived to a ſurpriſing age, making a cave his reſidence. Relics are now dug up every day from theſe retreats, and venerated as having once belonged to martyrs murdered for their early attachment to a belief now

happily diſplayed over one quarter of the world, and making daily progreſs in another not diſcovered when thoſe heroic mortals died to atteſt its truth. There is however great danger of deception in digging out the relics, theſe catacombs having been in Trajan's time made a burial-place for ſlaves; and ſuch it continued to be during the reign of thoſe Roman emperors who deſpiſed rather than perſecuted the new religion in its infancy. The conſciouſneſs of this fact ſhould cure the paſſion many here ſhew for relics, the authenticity of which can never be aſcertained. Thoſe ſhewn to the people in St. Peter's church one evening in the holy week, all came from here it ſeems; and loudly do our Proteſtant travellers exclaim at their idolatry who kneel during the expoſure; though for my life I cannot ſee how the cuſtom is *idolatrous*. He who at the moment a dead martyr's robe is ſhewn him, begs grace of God to follow that great example, is certainly doing no harm, or in any wiſe contradicting the rules of our Anglican church, whoſe collects for every ſaint's day expreſs a like ſupplication for power to imitate that ſaint's good example;

if

if once they worſhip the relics indeed, it were better they were burned; and to ſay true, they ſhould not be expoſed without a ſermon explaining their uſe, leſt vulgar minds might be unhappily miſled to miſtake the real end of their expoſure, and profanely ſubſtitute the creature for the Creator. Meanwhile no one has a right to ridicule the love of what once belonged to a favourite character, who has ever felt attachment to a dead friend's ſnuff-box, or deſire of poſſeſſing Scipio Æmilianus's tooth.

But the beſt effort to excite temporary devotion, and commemorate ſacred ſeaſons, was the illuminated croſs upon Good Friday night, depending from the high dome of St. Peter's church; where its effect upon the architecture is ſtrangely powerful, ſo large are the maſſes both of light and ſhade; whilſt the ſublime images raiſed in one's mind by its noble ſimplicity and ſolitary light, hover before the fancy, and lead recollection round through a thouſand gloomy and myſterious paſſages, with no unſteady pace however, while ſhe follows the rays which beam from the Redeemer's croſs. Being obliged indeed to go

with company to theſe ſolemnities, takes off from their effect, and turns imagination into another channel, diſagreeably enough, but it muſt be ſo; where there is a thing to be ſeen every one will go to ſee it, and that which was intended to produce ſenſations of gladneſs, gratitude, or wonder, ends *in being a ſhow.* The conſciouſneſs of this fact only kept me from wiſhing to ſee the Duomo di Milano, or the cathedral of Canterbury illuminated juſt ſo, with lamps placed in rows upon a plain wooden croſs; which ſurely would have, upon thoſe old Gothic ſtructures, an unequalled effect as to the forming of light and ſhadow.

But let us wiſh for any thing now rather than a *fine ſight.* I am tired with the very word *a ſight*; while the Jeſuits church here at Rome, with the figure of St. Ignatius all covered with precious ſtones, with bronze angels by Bernini, and every decoration that money can purchaſe and induſtry collect, rather dazzles than delights one, I think.

The Italians ſeem to find out, I know not why, that it is a good thing the Jeſuits are gone; though they ſteadily endeavour to retain thoſe principles of deſpotiſm which it was their peculiar

peculiar province to inſpire and confirm, and whilſt all men muſt ſee that the work of education goes on worſe in other hands. Indeed nothing can be wilder than committing youth to the tuition of monks and nuns, unleſs, like them, they were intended for the cloiſter. Young people are but too ready to find fault with their teachers, and theſe are given into the hands of thoſe teachers who have a fault *ready found*. Every chriſtian, every moral inſtruction driven into their tender minds, weakens with the experience that he or ſhe who inculcated it was a recluſe; and that they who are to live in the world forſooth, muſt have more enlarged notions: whereas, to a Jeſuit tutor, no ſuch objection could be made; they were themſelves men of the world, their inſtitution not only permitted but obliged them to mingle with mankind, to ſtudy characters, to attend to the various tranſactions paſſing round them, and take an active part. It was indeed this ſpirit puſhed too far, which undid and deſtroyed their order, ſo uſeful to the church of Rome. Connections with various nations they found beſt obtained by commerce, and the ſweets of commerce once taſted, what body of men has been yet able to relinquiſh?

But the principles of trade are formed in direct oppoſition to that ſpirit of ſubordination by which alone *their* exiſtence could continue; and it is unjuſt to charge any ſingle event or perſon with the diſſolution of a body, incompatible with that ſtate of openneſs and freedom to which Europe is haſtening. Incorporated ſocieties too carry, like individuals, the ſeeds of their own deſtruction in their boſoms;

> As man perhaps the moment of his breath
> Receives the lurking principle of death;
> The young diſeaſe, which muſt ſubdue at length,
> Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength.

Every warehouſe opened in every part of Europe, every ſettlement obtained abroad, facilitated their undoing, by looſening the band which tied them cloſe together. Extremes can never keep their diſtance from each other, while human affairs trot but in a circle; and ſurely no ſtronger proof of that poſition can be found, than the ſight of Quakers in Penſylvania, and Jeſuits in Paraguay, who lived with their converted Indian neighbours, alike in harmony, and peace, and love.

We

We have been led to reflections of this ſort by a view of girls portioned here at Rome once a year, ſome for marriage and others for a nunnery; the laſt ſet were handſomeſt and feweſt, and the people I converſe with ſay that every day makes almoſt viſible diminution in the number of monks and nuns. I know not, however, whether Italy will go on much the better for having ſo few convents; ſome ſhould ſurely be left, nay ſome *muſt* be left in a country where it is not poſſible for every man to obtain a decent livelihood by labour as in England: no army, no navy, very little commerce poſſible to the inland ſtates, and very little need of it in any; little ſtudy of the law too, where the prince or baron's lips pronounce on the deciſion of property; what muſt people do where ſo few profeſſions are open? Can they *all* be phyſicians, prieſts, or ſhop-keepers, where little phyſic is taken, and few goods bought? There are already more clergy than can live, and I ſaw an *abate* with the *petit collet* at Lucca, playing in the orcheſtra at the opera for eighteen pence pay. Let us be all contented with the benefits received from heaven, and let us learn better than to ſet up *ſelf*, whether nation or individual, as a ſtand-

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ard to which all others muſt be reduced; while imitation is at laſt but meanneſs, and each may in his own ſphere ſerve God and love his neighbours, while variety renders life more pleaſing. *Quod ſis eſſe velis* *, is an admirable maxim, and ſurely no ſelf-denial is neceſſary to its practice; while God has kindly given to Italians a bright ſky, a penetrating intellect, a genius for the polite and liberal arts, and a ſoil which produces literally, as well as figuratively, almoſt ſpontaneous fruits. He has beſtowed on Engliſhmen a mild and wholeſome climate, a ſpirit of application and improvement, a judicious manner of thinking to increaſe, and commerce to procure, thoſe few comforts their own iſland fails to produce. The mind of an Italian is commonly like his country, extenſive, warm, and beautiful from the irregular diverſification of its ideas; an ardent character, a glowing landſcape. That of an Engliſhman is cultivated, rich, and regularly diſpoſed; a ſteady character, a delicious landſcape.

I muſt not quit Rome however without a word of Angelica Kauffman, who, though neither Engliſh nor Italian, has contrived to

* What you are already, that deſire to be for ever.

charm

charm both nations, and ſhew her ſuperior talents both here and there. Beſide her paintings, of which the world has been the judge, her converſation attracts all people of taſte to her houſe, which none can bear to leave without difficulty and regret. But a ſight of the Santa Croce palace, with its diſguſting *Job*, and the man in armour ſo viſibly horror-ſtriken, puts all painters but Salvator Roſa for a while out of one's head. This maſter's works are not frequent, though he painted with facility. I ſuppoſe he is difficult to imitate or copy, ſo what we have of him is *original*. There are too many living objects here in Job's condition, not to render walking in the ſtreets extremely diſagreeable; and though we are told there are ſeventeen markets in Rome, I can find none, the *forum boarium* being kept alike in all parts of the city for ought I ſee; butchers ſtanding at their ſhop doors, which are not ſhut nor the ſhop cleaned even on Sundays, while blood is ſuffered to run along the kennels in a manner very ſhocking to humanity. Mr. Greatheed made me remark that the knife they uſe now, is the ſame employed by the old Romans in cutting up the ſacrificed

ſacrificed victim; and there are in fact ancient figures in many bas-reliefs of this town, which repreſent the inferior officers, or *popæ*, with a prieſt's albe reaching from their arms and tucked up tight, with the ſacrificing knife faſtened to it, exactly as the modern butcher wears his dreſs. The apron was called *limus*, and there was a purple welt ſewed on it in ſuch a manner as to repreſent a ſerpent:

Velati limo, et verbenâ tempora vincti*;

which Servius explains at length, but gives no reaſon for the ſerpentine form, by ſome people exalted, particularly Mr. Hogarth, as nearly allied to the perfection of all poſſible grace. This looks hypothetical, but when the map of both hemiſpheres diſplayed before one, ſhews that the Sun's path forms the ſame line, called by pre-eminence Ecliptic, we will pardon their predilection in its favour.

But it is time to take leave of this *Roma triumphans*, as ſhe is repreſented in one ſtatue with a weeping province at her foot, *ſo* beautiful! it reminded me of Queen Eleanor and fair Roſamond. The Viaggiana ſent me to look for many things I ſhould not have found with-

* Girt with the limus, and as to their temples, *they* were crowned with vervain.

out that inſtructive guide, particularly the ſingular inſcription on Gaudentius the actor's tomb, importing that Veſpaſian rewarded him with death, but that *Kriſtus*, for ſo Chriſt is ſpelt, will reward him with a finer theatre in heaven. He was one of our early martyrs it appears, and an altar to *him* would ſurely be now more judiciouſly placed at a play-houſe door than one to good St. Anthony, under whoſe protection the theatre at Naples is built; with no great propriety it muſt be confeſſed, when that Saint, diſguſted by the levities of life, retired to finiſh his exiſtence, far from the haunts of man, among the horrors of an unfrequented deſert. So has it chanced however, that by many ſects of Chriſtians, the player and his profeſſion have been ſeverely reprobated; Calviniſts forbid them their walls as deſtructive to morality, while Romaniſts, conſidering them as juſtly excommunicated, refuſe them the common rites of ſepulture. Scripture affords no ground for ſuch ſeverity. Dr. Johnſon once told me that St. Paul quoted in his epiſtles a comedy of Menander; and I got the librarian at Venice to ſhew me the paſſage marked as a quotation in one of the old editions: it is then

a fair

a fair inference enough that the apoſtle could never have prohibited to his followers the ſight of plays, when he cited them himſelf; they were indeed more innocent than any other ſhow of the days he lived in, and if well managed may be always made ſubſervient to the great cauſes of religion and virtue. The paſſage cited was this:

Evil communication corrupts good manners.

And now with regard to the preſent ſtate of morals at Rome, one muſt not judge from ſtaring ſtories told one; it is like Heliogabalus's method of computing the number of his citizens from the weight of their cobwebs. It is wonderful to me the people are no worſe, where no methods are taken to keep them from being bad.

As to the ſociety, I ſpeak not from myſelf, for I ſaw nothing of it; ſome Engliſh liked it, but more complained. Wanting amuſement, however, can be no complaint, even without ſociety, in a city ſo pregnant with wonders, ſo productive of reflections; and if the Roman nobles are haughty, who can wonder; when one ſees doors of agate, and chim-

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ney-pieces of amethyſt, one can ſcarcely be ſurpriſed at the poſſeſſors pride, ſhould they in contempt turn their backs upon a foreigner, whom they are early taught to conſider as the Turks conſider women, creatures formed for their *uſe* only, or at beſt *amuſement*, and devoted to certain deſtruction at the hour of death. With ſuch principles, the hatred and ſcorn they naturally feel for a proteſtant will eaſily ſwell into ſupercilioufneſs, or burſt out into arrogance, the moment it is unreſtrained by the neceſſity of forms among the rich, and the deſire of pillage in the poor.

But I ſhall be glad *now* to exchange lapis lazuli for violets, and verd antique for green fields. Here are more amethyſts about Rome than lilacs; and the laburnum which at this gay ſeaſon adorns the environs of London, I look for in vain about the Porta del Popolo. The proud purple tulip which decorates the ground hereabouts, oppoſed to the Britiſh harebell, is *Italy* and *England* again; but the *harebell* by cultivation becomes a *hyacinth*, the *tulip* remains where it began. We are now at the 16th of April, yet I know not how or why it is, although the oaks, young, ſmall,

and ſtraggling as they are, have the leaves come out all broad and full already, though the fig is burſting out every day and hour, and the mulberry tree, ſo tardy in our climate, that I have often been unable to ſee ſcarcely a bud upon them even in May, is here completely furniſhed. Apple trees are yet in bloſſom round this city, and the few elms that can be found, are but juſt unfolding. Common ſhrubs continue their wintry appearance, and in the general look of ſpring little is gained. The hedges now of Kent and Surrey are filled with fragrance I am ſure, and primroſes in the remoter provinces torment the ſportſmen with ſpoiling the drag on a ſoft ſcenting morning; while limes, horſe-cheſnuts, &c. contribute to produce an effect not ſo inferior to that foſtered by Italian ſunſhine, as I expected to find it.

Why the firſt breath of far-diſtant ſummer ſhould thus affect the oak and fig, yet leave the elm and apple as with us, the botaniſts muſt tell; few advances have been made in vegetation ſince we left Naples, that is certain; the hedges were as forward near Pozzuoli two full months ago. And here are no China oranges to be bought; no, nor a cherry or ſtrawberry to be ſeen, while every man of

faſhion's

faſhion's table in London is covered with them; and all the ſhops of Covent-garden and St. James's-ſtreet hang out their luxurious temptations of fruit, to prove the proximity of ſummer, and the advantages of induſtrious cultivation. Our eating pleaſed me more at every town than this; where however a man might live very well I believe for ſixpence a-day, and lodge for twenty pounds a-year; and whoever has no attachment to religion, friends, or country, no prejudices to plague his neighbours with, and no diſlike to take the world as it goes, for ſix or ſeven years of his life, may ſpend them profitably at Rome, if either his buſineſs or his pleaſure be made out of the works of art; as an income of two, or indeed one hundred pounds *per annum*, will purchaſe a man more refined delights of that kind here, than as many thouſands in England: nor need he want ſociety at the firſt houſes, palaces one ought to call them, as Italians meaſure no man's merit by the weight of his purſe; they know how to reverence even poverty, and ſoften all its ſorrows with an appearance of reſpect, when they find it unfortunately connected with noble birth. His own country folk's neglect, as they paſs through, would in-

deed be likely enough to disturb his felicity, and lessen the kindness of his Roman friends, who having no idea of a person's being shunned for *any* other *possible reason* except the want of a pedigree, would conclude that *his* must be essentially deficient, and lament their having laid out so many caresses on an impostor.

The air of this city is unwholesome to foreigners, but if they pass the first year, the remainder goes well enough; many English seem very healthy, who are established here without even the smallest intention of returning home to Great Britain, for which place we are setting out to-morrow, 19th April 1786, and quit a town that still retains so many just pretences to be styled the first among the cities of the earth; to which almost as many strangers are now attracted by curiosity, as were dragged thither by violence in the first stage of its dominion, impelled by superstitious zeal in the second. The rage for antiquities now seems to have spread its contagion of connoisseurship over all those people whose predecessors tore down, levelled, and destroyed, or buried under ground their statues, pictures, every work of art;

Poles,

Poles, Ruſſians, Swedes, and Germans innumerable, flock daily hither in this age, to admire with rapture the remains of thoſe very fabrics which their own barbarous anceſtors pulled down ten centuries ago; and give for the head of a *Livia*, a *Probus*, or *Gallienus*, what emperors and queens could not then uſe with any efficacy, for the preſervation of their own perſons, now grown ſacred by ruſt, and valuable from their difficulty to be decyphered. The Engliſh were wont to be the only travellers of Europe, the only dupes too in this way; but deſire of diſtinction is diffuſed among all the northern nations, and our Romans here have it more in their power, with that prudence to aſſiſt them which it is ſaid they do not want, if not to *conquer* their neighbours once again, at leaſt to *ruin* them, by dint of digging up their dead heroes, and calling in the aſſiſtance of their old Pagan deities, *now* uſeful to them in a *new* manner, and ever propitious to this city, although

Enlighten'd Europe with diſdain
Beholds the reverenc'd heathen train,
Nor names them more in this her clearer day,
Unleſs with fabled force to aid the poet's lay.

R. MERRY.

From ROME to ANCONA.

In our road hither we paſſed through what remains of Veia, once ſo eſteemed and liked by the Romans, that they had a good mind, after they had driven Brennus back, to change the ſeat of empire and remove it there; but a belief in augury prevented it, and that event was put off till Conſtantine, ſeduced by beauties of ſituation, made the fatal change, and broke the laſt thread which had ſo long bound tight together the faſces of Roman ſway. We did not taſte the *Vinum Veientanum* mentioned by Martial and Horace, but trotted on to Civita Caſtellana, where Camillus rejected the baſe offer of the ſchoolmaſter of Feſcennium; a good picture of his well-judged puniſhment is ſtill preſerved in the Capitol.

The firſt night of our journey was ſpent at Otricoli, where I heard the cuckoo ſing in a ſhriller ſharper note than he does in England. I had never liſtened to him before ſince I left my own country, and his ſong alone would have

have convinced me I was no longer in it. Porta di Fuga at Spoleta gates, commemorating poor Hannibal's precipitate retreat after the battle of Thraſymene, may perhaps detain us a while upon this Flaminian way; it was not Titus Flaminius though, whoſe negotiations ruined Hannibal for ever, that gave name to the road, but Caius of the ſame family; they had been Flamens formerly, and were therefore called Flaminius, when drawn up by accident or merit into notice; the ſame cuſtom ſtill obtains with us: we have *Dr. Prieſtley* and *Mr. Parſons*.

Narni Bridge coſt us ſome trouble in clambering, and more in diſputing whether it was originally an aqueduct or a bridge—or both. It is a magnificent ſtructure, irregularly built, the arches of majeſtic height, but all unequal. There was water enough under it when I was there to take off the impropriety apparent to many of turning ſo large an arch over ſo ſmall a ſtream. Yet notwithſtanding that the river was much ſwelled by long continuance of the violent rains which lately ſo overflowed the city of Rome, aſſiſted by the Tyber, that people went about the ſtreets in boats, notwith-

ſtanding the ſnows tumbled down from the ſurrounding mountains, muſt have much increaſed the quantity, and lowered the colour of the river:—We found it even *now* yellow with brimſtone, and well deſerving the epithet of *ſulphureous Nar*.

The next day's drive carried us forward to Terni, where a ſevere concuſſion of the earth ſuffered only three nights ſince, kept all the little town in terrible alarm; the houſes were deſerted, the churches crowded, ſupplications and proceſſions in every ſtreet, and people ſinging all night to the Virgin under our window.

Well! the next morning we hired horſes for our gentlemen; a little cart, not inconvenient at all, for my maid and me; and ſcrambled over many rocks to view the far-famed waterfall, through a ſweet country, pleaſingly interſected with hedges and planted with vines; the ground finely undulated, and riſing by gradations of hill till the eye loſes itſelf among the lofty Appenines; ſurly as they ſeem, and one would think impervious; but againſt human art and human ambition, the boundary of rocks and roaring ſeas lift their proud heads in vain. Man renders them

them ſubſervient to his imperial will, and forces them to facilitate, not impede his dominion; while ocean's ſelf ſupports his ſhips, and the mountain yields marble to decorate his palace.

This is however no moment and no place to begin a panegyric upon the power of man, and of his ſkill to ſubjugate the works of nature, where the people are trembling at its paſt, and dreading its future effects.

The caſcade we came to ſee is formed by the fall of a whole river, which here abruptly drops into the Nar, from a height ſo prodigious, and by a courſe ſo unbroken, that it is difficult to communicate, ſo as to receive the idea: for no eye can meaſure the depth of the precipice, ſuch is the toſſing up of foam from its bottom; and the terrible noiſe heard long before one arrives ſo ſtunned and confounded all my wits at once, that many minutes paſſed before I obſerved the horror in our conductors, who coming with us, then firſt perceived how the late earthquake had twiſted the torrent out of its proper channel, and thrown it down another neighbouring rock, leaving the original bed black and deſerted, as a diſmal proof of the concuſſion's force.

One

One of our Engliſh friends who had viſited Schaffhauſen, made no difficulty to prefer this wonderful caſcade to the fall of the Rhine at that place; and what with the fiſſures made in the ground by recent earthquakes, the ſight of propt-up cottages which fright the fancy more than thoſe already fallen, and the roar of daſhing waters driven from their deſtined currents by what the people here emphatically term palpitations of the earth; one feels a thouſand ſenſations of ſublimity unexcited by leſs accidents, and ſoon obliterated by real danger.

Why the inhabitants will have this tumbling river be *Topino*, I know not; but no ſuggeſtions of mine could make them name it Velino, as our travellers uniformly call it: for, ſay they, *quello è il nome del ſorgente* *; and in fact Virgil's line,

Sulfureâ Nar, albus acqua fonteſque Velini,

ſays no more.

The mountains after Terni grow ſteep and difficult; no one who wiſhes to ſee the Appenines in perfection muſt miſs this road, yet are they not comparable to the Alps at beſt, which being more lofty, more craggy, and

* That's the name of the ſpring.

almoſt

almoſt univerſally terminating in points of granite devoid of horizontal ſtrata, give one a more majeſtic idea of their original and duration. Spoleto is on the top of one of them, and Porta della Fuga meets one at its gates. Here as our coach broke (and who can wonder?) we have time to talk over old ſtories, and *look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong:* for being tied together only with ropes, we cannot hurry through a country moſt delightful of all others to be detained in.

The little temple to the river god Clitumnus afforded matter of diſcuſſion amongſt our party, whether this was, or was not the very one mentioned by Pliny: *Adjacet templum priſcum et religioſum. Stat Clitumnus ipſe amictus ornatuſque* *.

Mr. Greatheed was angry with me for admiring ſpiral columns, as he ſaid pillars were always meant to ſupport ſomething, and ſpiral lines betrayed weakneſs. Mr. Chappelow quoted every claſſic author that had ever mentioned the white cattle; and I ſaid that ſo far as they were whiter than other beaſts of the ſame kind, ſo far were they worſe; for that

* There was an old religious temple hard by, where Clitumnus himſelf was venerated with ſuitable dreſs and ornaments.

whiteneſs

whiteneſs in the works of nature ſhewed feebleneſs ſtill more than ſpirals in the works of art perhaps. So chatting on—but on no Flaminian way, we arrived at Foligno; where the people told us that it was the quality of thoſe waters to turn the clothing of many animals white, and accordingly all the fowls looked like thoſe of *Darking*. I had however no taſte of their beauty, recollecting that when I kept poultry, ſome accident poiſoned me a very beautiful black hen, the breed of Lord Mansfield at Caen Wood: ſhe recovered her illneſs; but at the next moulting ſeaſon, her feathers came as white as the ſwans. "Let us look," ſays Mr. Sh——, "if all the women here have got grey hair.

Tolentino and Macerata we will not ſpeak about, while Loretto courts deſcription, and the richeſt treaſures of Europe ſtand in the moſt delicious diſtrict of it. The number of beggars offended me, becauſe I hold it next to impoſſibility that they ſhould want in a country ſo luxuriantly abundant; and their proſtrations as they kneel and kiſs the ground before you, are more calculated to produce diſguſt from Britiſh travellers, than compaſſion. Nor can I think

I think these vagabonds distressed in earnest at *this* time above all others; when their sovereign provides them with employment on the beautiful new road he is making, and insists on their being well paid, who are found willing to work. But the town itself of Loretto claims my attention; so clear are its streets, so numerous and cheerful and industrious are its inhabitants: one would think they had resolved to rob passengers of the trite remark which the sight of dead wealth always inspires, *that the money might be better bestowed upon the living poor*. For here are very few poor families, and fewer idlers than one expects to see in a place where not business but devotion is the leading characteristic. So quiet too and inoffensive are the folks here, that scarcely any robberies or murders, or any but very petty infringements of the law, are ever committed among them. Yet people grieve to see that wealth collected, which once diffused would certainly make many happy; and those treasures lying dead, which well dispersed might keep thousands alive. This observation, not always made perhaps by those who feel it most, or that would soonest give

their

their ſhare of it away, if once poſſeſſed, is now, from being ſo often repeated, become neither *bright* nor *new*. We will not however be petulantly haſty to cenſure thoſe who firſt began the lamentation, remembering that our bleſſed Saviour's earlieſt diſciples, and thoſe moſt immediately about him too, could not forbear grudging to ſee precious ointment poured upon his feet, whom they themſelves confeſſed to be the Son of God. We ſhould likewiſe recollect his mild but grave reproof of thoſe men who gave ſo decided a preference to the poor over his ſacred perſon, ſo ſoon to be ſacrificed *for them*, and his teſtimony to the woman's earneſt love and zeal expreſſed by giving him the fineſt thing ſhe had. Such acceptance as ſhe met with, I ſuppoſe prompted the hopes of many who have been diſtinguiſhed by their rich preſents to Loretto; and let not thoſe at leaſt mock or moleſt them, who have been doing nothing better with their money. Upon examination of the jewels it is curious to obſerve that the intrinſic value of the preſents is manifeſtly greater, the more ancient they are; but taſte ſucceeds to ſolidity in every thing, and proofs of that poſition may be

be found every ſtep one treads. The veſtments, all embroidered over with picked pearl, are quite beyond my powers of eſtimation. The gold baby given at the birth of Louis Quatorze, of ſize and weight equal to the real infant, has had its value often computed; I forget the ſum though. A rock of emeralds in their native bed preſented by the Queen of Portugal, though of Occidental growth, is ſurely ineſtimable; and our ſanguinary Mary's heart of rubies is highly eſteemed. I aſked if Charles the Ninth of France had ſent any thing; for I thought *their* preſents ſhould have been placed together: far, far even from the wooden image of *her* who was a model of meekneſs, and carried in her ſpotleſs boſom the Prince of Peace. Many very exquiſite pieces of art too have found their way into the Virgin's cabinet; the pearl however is the ſtriking rarity, as it exhibits in the manner of a blot on marble, the figure of our bleſſed Saviour ſitting on a cloud claſped in his mother's arms. Princeſs Borgheſe ſent an elegantly-ſet diamond necklace no longer ago than laſt Chriſtmas-day; it is valued at a thouſand pounds ſterling Engliſh: but the

riches of that family appear to me inexhauſtible. Whoever ſees it will ſay, ſhe might have ſpent the money better; but let them reflect that one may ſay that of *all* expence almoſt; and it is not from the ſtate of Loretto theſe treaſures are taken at laſt: they *bring* money there; and if any perſon has a right to complain, it muſt be the ſubjects of diſtant princes, who yet would ſcarcely have divided among *them* the ſapphires, &c. they have ſent in preſents to Loretto.

It was curious to ſee the devotees drag themſelves round the holy houſe upon their knees; but the Santa Scala at Rome had ſhewn me the ſame operation performed with more difficulty; and a written injunction at bottom, leſs agreeable for Italians to comply with, than any poſſible proſtration; viz. That no one ſhould ſpit as he went up or down, except in his pocket-handkerchief. The lamps which burn night and day before the black image here at Loretto are of ſolid gold, and there is ſuch a crowd of them I ſcarcely could ſee the figure for my own part; and that one may ſee ſtill leſs, the attendant canons throw a veil over one's face going in.

The

The confeſſionals, where all may be heard in their own language, is not peculiar to this church; I met with it ſomewhere elſe, but have forgotten where, though I much eſteemed the eſtabliſhment. It is very entertaining here too, to ſee inſcriptions in twelve different tongues, giving an account of the miraculous removal and arrival here of the *Santa Caſa*: I was delighted with the Welch one; and our conductor ſaid there came not unfrequently pilgrims from the vale of Llwydd, who in their turns told the wonders of their *holy well*. In Latin then, and Greek, and Hebrew, Syriac, Phœnician, Arabic, French, Spaniſh, German, Welch, and Tuſcan, may you read a ſtory, once believed of equal credit, and more revered I fear, than even the ſacred words of God ſpeaking by the ſcriptures; but which is now certainly upon the wane. I told a learned eccleſiaſtic at Rome, that we ſhould return home by the way of Loretto:— "There is no need," ſaid he, "to caution a native of your iſland againſt credulity; but pray do not believe that we are ourſelves ſatisfied with the tale you will read there; no man of learning but knows, that Adrian de-

ſtroyed every trace and veſtige of Chriſtianity that he could find in the Eaſt; and he was acute, and diligent, and powerful. The empreſs Helena long after him, with piety that equalled even his profaneneſs, could never hear of this holy houſe; how then ſhould it have waited till ſo many long years after Jeſus Chriſt? Truth is, Pope Boniface the VIIIth, who canonized St. Louis, who inſtituted the jubilee, who quarrelled with Philippe le Bel about a new cruſade, and who at laſt fretted himſelf to death, though he had conquered all his enemies, becauſe he feared ſome loſs of power to the church;—deſired to give mankind a new object of attention, and encouraged an old viſionary, in the year 1296, to propagate the tale he half-believed himſelf; how the bleſſed Virgin had appeared to him, and related the ſtory you will read upon the walls, which was then firſt committed to paper. In conſequence of this intelligence, Boniface ſent men into the Eaſt that he could beſt depend upon, and they brought back juſt ſuch particulars as would beſt pleaſe the Pope; and in thoſe days you can ſcarce think how quick the blaze of ſuperſtition caught and

communicated itſelf: no one wiſhed to deny what his neighbour was willing to believe, and what he himſelf would then have gained no credit by contradicting. Poſitive evidence of what the houſe really was, or whence it came, it was in a few years impoſſible to obtain; nor did Boniface the VIIIth know it himſelf I ſuppoſe, much leſs the old viſionary who firſt ſet the matter a-going. Meantime the houſe itſelf has *no foundation*, whatever the ſtory may have; it is a very ſingular houſe as you may ſee; it has been venerated by the beſt and wiſeſt among Chriſtians now for five hundred years: even the Turks (who have the ſame method of honouring their Prophet with gifts, as we do the Virgin Mary) reſpect the very name of Loretto:—why then ſhould the place be to any order of thinking beings a juſt object of inſult or mockery?"—Here he ended his diſcourſe, the recollection of which never left me whilſt we remained at the place.

What Dr. Moore ſays of the ſinging chaplains with *ſoprano* voices, who ſay maſs at the altars of Loretto, is true enough, and may perhaps have been originally borrowed from the Pagan celebration of the rites of Cybele.

When Chriſtianity was young, and weak, and tender, and unſupported by erudition, dreadful miſtakes and errors eaſily crept in: the heathen converts hearing much of *Mater Dei*, confounded her idea with that of their *Mater Deorum;* and we were ſhewn, among the rarities of Rome, a *bronze Madonna*, with a tower on her head, exactly as Cybele is repreſented.

Thut the jewels are taken out of this treaſury and replaced with falſe ſtones, is a ſpeech always ſaid over fine things by the vulgar: I have heard the ſame thing affirmed of the diamonds at St. Denis; and can recollect the common people ſaying, when our King of England was crowned, that all the real precious ſtones were locked up, or ſold for ſtate expences; while the jewels ſhewn to *them* were only calculated to dazzle for the day. As there is always infinite falſehood in the world, ſo there is always wonderful care, however ill applied, to avoid being duped; a terror which hangs heavily over weak minds in particular, and frights them as far from truth on the one ſide, as credulity tempts them away from it on the other.

But

But we muſt viſit the apothecary's pots, painted by Raphael, and leave Loretto, to proceed along the ſide of this lovely ſea, hearing the pilgrims ſing moſt ſweetly as they go along in troops towards the town, with now and then a female voice peculiarly diſtinguiſhed from the reſt: by this means a new image is preſented to one's mind; the ſight of ſuch figures too half alarm the fancy, and give an air of diſtance from England, which nothing has hitherto inſpired half ſo ſtrongly. This charming Adriatic gulph beſide, though more than delicious to drive by, does not, like the Mediterranean, convey homeiſh or familiar ideas; one feels that it belongs excluſively to Venice; one knows that ancient Greece is on the oppoſite ſhore, and that with a quick ſail one ſhould ſoon ſee Macedonia; and deſcending but a little to the ſouthward, viſit Athens, Corinth, Sparta, Thebes—ſeats of philoſophy, freedom, virtue; whence models of excellence and patterns of perfection have been drawn for twenty ſucceeding centuries!

Here are plenty of nightingales, but they do not ſing as well as in Hertfordſhire: birds gain in colour as you approach the tropic, but

they loſe in ſong; under the torrid zone I have heard they never ſing at all; with us in England the lateſt leave off by midſummer, when the work of incubation goes forward, and the parental duties begin: the nightingale too chuſes the cooleſt hour; and though I have yet heard her in Italy only early in the mornings, Virgil knew ſhe ſung in the night:

Flet noctem, &c.*

To hear birds it is however indiſpenſably neceſſary that there ſhould be high trees; and except in theſe parts of Italy, and thoſe about Genoa and Sienna, no timber of any good growth can I find. The *roccolo* too, and other methods taken to catch ſmall birds, which many delight in eating, and more in taking, leſſen the quantity of natural muſic vexatiouſly enough; while gaudy inſects ill ſupply their place, and ſharpen their ſtings at pleaſure when deprived of their greateſt enemies. We are here leſs tormented than uſual however, while the proſpects are varied ſo that every look produces a new and beautiful landſcape.

* Nightly lamenting, &c.

Ancona

Ancona is a town perfectly agreeable to ſtrangers, from the good humour with which every nation is received, and every religion patiently endured: ſomething of all this the ſcholars ſay may be found in the derivation of its name, which being Greek I have nothing to do with. Pliny tells us its original, and ſays;

A Siculis condita eſt colonia Ancona*.

That Dalmatia ſhould be oppoſite, yet to us at preſent inacceſſible, we all regret; I drank ſea water however, ſo did not leave untaſted the waves which Lucan ſpeaks of:

Illic Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon†.

The fine turbots did not any of them fall to our ſhare; but here are good fiſh, and, to ſay true, every thing eatable as much in perfection as poſſible: I could never ſince I arrived at Turin find real cauſe of complaint—*ſerious* complaint I mean—except at that ſavage-looking place called Radicofani; and ſome other petty town in Tuſcany, near

* The colony of Ancona, founded by Sicilians.

† The beauteous gulph which fair Ancona laves,
Ancona w-ſh'd by white Dalmatian waves.

Sienna, where I eat too many eggs and grapes, becauſe there was nothing elſe.

Nice accommodations muſt not be looked for, and need not be regretted, where ſo much amuſement during the day gives one good diſpoſition to ſleep ſound at night: the worſt is, men and women, ſervants and maſters, muſt often meſs together; but if one frets about ſuch things, it is better ſtay at home. The Italians like travelling in England no better than the Engliſh do travelling in Italy; whilſt an exorbitant expence is incurred by the journey, not well repaid to them by the waiters white chitterlins, tambour waiſtcoats, and independent "*No, Sir*," echoed round a well-furniſhed inn or tavern; which puts them but in the place of Socrates at the fair, who cried out—"*How many things have theſe people gathered together that I do not want!*"—A noble Florentine complained exceedingly to me once of the Engliſh hotels, where he was made to help pay for thoſe good gold watches the fellows who attended him drew from their pockets; ſo he ſet up his quarters comically enough at the waggoners full Moon upon the old bridge at Bath, to be quit of the *ſchiavitù*, as he called it, of living like a gentleman,

tleman, "where," ſays he, "I am not known to be one." The truth is, a continental nobleman can have little heart of a country, where, to be treated as a man of faſhion, he muſt abſolutely behave as ſuch: his rank is aſcertained at *home*, and people's deportment to him regulated by long-eſtabliſhed cuſtoms; nor can it be ſuppoſed flattering to its prejudices, to feel himſelf joſtled in the ſtreet, or driven againſt upon the road by a rich trader, while he is contriving the cheapeſt method of going to look over his manufactory. Wealth diffuſed makes all men comfortable, and leaves no man ſplendid; gives every body two diſhes, but nobody two hundred. Objects of ſhow are therefore unfrequent in England, and a foreigner who travels through our country in ſearch of poſitive ſights, will, after much money ſpent, go home but poorly entertained:—"There is neither *quareſima*," will he ſay, "nor *carnovale* in *any* ſenſe of the word, among thoſe inſipid iſlanders."—For he who does not love our government, and taſte our manners which reſult from it, can never be delighted in England; while the inhabitants of our nation may always be amuſed

amuſed in theirs, without any eſteem of it at all.

I know not how Ancona produced all theſe tedious reflexions: it is a trading place, and a ſea-port town. Men working in chains upon the new mole did not pleaſe me though, and their inſenſibility ſhocks one:—"Give a poor thief ſomething, maſter," ſays one impudent fellow;—"*Son ſtato ladro padrone**;"—with a grin. That ſuch people ſhould be corrupt or coarſe however is no wonder; what ſurpriſed me moſt was, that when one of our company ſpoke of his conduct to a man of the town—"Why, what would you have, Sir?"—replies the perſon applied to—"when the poor creature is *caſtigato*, it is enough ſure, no need to make him be melancholy too:"—and added with true Italian good-nature,—"*Siamo tutti peccatori*†."

The mole is a prodigious work indeed; a warm friend to Venice can ſcarce wiſh its ſpeedy concluſion, as the uſeful and neceſſary parts of the project are already nearly accompliſhed, and it would be pity to ſeduce more

* I am a light-fingered fellow, Maſter.

† We are all ſinners you know.

commerce

commerce away from Venice, which has already loſt ſo much.

The triumphal arch of Trajan, deſcribed by every traveller, and juſtly admired by all; white as his virtue, ſhining as his character, and durable as his fame; fixed our eyes a long time in admiration, and made us, while we examined the beautiful ſtructure, recollect his incomparable qualities to whom it was dedicated,—"*Inter Cæſares optimus**,"—ſays one of their old writers: nor could either column or arch be ſo ſure a proof that he was thought ſo, as the wiſh breathed at the inauguration of ſucceeding emperors; *Sis tu felicior Auguſto, melior Trajano*†.

If theſe Ancona men were not proud of themſelves, one ſhould hate them; deſcended as they are from thoſe Syracuſans liberated by Timoleon, who freed them firſt from the tyranny of Dionyſius; foſtered afterwards by Trajan, as peculiarly worth *his* notice; and patroniſed in ſucceeding times by the good Corſini Pope, Clement XII. whoſe care for them appears by the uſeful *lazaretto* he built,

* The beſt among the Cæſars.

† Mayſt thou be happier than Auguſtus!—better than Trajan!

"to

" to ſave," ſaid he, " our beſt ſubjects, our ſubjects of Ancona."

But we are haſtening forward as faſt as our broken carriage will permit, to Padua, where we ſhall leave it: thither to arrive, we paſs through Senegallia, built by the Gauls, and ſtill retaining the Gauliſh name, but now little remarkable. What ſtruck me moſt was my own croſſing the *Rubicon* in my way back to England, and our comfortable return to

BOLOGNA,

AFTER admiring the high forehead and innocent ſimper of Baroccio's beauties at Peſaro, where the beſt European ſilk now comes from; againſt which the produce of Rimini vainly endeavours to vie. That town was once an Umbrian colony I think, and there is a fine memorial there where *Diocletianus repoſuit*, reſolving perhaps to end where Julius Cæſar had begun; he died at Salo however in Dalmatia,

Quâ maris Adriaci longas ferit unda Salones.

Ravenna l'Antica tired more than it pleaſed us; *Fano* is a populous pretty little town; but I know no reaſon why it was originally

dedicated to Fortune. Truth is, we are weary of theſe ſacred *fanes*, and long to ſee once more our amiable friends at Venice and at Milan.

I have miſſed San Marino at laſt, but receive kind aſſurances every day that the loſs is ſmall; being now little more than a convent ſeated on a hill, which affords refuge for robbers; and that the preſent Pope meditates its deſtruction as a nuſance to the neighbouring towns. There never was any coin ſtruck there it ſeems; I thought there had: but the train of reflections excited by even a diſtant view of it are curious enough as oppoſed to its protectreſs Rome; which, founded by robbers and banditti, ends in being the ſeat of ſanctity and prieſtly government; while San Marino, begun by a hermit, and ſecluded from all other ſtates for the mere purpoſes of purer devotion, finiſhes by its neceſſary removal as a repoſitory for aſſaſſins, and a refuge for thoſe who break the laws with violence.

Such is this variable and capricious world! and ſo dies away my deſire to examine this political curioſity; the extinction of which I am half ſorry for. Privation is ſtill a melancholy

lancholy idea, and were one to hear that the race of waſps were extirpated, it would grieve one.

Bologna affords one time for every meditation. No inn upon the Bath road is more elegant than the Pellegrino; and we regretted our broken equipage the leſs as it drew us ſlowly through ſo ſweet a country. The medlar bloſſoms adorn the hedges with their blanche roſes; the hawthorn buſhes, later here than with us, perfume them; and the roads, little travelled, do not torment one with the duſt as in England, where it not only offends the traveller, but takes away ſome beauty from the country, by giving a brown or whitiſh look to the ſhrubs and trees. We ſhall repoſe here very comfortably, or at leaſt change our mode of being buſy, which refreſhes one perhaps more than poſitive idleneſs. "But life," ſays ſome writer, "is a continual fever;" and ſure ours has been completely ſo for theſe two years. A charming lady of our country, for whom I have the higheſt eſteem, proteſts ſhe ſhall be happy to get back to London if it is only for the relief of ſitting ſtill, and reſolving to ſee no more ſights: exchanging faſto, fiera, and frittura,

for

for a muffin, a mop, and a morning newſpaper: three things equally unknown in Italy, as the other three among us.

With regard to pictures however, *l'Appetit vient en mangeant* *, as I experienced completely when traverſing the Zampieri palace with eagerneſs that increaſed at every ſtep. I once more half-worſhipped the works of divine Guercino. Nothing ſhall prevent my going to his birth-place at Cento, whether in our way or out of it.

We ran about the Specola again, and received a thouſand polite attentions from the gentleman who ſhewed it. The piece of native gold here is much finer than that we ſaw among the treaſures of Loretto, which being *du nouveau continent* is always inferior. "But every thing does," as Monſ. de Buffon obſerves, "degenerate in the Weſt except birds;" and the Brazilian plumage ſeems to ſurpaſs all poſſibility of further glow. The continent however ſhews us no ſpecimens preſerved half as well as thoſe of Sir Aſhton Lever. The marine rarities here at Bologna are very capital; but I ſaw them to advantage

* Eating increaſes one's appetite.

now,

now, in company of Mr. Chappelow. We find this city at once hot, and loud, and pious; leſs empty of occupation though than laſt time; for here is a new Gonfaloniere choſen in to-day, and the drums beat, and the trumpets ſound, and ſome donations are diſtributed about, much in the proportions Tom Davis deſcribes Garrick's to have been; ſmall pieces of money, and large pieces of cake, with quantities of meat, bread, and birds, borne about the town in proceſſion, to make diſplay of *his* bounty, who gives all this away at the time he is elected into office. Kids dreſſed with ribbon therefore, alive and carried on men's ſhoulders ſhowily adorned, lambs waſhed white as ſnow, and pretty red and white calves hanging their ſimple faces out of fine gilt baſkets, paraded the ſtreets all day. What ſtruck us moſt however was an ox, handſomer and of a more ſilvery coat than I thought an ox's hide capable of being brought to; his horns gold, and a garland of roſes between them. This was beautiful; reminded one of all one had ever read and heard of victims going to ſacrifice; and put in our heads again the old ſtories of Hercules, Euryſtheus, &c.

At

At Bologna though, every thing puts people in mind of their *prayers;* ſo a few good women nothing doubting but when ſhows were going forward, religious meanings muſt be near at hand, dropt down on their knees in the ſtreet, and recommended themſelves, or their dead friends perhaps, to heaven, with fervent and innocent earneſtneſs, while the cattle paſſed along. An Engliſh clergyman in our company, hurt and grieved, yet half-diſpoſed to laugh, cried, *What are theſe dear creatures muttering about now for, as if their ſalvation depended upon it?*—It was abſurd enough to be ſure; but in order to check our tittering diſpoſition, I recollected to him, that I had once heard an ignorant woman in Hertfordſhire repeat the abſolution herſelf after the prieſt, with equally ill-placed fervour: for which he reprimanded her, and afterwards explained to her the groſſneſs of the impropriety. When we have added to our ſtock of connoiſſeurſhip the graceful Sampſon, drinking after his victory, by Guido, in this town, we ſhall quit it, and proceed through empty and deſerted Ferrara to

PADUA.

We ſet out then for Ferrara, in our kind friend's poſt-chaiſe; that is, my maid and I did: our good-natured gentlemen creeping ſlowly after in the broken coach; and how ended this project for inſuring ſafety? Why in the chaiſe loſing its hind wheel, and in our return to the carriage we had quitted. But it is for ever ſo, I think;—the ſick folks live always, and the well ones die.

We took turn therefore and left our friends; but could not forbear a viſit to Cento, where I wiſhed much to ſee what Guercino had done for the ornament of his native place, and was amply repaid my pains by the ſight of one picture, which, for its immediate power over the mind, at leaſt over mine, has no equal even in Palazzo Zampieri. It is a ſcene highly touching. The appearance of our Saviour to his Mother after his reſurrection. The dignity, the divinity of the Chriſt! the terror-checked tranſport viſible in the parent Saint, whoſe expreſſive countenance and pathetic attitude

titude diſplay fervent adoration, maternal tenderneſs, and meek humility at once! How often have I ſaid, *this* is the fineſt picture we have ſeen yet! when looking on the Caraccis and their ſchool. I will ſay no more, the painter's art can go no further than *this*. My partial preference of Guercino to any thing and to every thing, ſhall not however bribe me to ſuppreſs my grief and indignation at his ſtrange method of commemorating his own name over the altar where he was baptiſed, which ſhocks every proteſtant traveller by its profaneneſs, while the Romaniſts admire his invention, and applaud his piety. Guercino then, ſo called becauſe he was the *little one-eyed man*, had a fancy to repreſent his *real* appellation of *John Francis Barbieri* in the church; and took this mode as an ingenious one, painting St. John upon the right hand, St. Francis on the left, as two large full-length figures, and God the Father in the middle with a *long beard* for *Barbieri*.

This is a mixture of Abel Drugger's contrivance in the Alchymiſt, and the infantine folly of three babies I once knew in England, children of a nobleman, who were ſeverely whipt by their governeſs for playing at Father,

Son, and Holy Ghoſt, ſitting upon three chairs, with ſolemn countenances, in order to impreſs their tender fancies with a repreſentation of what the good governeſs innocently and laudably had told them about the myſterious and incomprehenſible Trinity. Let me add, that the eldeſt of theſe babies was not ſix years old, and the youngeſt but four, when they were caught in the blaſphemous folly. Our Italians ſeem to be got very little further at forty.

Padua appears cleaner and prettier than it did laſt year; but ſo many things contribute to make me love it better, that it is no wonder one is prejudiced in its favour. It was ſo difficult to get ſafe hither, the roads being very bad, the people were ſo kind when we were here laſt, and the very inn-keeper and his aſſiſtants ſeemed ſo obligingly rejoiced to ſee us again, that I felt my heart quite expand at entering the Aquila d'oro, where we were ſoon rejoined by Mr. and Mrs. Greatheed, with whom we had parted in the Romagna, when they took the Perugia road, inſtead of returning by Bologna, a place they had ſeen before. Had we come three days ſooner we might have ſeen the tranſit of Mercury from Abate

Toaldo's

Toaldo's obſervatory; but our own tranſit took up all our thoughts, and it is a very great mercy that we are come ſafe at laſt. I think it was as much as four bulls and ſix horſes could do to drag us into Rovigo.

Bologna la Graſſa
Ma Padua la paſſa *,

ſay the Venetians: and round this town where the heat is indeed prodigious, they get the beſt vipers for the Venice treacle, I am told. Here are quantities of curious plants to be ſeen blooming now in the botanical garden, and our kind profeſſor told me I need not languiſh ſo for horſe cheſnuts; for they would all be in flower as we returned up the Brenta from Venice. "They are all in flower *now*, Sir," ſaid I, "in my own grounds, eight miles from London: but our Engliſh oaks are not half ſo forward as yours are." He recollected the aphoriſm ſo much a favourite with our country folks; how a Britiſh heart ought not to dilate with the early ſunſhine of proſperity, or droop at the firſt blaſts of adverſe fortune, as

* Though fat Bologna feeds to the fill,
Our Padua is fatter ſtill.

the Britiſh oak refuſes to put out his leaves at ſummer's early ſolicitations, and ſcorns to drop them at winter's firſt rude ſhake.

Well! I have once more walked over St. Antony's church, and examined the bas reliefs that adorn his ſhrine; but their effect has ceaſed. Whoever has ſpent ſome time in the Muſæum Clementinum is callous to the wonders which ſculpture can perform.

Has one not read in Ulloa's travels, of a reſting-place on the ſide of a Cordillera among the Andes, where the aſcending traveller is regularly obſerved to put on additional clothing, while he who comes down the mountain feels ſo hot that he throws his clothes away? So it is with the ſhrine of St. Antonio di Padua, and one's paſſion for the ſculpture that adorns it: while Santa Giuſtina's church retains her power over the mind, a power never miſſed by ſimplicity, while great effort has often ſmall effect. But we are haſtening to Venice, and ſhall leave our cares and our coach behind; ſuperfluous as they both are, in a city which admits of neither.

VENICE.

Our watery journey was indeed delightful; friendſhip, muſic, poetry combined their charms with thoſe of nature to enchant us, and make one think the paſſage was too ſhort, though longing to embrace our much-regretted ſweet companions. The ſcent of odoriferous plants, the ſmoothneſs of the water, the ſweetneſs of the piano forte, which allured to its banks many of the gay inhabitants, who glad of a change in the variety of their amuſements, came down to the ſhores and danced or ſang, as we went by, ſeized every ſenſe at once, and filled me with unaffected pleaſure. I longed to ſee the weeping willow planted along this elegant ſtream; but the Venetians like to ſee nothing weep I fancy: yet the Salix Babylonica would have a fine effect here, and ſpread to a prodigious growth, like thoſe on which the captive Iſraelites once hung their harps, on the banks of the river Euphrates. "Of all Europe however," Millar ſays, "it proſpers beſt in penſive Britain;"

Nor prov'd the bliſs that lulls Italia's breaſt,
When red-brow'd evening calmly ſinks to reſt.

Theſe lines, quoted from Merry's Paulina, remind me of the pleaſure we enjoyed in reading that glorious poem as we floated down the Brenta. I have certainly read no poetry ſince; that would be like looking at Sanſovino's ſculpture, after having ſeen the Apollo, the Venus, and the Flora Farneſe. The view of Venice only made us ſhut the book. Lovely Venice! wiſe in her councils, grave and ſteady in her juſt authority, ſplendid in her palaces, gay in her caſinos, and charming in all.

Fama tra noi Roma pompoſa e ſanta,
Venezia ricca, ſaggia, e ſignorile *,

ſays the Italian who celebrates all their towns by adding a well-adapted epithet to each. But Sannazarius, who experienced in return for it more than even Britiſh bounty would have beſtowed, exalts it in his famous epigram to a decided preference even over Rome itſelf.

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* Pompous and holy ancient Rome we call,
Venice rich, wiſe, and lordly over all.

Viderat

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, et toti ponere jura Mari;
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis Jupiter, arces
Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis ait
Sit Pelago Tibrim præfers, urbem aſpice utramque
Illam homines dices, hanc poſuiſſe Deos.

And now really, if the ſubject did not bribe me to admiration of them, I ſhould have much ado to think theſe ſix lines better worth fifty pounds a piece, the price Sannazarius was paid for them, than many lines I have read; as mythological alluſions are always cheaply obtained, and this can hardly be ſaid to run with any peculiar happineſs: for if Mars built the Wall, and Jupiter founded the Capitol, how could Neptune juſtly challenge this laſt among all people, to look on both, and ſay, That men built Rome, but the Gods founded Venice. Had he ſaid, that after all their pains, *this* was the manner in which thoſe two cities would in future times ſtrike all impartial obſervers, it would have been *enough;* and it would have been *true*, and when fiction has done its beſt,

Le vray ſeul eſt aimable *.

* Truth alone is pleaſing.

Here,

Here, however, is the beſt tranſlation or imitation I can make, of the beſt praiſe ever given to this juſtly celebrated city. Baron Cronthal, the learned librarian of Brera, gave me, when at Milan, the epigram, and perſuaded me to try at a tranſlation, but I never could ſucceed till I had been upon the grand canal.

When Neptune firſt with pleaſure and ſurpriſe,
Proud from her ſubject ſea ſaw Venice riſe;
Let Jove, ſaid he, vaunt his fam'd walls no more,
Tarpeia's rock, or Tyber's fane-full ſhore;
While human hands thoſe glittering fabrics frame,
By touch celeſtial beauteous Venice came.

It is a ſweet place ſure enough, and the caged* nightingales who, when men are moſt ſilent, anſwer each other acroſs the canals, increaſe the enchantments of Venetian moon-light; while the full gondolas ſkimming over the tide with a lanthorn in their ſtern, like glow-worms of a dark evening, daſhing the cool wave too as they glide along, leave no moments unmarked by peculiarity of pleaſure. The Doge's wedding has however been leſs brilliant this year; his galleys have been ſent to fight the Turks and Corſairs, and the ſplendor at home of courſe ſuffers ſome tem-

* Wilt thou have muſic? hark, Apollo plays,
And twenty *caged* nightingales ſhall ſing.
SHAKESPEARE.

porary

porary diminution; but the corſo of boats in the evening muſt be for ever charming, and the muſical parties upon the water delightful. We paſſed this morning in Pinelli's library, a collection ſo valuable from the frequence of old editions, particularly the old fourteen hundreds as we call them, that it is ſuppoſed they will be purchaſed by ſome crowned head; and here are ſpecimens of Aldus's printing too, very curious; but there are too many curioſities,

I'm ſtrangled with the waſte fertility,

as Milton ſays. Pinelli had an excellent taſte for pictures likewiſe, and here at Venice there are paintings to ſatisfy, nay ſatiate connoiſſeurſhip herſelf. Tintoret's force of colouring at St. Rocque's, diſplayed in the crucifixion, can ſurely be exceeded by no diſpoſition of light and ſhade; but the Scuola Bologneſe has hardened my heart againſt merit of any other ſort, ſo much more eaſy to be obtained, than that of character, dignity, and truth. Paul Veroneſe forgets too ſeldom his original trade of *orefice*, there is too much gold and ſilver in his drapery; and though Darius's ladies are judiciouſly adorned with a great deal of it here at Palazzo Piſani, I would willingly have abated

abated ſome brocade, for an addition of expreſſive majeſty in the Alexander. What a ſtriking difference there is too between Guercino's prodigal returned, and a picture at ſome Venetian palace of the ſame ſtory treated by Leandro Baſſano! yet who can forbear crying out Nature, nature! when in the laſt named work one ſees the faithful ſpaniel run out to meet and acknowledge his poor young maſter though in rags, while the cook admiring the uncommon fatneſs of the calf, ſeems to anticipate the pleaſure of a jolly day: ſo if the old father does look a little like pantaloon, why one forgives him, for we are not told that the fable had to do with *nobilta*, though Guercino has made *his* maſter of the houſe a rich and ſtately oriental, who meets and conſoles, near a column of Grecian architecture, his penitent ſon, whoſe half-uncovered form exhibits beauty ſunk into decay, and whoſe graceful expreſſion of ſhame and ſorrow ſhew the dignity of his original birth, and little expectation of the ill-endured pains his poverty has cauſed: the elder brother, meantime, glowing with reſentment, and turning with apparent ſcorn away from the ſight of a ſcene ſo little to the honour of the family. Baſta!

as

as the Italians ſay; when we were at Rome we purchaſed a fine view of St. Mark's Place Venice; now we are at Venice we have bought a ſketch of Guido's Aurora. The Doge's dinner was magnificent, the plate older and I think finer than the Pope's; I forget on what occaſion it was given, I mean the feaſt, but had it been an annual ceremony our kind friends would have ſhewn it us laſt year. We muſt leave them once more, for a long time I fear, but I part with leſs regret becauſe the heat grows almoſt inſupportable; and either the ſtench of the ſmall canals, or elſe the too great abundance of ſardelline, a freſh anchovy with which theſe ſeas abound, keep me unwell and in perpetual fear of catching a putrid fever, ſhould I indulge in eating once again of ſo rich but dangerous a dainty. Beſides that one may be tired of exertion, and fatigued with feſtivity, purchaſed at the price of ſleep and quiet.

Non Hybla non me ſpecifer capit Nilus,
Nec quæ paludes delicata Pomptinus
Ex arce clivi ſpectat uva Seſtini.
Quid concupiſcam? quæris ergo,—*dormire**.

* Not Hybla's ſweets, nor Naples devoloons,
Nor grapes which hide the hill with rich feſtoons;
Nor fat Bologna's valley, have I choſe;
What is your wiſh then? May I ſpeak?—*repoſe*.

To PADUA.

THEN we returned the twelfth of June, and ſurely it is too difficult to deſcribe the ſweet ſenſations excited by the enjoyment of

Each rural ſight, each rural ſound;

as the dear banks of the Brenta firſt ſaluted our return to *terra firma* from the watery reſidence of our *bella dominante*. We dined at a lovely villa belonging to an amiable friend upon the margin of the river, where the kind embraces of the Padrona di Caſa, added to the fragrance of her garden, and the ſweet breath of oxen drawing in her team, revived me once more to the enjoyment of cheerful converſation, by reſtoring my natural health, and proving beyond a poſſibility of doubt, that my late diſorder was of the putrid kind. We dined in a grotto-like room, and partook the evening refreſhments, cake, ice, and lemonade, under a tree by the river ſide, whilſt my own feelings reminded me of the ſailors delight deſcribed in Anſon's voyages when they landed at Juan Fernandez.

Fernandez. Night was beſt diſpoſed of in the barge, and I obſerved as we entered Padua early in the morning, how ſurpriſingly quick had been the progreſs of ſummer; but in theſe countries vegetation is ſo rapid, that every thing makes haſte to come and more to go. Scarce have you taſted green peaſe or ſtrawberries, before they are out of ſeaſon; and if you do *not* ſwallow your pleaſures, as Madame la Preſidente ſaid, you have a chance to miſs of getting any pleaſures at all. Here is no mediocrity in any thing, no moderate weather, no middle rank of life, no twilight; whatever is not night is day, and whatever is not love is hatred; and that the Engliſh ſhould eat peaches in May, and green peaſe in October, ſounds to Italian ears as a miracle; they comfort themſelves, however, by ſaying that they *muſt* be very inſipid, while *we* know that fruits forced by ſtrong fire are at leaſt many of them higher in flavour than thoſe produced by ſun; the pine-apple particularly, which Weſt Indians confeſs eats better with us than with them. Figs and cherries, however, defy a hot-houſe, and grapes raiſed by art are worth little except for ſhew; peaches, nectarines, and ananas are the glory of a Britiſh gardener,

and no country but England can ſhew ſuch. Our morning, paſſed at the villa of the ſenator Quirini, ſet us on this train of thinking, for every culled excellence adorned it, and brought to my mind Voltaire's deſcription of Pococuranti in Candide, falſe only in the oſtentation, and *there* the character fails; miſled by a French idea, that pleaſure is nothing without the delight of ſhewing that you are pleaſed, like the old adage, or often-quoted paſſage about learning:

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter *.

A Venetian has no ſuch notions; by force of mind and dint of elegance inherent in it, he pleaſes himſelf firſt, and finds every body elſe delighted of courſe, nor would quit his own country except for paradiſe; while an Engliſh nobleman clumps his trees, and twiſts his river, to comply with his neighbour's taſte, when perhaps he has none of his own; feels diſguſted with all he has done, and runs away to live in Italy.

The evening of this day was ſpent at the theatre, where I was glad the audience were no better pleaſed, for the plaudits of an Italian

* Thy knowledge is nothing till other men know that thou knoweſt it.

Platea

Platea at an air they like, when one's nerves are weak and the weather very hot, are all but totally inſupportable. What then muſt theſe poor actors have ſuffered, who laboured ſo violently to entertain us? A tragedy in rhyme upon the ſubject of Julius Sabinus and his wife Epponina was the repreſentation; and wonderfully indeed did the players ſtruggle, and bounce, and ſprunt, like vigorous patients reſiſting the influence of a diſeaſe called opiſthotonos, or dry gripes of Jamaica; "Were their jaws once locked we ſhould do better," ſaid Mr. Chappelow. "Che ſpacca monti mai!" exclaimed the gentle Padovani. *Spacca monte* means juſt our Engliſh Drawcanſir, a fellow that ſplits mountains with his bluſter, a captain *Blowmedown*.

The fair at Padua is a better place for ſpending one's time than the theatre; it is built round a pretty area, and I much wonder the middle is not filled by a band of muſic. Our Aſtley is expected to ſhine here ſhortly, and the ladies are in haſte to ſee *il bel Ingleſe a Cavallo*; but we muſt be ſeduced to ſtay no longer among thoſe whom I muſt ever leave with grateful regret and truly affectionate regard. Our carriage is repaired, and the man

ſays it will now carry us ſafely round the world if we pleaſe; our firſt ſtage however will be no farther than to pretty

VERONA.

THE road from Padua hither is a vile one; one can ſcarcely make twenty miles a-day in any part of the Venetian ſtate. Its ſenators, accuſtomed to water carriage, have little care for us who go by land. The Palanzuola way is worſe however, and I am glad once more to ſee ſweet Verona.

Petruchio and Catharine might eaſily have met with all the adventures related by Grumio on their journey thither, but when once arrived ſhe ſhould have been contented. This city is as lovely as ever, more ſo than it was laſt April twelvemonth, when the ſpring was ſullen and backward; every hill now glows with the gay produce of ſummer, and every valley ſmiles with plenty expected or pleaſure poſſeſſed. The antiquities however look leſs

reſpectable than when I left them; no amphitheatre will do after the Roman Coloſſæum, and our triumphal arch here looked ſo pitiful, I wondered what was come to it. So muſt it always happen to the performances of art, which we compare one againſt another, and find that as man made the beſt of them, ſo ſome man may in ſome moment make a better ſtill: but the productions of nature are the works of God; we can only compare them with other things done by the ſame Almighty Maſter, whoſe power is equally diſcernible in all, from the fly's antennæ to the elephant's proboſcis. Bozza's collection gave birth to this laſt ſentence; the farther one goes the more aſtoniſhing grows his muſæum, the neglect of which is ſure no credit to the preſent age. I find his cabinet much fuller than I left it, and adorned with many new ſpecimens from the ſouthern ſeas, beſides flying-fiſh innumerable, beautifully preſerved, and one predaceous creature caught in the very act of gorging his prey, a proof of their deſtruction being inſtant as that of the dwellers in Pompeia, who had their dinners diſhed when the eruption overwhelmed them.

We took leave of our learned friends here with concern, but hope to ſee them again, and tread the ſtucco floors ſo prettily mottled and variegated, they look like the cold mock turtle ſoup exactly, which London paſtry-cooks keep in their ſhops, ready for immediate uſe.

What an odd thing is cuſtom! here is weather to fry one in, yet after exerciſe, and in a ſtate of the moſt violent perſpiration, no conſequences follow the uſe of iced beverages, except the ſenſe of pleaſure reſulting from them at the moment. Should a Bath belle indulge in ſuch luxury, after dancing down forty couple at Mr. Tyſon's ball, we ſhould expect to hear next day of her ſurfeit at leaſt, if not of her ſudden death. Lying-in ladies take the ſame liberty with *their* conſtitutions, and *ſay* that no harm comes of it; and when I tell them how differently we manage in England, cry, "*mi pare che dev'eſſere ſchiavitù grande in quel paeſe della benedetta libertà**." Fine muſlin linen nicely got up is however, ſay they, one of the things to be produced only in Great Britain, and much do our Italian ladies admire it, though they look very charmingly

* Methinks there ſeems to be much ſlavery required from thoſe who inhabit your fine free country of England.

with

with much leſs trouble taken. I lent one lady at ſome place, I remember, my maid, to ſhew her, as ſhe ſo much wiſhed it, how the operation of clear-ſtarching was performed; but as ſoon as it began, ſhe laughed at the ſuperfluous fatigue, as ſhe called it; and her ſervants croſſed themſelves in every corner of the room, with wonder that ſuch niceties ſhould be required.—Well they might! for I caught a great tall fellow ironing his lady's beſt neck-handkerchief with the warming-pan here at Padua very quietly; and ſhe was a woman of quality too, and looked as lovely, when the toilette was once performed, as if much more attention had been beſtowed upon it.

PARMA.

We paſſed through Mantua the 18th of June, where nothing much attracted my notice, except a female figure in the ſtreet, veiled from head to foot, and covered wholly in black; ſhe walked backward and forward along the ſame portion of the ſame ſtreet, from one to three o'clock, in the heat of the burn-

ing ſun; her hand held out; but when I, more from curioſity than any better motive put money in it, ſhe threw it ſilently away, and the beggars picked it up, while ſhe held her hand again as before. This conduct, in any town of England, would be deemed madneſs or miſchief; the woman would be carried before a magiſtrate to give an account of herſelf, ſhould the mob forbear to uncaſe her till they came; or ſome charitable perſon would ſeize and carry her home, fill her pockets with money, and coax her out of the anecdotes of her paſt life to put in the Magazine; her print would be publiſhed, and many engravers ſtruggle for its profits; the name at bottom, *Annabella, or the Sable Matron;* while novels would be written without end, and the circulating libraries would lend them out all the live-long day. Things are differently carried on however at Mantua: I aſked one ſhopkeeper, and ſhe gravely replied, "*per divozione*," and took no further notice: another (to my inquiries, which appeared to him far odder than the woman's conduct) ſaid, The lady was poſſibly doing a little penance; that he had not minded her till I ſpoke, but that perhaps it might be ſome woman of faſhion, who having refuſed a poor perſon

perſon roughly on ſome occaſion, was condemned by her confeſſor to try for a couple of hours what begging *was*, and learn humanity from experience of evil. The idea charmed me; while the man coolly ſaid, all this was only his conjecture; but that ſuch things were done too often to attract attention; and hoped ſuch virtue was not rare enough to excite wonder. My juſt applauſe of ſuch ſentiments was ſtopt by the *laquais de place* calling me to dinner; when he informed me, that he had aſked about the perſon whoſe behaviour ſtruck me ſo, and could now tell me all there was to be known: ſhe was a lady of quality, he ſaid, who had loſt a dear friend on that day ſome years paſt, and that ſhe wore black for two hours ever ſince upon its anniverſary; but that ſhe would now change her dreſs, and I ſhould ſee her in the evening at the opera. My recollecting that if *this* were her caſe, I ought to have been keeping her company (as no one ever loſt a friend ſo dear to them as was my incomparable mother, who likewiſe left me to mourn her loſs on this day thirteen years), ſpoiled my appetite, and took from me all power of meeting the lady at the theatre.

We went again however to ſee Virgil's field, and recollected that *tenet nunc Parthenope*; congratulated the giants on their ſuperiority over Pietro de Cortona's paltry creatures, in one of the Roman palaces; and drove forward to Parma, through bad roads enough.

This Mantua is a very diſagreeable town; nor was Romeo wrong in lamenting his baniſhment to it; for though I will not ſay with him that—

There is no world without Verona's walls;

yet it muſt be allowed that few places do unite ſuch various excellencies, and that the contraſt is very ſtriking between that city and this.

Parma exhibits an appearance ſomewhat different from all the reſt; yet we ſhould ſcarcely have viſited it but for the ſake of the four ſurpriſing pictures it contains: the *Madona della Scodella* is nature itſelf; and St. Girolamo exhibits ſuch a proof of fancy and fervour, as are almoſt inconceivable; the general effect, and the difficulty one has to take one's eye off it, afford conviction of its ſuperior

perior merit, and greatly compenſate for that taſte, character, and expreſſion, which are found only in the Caraccis and their ſchool. Corregio was perhaps one of the moſt powerful geniuſſes that has appeared on earth; deſtitute of knowledge, or of the means of acquiring it, he has left glorious proofs of what uninſtructed man may do, and is perhaps a greater honour to the human ſpecies, than thoſe who, from fermenting erudition of various kinds, produce performances of more complicated worth. The Fatal Curioſity, and Pilgrim's Progreſs, will live as long as the Prince of Abyſſinia, or *Les Avantures de Telemaque*, perhaps: and who ſhall dare ſay, that Lillo, Bunyan, and Antonio Corregio, were not *naturally* equal to Johnſon, Michael Angelo, and the Archbiſhop of Cambray?—Have I ſaid enough, or can enough be ever ſaid in praiſe of a painter, whoſe works the great Annibale Caracci delighted to ſtudy, to copy, and to praiſe?

Piacenza we found to offer us few objects of attention: an *improviſatore*, and not a very bad one, amuſed that time which would otherwiſe have been paſſed in lamenting our paucity

paucity of entertainment; while his artful praiſes of England put me in good humour, ſpite of the weather, which is too hot to bear. With all our lamentations about the heat however, here is no *cicala* on the trees, or *lucciola* in the hedges, as at Florence; the days are a little longer too, and the crepuſcule leſs abrupt in its departure. How often, upon the *Ponte della Trinitá*, have I ſecretly regretted the long-drawn evenings of an Engliſh ſummer; when the dewy night-fall refreſhes the air, and ſilent duſk brings on a train of meditations uninſpired by Italian ſkies! In this decided country all that is not broad day is dark night; all that is not loud mirth, is penitence and grief; when the rain falls, it falls in a torrent; when the ſun ſhines, it glows like a burning-glaſs; where the people are rich, they ſtick gems in their very walls, and make their chimneys of amethyſt; where they are poor, they claſp your knees in an agony of pinching want, and diſplay diſeaſes which cannot be a day ſurvived!

Talking on about Italy in which there is no mediocrity, and of England in which there is nothing elſe, we arrived at Lodi; where I

began

began to rejoice in hearing the people cry *no' cor' altr'* again, in reply to our commands; becauſe we were now once more returned to the diſtrict and dialect of dear Milan, where we have cool apartments and warm friends; and where, after an abſence of fifteen months, we ſhall again ſee thoſe acquaintance with whom we lived much before; a ſenſation always delightfully ſoothing, even when one returns to leſs amiable ſcenes, and leſs productive of innocent pleaſure than theſe have been to me. The conſciouſneſs of having, while at a diſtance, ſeen few people more agreeable than thoſe one left behind; the natural thankfulneſs of one's heart to God, for having preſerved one's life ſo as to ſee them again, expands philanthropy; and gives unaffected comfort in the reſtored ſociety of companions long concealed from one by accident or diſtance.

MILAN.

21ſt June 1785.

AFTER rejoicing over my houſe and my friends; after aſking a hundred queſtions, and hearing a hundred ſtories of thoſe long left; after reciprocating common civilities, and talking over common topics, we obſerved how much the general look of Milan was improved in theſe laſt fifteen months; how the town was become neater, the ordinary people ſmarter, the roads round their city mended, and the beggars cleared away from the ſtreets. We did not find however that the people we talked to were at all charmed with theſe new advantages: their convents demoliſhed, their proceſſions put an end to, the number of their prieſts of courſe contracted, and their church plate carried by cart-loads to the mint; holidays forbidden, and every ſaint's name eraſed from the calendar, excepting only St. Peter and St. Paul; whilſt thoſe ſhopkeepers who worked for monaſteries,

monaſteries, and thoſe muſicians who ſung or played in oratorios, are left to find employment how they can;—cloud the countenances of all, and juſtly; as ſuch ſudden and rough reforms ſhock the feelings of the multitude; offend the delicacy of the nobles; make a general ſtagnation of buſineſs and of pleaſure, in a country where *both* depend upon religious functions; and terrify the clergy into no ill-grounded apprehenſions of being found in a few years more wholly uſeleſs, and as ſuch diſmiſſed.—Well! whatever is done haſtily, can ſcarcely be done quite well; and wherever much is done, a great part of it will doubtleſs be done wrong. A conſiderable portion of all this however will be confeſſed uſeful, and even neceſſary, when the hour of violence on one ſide, and prejudice on the other, is paſt away; as the fire of London has been found beneficial by thoſe who live in the newly-reſtored town. Meantime I think the preſent precipitation indecent enough for my own part; a thouſand little errors would burn out of themſelves, were they ſuffered to die quietly away; and when the morning breaks in naturally, it is ſuperfluous as awkward to put the ſtars out with one's fingers, like the Hours

Hours in Guercino's Aurora*. Whoever therefore will be at the pains a little to pick their principles, not graſp them by the bunch, will find as many unripe at one end, I believe, as there are rotten at the other: for could we ſee theſe haſty innovators erecting public ſchools for the inſtruction of the poor, or public work-houſes for their employment; did they unlock the treaſure-houſe of true religion, by publiſhing the Bible in every dialect of their dominions, and oblige their clergy to read it with the ſouls committed to their charge;—I ſhould have a better idea of their ſincerity and diſintereſted zeal for God's glory, than they give by tearing down his ſtatues, or thoſe of his bleſſed Virgin Mother, which Carlo Borromæo ſet up.

The folly of hanging churches with red damaſk would ſurely fade away of itſelf, among people of good ſenſe and good taſte; who could not long be ſimple enough to ſuppoſe, that concealing Greek architecture with ſuch tranſient finery, and giving to God's houſe the air of a tattered theatre, could in

* In the fine cieling of Palazzo Ludovigi at Rome, the Hours which ſurround Aurora's chariot are employed in extinguiſhing the Stars with their hands.

any

any wife promote his ſervice, or their ſalvation. Many ſuperſtitious and many unmeaning ceremonies *do* die off every day, becauſe unſupported by reaſon or religion: Doctor Carpanni, a learned lawyer, told me but to-day, that here in Lombardy they had a cuſtom, no longer ago than in his father's time, of burying a great lord or poſſeſſor of lands, with a ceremony of killing on his grave the favourite horſe, dog, &c. that he delighted in when alive; a uſage borrowed from the Oriental Pagans, who burn even the widows of the deceaſed upon their funeral pile; and among our monuments in Weſtminſter Abbey, ſet up in the days of darkneſs, I have minded now and then the hawk and greyhound of a nobleman lying in marble at his feet; ſome of our antiquarians ſhould tell us if they killed them.

Another odd affinity ſtrikes me. Half a century ago there was an annual proceſſion at Shrewſbury, called by way of pre-eminence *Shrewſbury Show*; when a handſome young girl of about twelve years old rode round the town, and wiſhed proſperity to every trade aſſembled at the fair: I forget what elſe made the amuſement intereſting; but have heard my mother tell of the particular beauty

of

of ſome wench, who was ever after called the *Queen*, becauſe ſhe had been carried in triumph as ſuch on the day of *Shrewſbury Show*. Now if nobody gives a better derivation of that old cuſtom, it may perhaps be found a dreg of the Romiſh ſuperſtition, which as many years ago, in various parts of Italy, prompted people to dreſs up a pretty girl, on the 25th of March, or other ſeaſon dedicated to the Virgin, and carry her in proceſſion about the ſtreets, ſinging litanies to her, &c. and ending, in profaneneſs of admiration, a day begun in idleneſs and folly. At Rome however no ſuch indecorous abſurdities are encouraged: we ſaw a beautiful figure of the *Madonna*, dreſſed from a picture of Guido Rheni, borne about one day; but no human creature in the ſtreet offered to kneel, or gave one the ſlighteſt reaſon to ſay or ſuppoſe that ſhe was worſhipped: ſome ſweet hymns were ſung in her praiſe, as the proceſſion moved ſlowly on; but no impropriety could I diſcern, who watched with great attention.

It is time to have done with all this though, and go ſee the Ambroſian library; which, as far as I can judge, is perfectly reſpectable. The Prefect's politeneſs kindly offered my curioſity any thing I was particularly anxious

to ſee, and the learned Mr. Dugati was exceedingly obliging. The old Virgil preſerved here with Petrarch's marginal notes in his own hand-writing, intereſt one much; this little narration, evidently written for his own fancy to feed on, of the day and hour he firſt felt the impreſſion of Laura's charms, is the beſt proof of his genuine paſſion for that lady, as he certainly never meant for our inſpection what he wrote down in his own Virgil. Here is likewiſe the valuable MS. of Flavius Joſephus the Jewiſh hiſtorian, a curioſity deſervedly admired and eſteemed: it is kept with peculiar care I think, and is in high preſervation: A Syriac bible too, very fine indeed, from which I underſtand they are now going to print off ſome copies. I have been taught by the ſcholars not to think a Syriac bible of the Samaritan text ſo very rare; but the Septuagint in that language is ſo exceedingly ſcarce, that many are perſuaded this is the only one extant; and as our Lord, in his quotations from the old law, uſually cites that verſion, it is juſtly preferred to all others. Leonardo da Vinci's famous folio preſerved in this library, for which James I. of England offered three thouſand ducats, an

event recorded here over the cheſt that contains it on a tablet of marble, deſerves attention and reverence: nothing ſeems above, nothing below, the obſervation of that prodigious genius. He has in this, and other volumes of the ſame curious work, apparently put down every painter's or mathematician's thought that croſſed his imagination. It is a *Leonardiana* *, the common-place book of a great and wiſe man; nor did our Britiſh ſovereign ever with more good ſenſe evince his true love of learning, than by his princely offer of its purchaſe.

Till now the looking at friends, and rarities, and telling old ſtories, and ſeeing new ſights, &c. has lulled my conſcience aſleep, nor ſuffered me to recollect that, dazzled by the brightneſs of the Corregios at Parma, the account of their preſs, the fineſt in Europe, and infinitely ſuperior to our Baſkerville, eſcaped me. They have a glorious collection too of bibles in their library; their illuminations are moſt delicate, and their

* One volume of this Leonardiana is now in the private library of the king of England at the queen's houſe in the park, preſerved from Charles or James the Firſt's collection, and written with the left hand, or rather backwards, to be read only with the help of a mirror.

bind-

bindings pompous, but they poſſeſs a modern MS. of ſuch ſingular perfection, that none of thoſe finiſhed when chirography was more cultivated than it is now, can at all pretend to compare with it. The characters are all gilt, the leaves vellum, the miniatures finiſhed with a degree of nicety rarely found in union, as here, with the utmoſt elegance and taſte. No words I can uſe will give a juſt idea of this little MS.: whoever is a true fancier of ſuch things, would find his trouble well repaid, if he left London only to look at it. The book contains private devotions for the ducheſs with ſuitable ornaments—I will talk no more of it.

The fine coloſſal figure of the Virgin Mary in heaven crowned by her Son's hand, painted in the cieling of ſome church at Parma, has a bad light, and it is difficult to comprehend its ſublimity. One approaches nearer to underſtand the merits of that ſingular performance when one looks at Caracci's copy of it, kept in the Ambroſian library here at Milan. But how was I ſurpriſed to hear related as a fact happening to *him*, the old ſtory told to all who go to ſee St. Paul's cathedral in London, of our Sir James Thornhill, who, while he was intent

on painting the cupola, walked backward to look at the effect, till, arriving at the very edge of the ſcaffold, he was in danger of daſhing his brains out by falling from that horrible height upon the marble below, had not ſome byſtander poſſeſſed readineſs of mind to run ſuddenly forward, and throw a pencil daubed in white ſtuff which ſtood near him, at the figure Sir James's eyes were fixed on, which provoked the painter to follow him threatening, and ſo ſaved his life. Could ſuch an accident have happened twice? and is it likely that to either of theſe perſons it ever happened at all? Would ſuch men as Annibal Caracci and Sir James Thornhill have expoſed themſelves upon an undefended ſcaffold, without railing it round to prevent their tumbling down, when engaged in a work that would take them many days, nay weeks, to finiſh it? Impoſſible! in every nation traditionary tales ſhake my belief exceedingly; and what aſtoniſhes one more than it diſguſts, if poſſible, is to ſee the ſame ſtory fitted to more nations than one.

It is now many years ſince a counſellor related at my houſe in Surrey the following narration, of which I had then no doubts, or idea

of ſuſpicion; for he ſaid he was himſelf witneſs to the fact, and laid the ſcene at St. Edmondſbury, a town in our county of Suffolk: how a man accuſed of murder, with every corroborating circumſtance, eſcaped by the ſteady reſolution of one juryman, who could not, by any arguments or remonſtrances of his companions, be prevailed on to pronounce the fellow guilty, though every poſſible circumſtance combined to aſcertain him as the perſon who took the deceaſed's life; and how, after all was over, the juryman confeſſed privately to the judge, that *he himſelf*, by ſuch and ſuch an accident, had killed the farmer, of whoſe death the other ſtood accuſed. This event, true or falſe, of which I have ſince found the rudiments in a French Recueil, was told me at Venice by a gentleman as having happened *there*, under the immediate inſpection of a friend he named. Quere, whether any ſuch thing ever happened at all in any time or place? but laxity of narration, and contempt of all exactneſs, at laſt extinguiſh one's beſt-founded confidence in the lips of mortal man. It is, however, clearly proved, that no duty is ſo difficult as to preſerve truth in all our tranſactions, while no tranſaction is ſo trifling as to pre-

clude temptation of infringing it: for if there is no intereſt that prompts a liar, his vanity ſuffices; nor will we mention the ſuggeſtions of cowardice, malignity, or any ſpecies of vice, when, as in theſe laſt-mentioned ſtories, many fictions are invented by well-meaning people, who hope to prevent miſchief, inculcate the poſſibility of hanging innocence, &c. and violate truth out of regard to virtue.

Well, well! our good Italians here will not condeſcend to live or lie, if now and then they ſcruple not to tell one. No man in this country pretends either to tenderneſs or to indifference, when he feels no diſpoſition to be indifferent or tender; and ſo removed are they from all affectation of ſenſibility or of refinement, that when a conceited Engliſhman ſtarts back in pretended rapture from a Raphael he has perhaps little taſte for, it is difficult to perſuade theſe ſincerer people that his tranſports are poſſibly put on, only to deceive ſome of his countrymen who ſtand by, and who, if he took no notice of ſo fine a picture, would laugh, and ſay he had been throwing his time away, without making even the common and neceſſary improvements expected from every gentleman who travels through Italy; yet ſurely it is a choice delight to

live

live where the everlaſting ſcourge held over London and Bath, of *what will they think?* and *what will they ſay?* has no exiſtence; and to reflect that I have now ſojourned near two years in Italy, and ſcarcely can name one conceited man, or one affected woman, with whom, in any rank of life, I have been in the leaſt connected.

In Naples we ſee the works of nature diſplayed; at Rome and Florence we ſurvey the performances of art; at every place in Italy there is much worthy one's eſteem, ſaid the Venetian Reſident one day very elegantly; and at Milan there is the *Abate Boſſi*. Should I forbear to add *my* teſtimony to ſuch talents and ſuch virtue, which, expanded by nature to the wide range of human benevolence, he knows how to concentre occaſionally for the ſervice of private friendſhip, how great would be my ingratitude and neglect, while no character ever ſo completely reſembled his, as that of the famous *Hough* well known in England by the title of the *good* Biſhop of Worceſter. His ingenuity in compoſing and placing theſe words on the 13th of May 1775, is perhaps one of his leaſt valuable jeux d'eſprit; but pretty, when one knows

that on that day the empreſs was born, on that day the archduke arrived at Milan on a viſit to his brother, and on that day the ducheſs was delivered of a ſon. The words may be read our way or the Chineſe;

Natalis Adventus Partus
Matris Fratris Conjugis
Felix Optatus Incolumis
Principem Aulam Urbem
Lectificabant.

What a fooliſh thing it is in princes to give pain in a place like this, where all are diſpoſed to derive pleaſure even from praiſing them! There is a natural loyalty among the Lombards, which oppreſſion can ſcarcely extinguiſh, or tyranny deſtroy: and, as I have ſaid a thouſand times, they *pretend* to love no one; they *do* love their rulers; and, rather grieve than growl at the afflictions cauſed by their rapacity.

I was told that I ſhould find few diſcriminations of character in Italy; but the contrary proves true, and I do not wonder at it. Among thoſe people who, by being folded or driven all together in flocks as the French are, with one faſhion to ſerve for the whole ſociety, a man may eaſily contract a ſimilarity of manners

ners by rubbing down each asperity of character against his nearest neighbour, no less plastic than himself; but here, where there is little apprehension of ridicule, and little spirit of imitation, monotonous tediousness is almost sure to be escaped. The very word *polite* comes from *polish* I suppose; and at Paris the place where you enjoy *le veritable vernis St. Martin* in perfection, the people can scarcely be termed *polished*, or even *varnished*: they are *glazed*; and every thing slides off the *exterieur* of course, leaving the heart untouched. It is the same thing with other productions of nature; in caverns we see petrifactions shooting out in angular and excentric forms, because in Castleton Hole dame Nature has fair play; while the broad beach at Brighthelmstone, evermore battered by the same ocean, exhibits only a heap of round pebbles, and those round pebbles all alike.

But we must cease reflections, and begin describing again. We have got a country house for the remaining part of the hot weather upon the confines of the Milanese dominions, where Switzerland first begins to bow her bleak head, and soften gradually in the sunshine of Italian fertility. From every

walk

walk and villa round this delightful ſpot, one ſees an aſſemblage of beauties rarely to be met with: and there is a reſemblance in it to the Vale of Llwydd, which makes it ſtill more intereſting to *me*. But we have obtained leave to ſpend a week of our deſtined Villeggiatura at the Borromæan palace, ſituated in the middle of Lago Maggiore, on the iſland ſo truly termed Iſola Bella; every ſtep to which from our villa at Vareſe teems with new beauties, and only wants the ſea to render it, in point of mere landſcape, ſuperior to any thing we have ſeen yet.

Our manner of living here is poſitively like nothing real, and the fanciful deſcription of oriental magnificence, with Seged's retirement in the Rambler to his palace on the Lake Dambea, is all I ever read that could come in competition with it: for here is one barge full of friends from Milan, another carrying a complete band of thirteen of the beſt muſicians in Italy, to amuſe ourſelves and them with concerts every evening upon the water by moonlight, while the inhabitants of theſe elyſian regions who live upon the banks, come down in crowds to the ſhores glad to receive

additional

additional delight, where ſatiety of pleaſure ſeems the ſole evil to be dreaded.

It is well known that the wild mountains of Savoy, the rich plains of Lombardy, the verdant paſtures of Piedmont, and the pointed Alps of Switzerland, form the limits of Lago Maggiore: where, upon a naked rock, torn I truſt from ſome ſurrounding hill, or happily thrown up in the middle of the water by a ſubterranean volcano, the Count Borromæo, in the year 1613, began to carry earth; and lay out a pretty garden, which from that day has been perpetually improving, till an appearance of eaſtern grandeur which it now wears, is rendered ſtill more charming by all the ſtudied elegance of art, and the conveniencies of common life. The palace is conſtructed as if to realiſe Johnſon's ideas in his Prince of Abyſſinia: the garden conſiſts of ten terraces; the walls of which are completely covered with orange, lemon, and cedrati trees, whoſe glowing colours and whoſe fragrant ſcent are eaſily diſcerned at a conſiderable diſtance, and the perfume particularly often reaches as far as to the oppoſite ſhore: nor are ſtandards of the ſame plants wanting. I meaſured one not the largeſt in the grove, which had been planted

one hundred and five years; it was a full yard and a quarter round. There were forty-six of them ſet near each other, and formed a delightful ſhade. The cedrati fruit grows as large as a late romana melon with us in England; and every thing one ſees, and every thing one hears, and every thing one taſtes, brings to one's mind the fortunate iſlands and the golden age. Walks, woods, and terraces *within* the iſland, and a proſpect of unequalled variety *without*, make this a kind of fairy habitation, ſo like ſomething one has ſeen repreſented on theatres, that my female companion cried out as we approached the place, "If we go any nearer now, I am ſure it will all vaniſh into air." There is ſolidity enough however: a little village conſiſting of eighteen fiſhermen's houſes, and a pretty church, with a dozen of well-grown poplars before it, together with the palace and garden, compoſe the territory, which commodiouſly contains two hundred and fifty ſouls, as the circuit is ſomewhat more than a meaſured mile and a half, but not two miles in all: and we have cannons to guard our Calypſo-like dominion, for which Count Borromæo pays tribute to the king of Sardinia; but has himſelf

himſelf the right of raiſing men upon the main land, and of coining money at *Macau*, a little town amid the hollows of theſe rocks, which preſent their irregular fronts to the lake in a manner ſurpriſingly beautiful. He has three other iſlets on the ſame water, for change of amuſement; of which that named la Superiore is covered with a hamlet, and l'Iſola Madre with a wood full of game, guinea fowl, and common poultry; a ſummer-houſe beſide furniſhed with chintz, and containing ſo many apartments, that I am told the uncle of the preſent poſſeſſor, having quarrelled with his wife, and reſolving in a pet to leave the world, ſhut himſelf up on that little ſpot of earth, and never touched the continent, as I may call it, for the laſt ſeventeen years of his life. Let me add, that he had there his church and his chaplain, three muſical profeſſors in conſtant pay, and a pretty yatcht to row or ſail, and fetch in friends, phyſicians, &c. from the main land. His nephew has not the ſame taſte at all, ſeldom ſpending more than a week, and that only once a-year, among his iſlands, which are kept however quite in a princely ſtyle: the family creſt, a unicorn, made in white marble,

ble, and of coloſſal greatneſs, proudly overlooking ten broad terraces which riſe in a pyramidal form from the water: each wall richly covered with orange and lemon trees, and every parapet concealed under thickly-flowering ſhrubs of inceſſant variety, as if every climate had been culled, to adorn this tiny ſpot. More than a hundred beds are made in the palace, which has likewiſe a grotto floor of infinite ingenuity, and beautiful from being happily contraſted againſt the general ſplendour of the houſe itſelf. I have ſeen no ſuch effort of what we call taſte ſince I left England, as theſe apartments on a level with the lake exhibit, being all roofed and wainſcotted with well-diſpoſed ſhellwork, and decorated with fountains in a lively and pleaſing manner. The library up ſtairs had many curious books in it—a Camden's Britannia particularly, tranſlated into Spaniſh; an Arabic Bible worthy of the Bodleian collection, and well-choſen volumes of natural hiſtory to a very ſerious degree of expence. Painting is not the firſt or ſecond boaſt of Count Borromæo, but there are ſome tolerable landſcapes by Tempeſta, and three famous pictures of Luca Giordano, well known in London

don by the general diffuſion of their prints, repreſenting the Rape of the Sabines, the Judgment of Paris, and the Triumph of Galatea. Theſe large hiſtory pieces adorn the walls of the vaſt room we dine in; where, though we never ſit down fewer than twenty or twenty-five people to table, all ſeem loſt from the greatneſs of its ſize, till the concert fills it in the evening.

It is the garden however more than the palace which deſerves deſcription. He who has the care of it was born upon the iſland, and never ſtrayed further than four miles, he tells me, from the borders of his maſter's lake. Sure he muſt think the fall of man a fable: *he* lives in Eden ſtill. How much muſt ſuch a fellow be confounded, could he be carried blind-folded in the midſt of winter to London or to Paris! and ſet down in Fleet-ſtreet or Rue St. Honoré! That he underſtands his buſineſs ſo as to need no tuition from the inhabitants of either city, may be ſeen by a fig-tree which I found here ingrafted on a lemon; both bear fruit at the ſame moment, whilſt a vine curls up the ſtem of the lemon-tree, dangling her grapes in that delicious company with apparent ſatisfaction to herſelf.

Another

Another inoculation of a moſs-roſe upon an orange, and a third of a carnation upon a cedrati tree, gave me new knowledge of what the gardener's art, aided by a happy climate, could perform. But when rowing round the lake with our band of muſic yeſterday, we touched at a country ſeat upon the ſide which joins the Milaneſe dominion, and I found myſelf preſented with currants and gooſeberries by a kind family, who having made their fortune in Amſterdam, had imbibed ſome Dutch ideas; my mind immediately felt her elaſtic force, and willingly confeſſed that liberty, ſecurity, and opulence alone give the true reliſh to productions either of art or nature; that freedom can make the currants of Holland and golden pippins of Great Britain ſweeter than all the grapes of Italy; while to every manly underſtanding ſome ſhare of the government in a well-regulated ſtate, with the every-day comforts of common life made durable and certain by the laws of a proſperous country, are at laſt far preferable to ſplendid luxuries precariouſly enjoyed under the conſciouſneſs of their poſſible privation when leaſt expected by the hand of deſpotic power.

St.

St. Carlo Borromæo's coloſſal ſtatue in bronze fixed up at the place of his nativity by the ſide of this beautiful water, fifteen miles from l'Iſola Bella, was our next object of curioſity. It is wonderfully well proportioned for its prodigious magnitude, which, though often meaſured and well known, will never ceaſe to aſtoniſh travellers, while twelve men can be eaſily contained in his head only, as ſome of our company had the curioſity to prove; but repented their frolic, as the metal heated by ſuch a ſun became inſupportable. Abate Bianconi bid me remark that it was juſt the height of twelve men, each ſix feet high; that it is but juſt once and a half leſs than that erected by Nero, which gives name to the Roman Coloſſeo; that it is to be ſeen clearly at the diſtance of twelve miles, though placed to no advantage, as ſituation has been ſacrificed to the greater propriety of ſetting it up upon the place where he was actually born, whoſe memory they hold, and juſtly, in ſuch perfect veneration. I returned home perſuaded that the cardinal's dreſs, though an unfavourable one to pictures, is very happily adapted to a coloſſal ſtatue, as the three cloaks or

petticoats made a ſort of ſtep-ladder drapery which takes off exceedingly from the offence that is given by too long lines to the eye.

We returned to our enchanted palace with muſic playing by our ſide: I never ſaw a party of pleaſure carried on ſo happily. The weather was ſingularly bright and clear, the moon at full, the French-horns breaking the ſilence of the night, invited echo to anſwer them. The nine days (and we enjoyed ſeventeen or eighteen hours out of every twenty-four) ſeemed nine minutes. When we came home to our country-houſe in the Vareſotto, verſes and ſonnets ſaluted our arrival, and congratulated our wedding-day.

The Madonna del Monte was the next ſhow which called us abroad; it is within a few miles of our preſent ſweet habitation, is celebrated for its proſpect, and is indeed a very aſtoniſhing ſpot of ground, exhibiting at one view the three cities of Turin, Milan, and Genoa; and leading the eye ſtill forward into the South of France. The lakes, which to thoſe who go o'pleaſuring upon them, ſeem like ſeas, and very like the mouth of our river Dart, where ſhe diſgorges her elegantly-ornamented ſtream into the harbour at Kingſweare,

weare, here afford too little water in proportion, though five in number, and the largeſt fifty miles round. I ſcarcely ever ſaw ſo much land within the eye from any place. That the road ſhould be adorned with chapels up the mountain is leſs ſtrange: there is a church dedicated to the Virgin at top. We have one here in Italy in every diſtrict almoſt, as the rage of *worſhipping on high places*, ſo expreſsly and repeatedly forbidden in ſcripture, has laſted ſurpriſingly in the world. Every reſting-place is marked, and decorated with ſtatues cut in wood, and painted to imitate human life with very extraordinary ſkill. They are capital performances of their kind, and moſt reſemble, but I think excel, Mrs. Wright's fineſt figures in wax. A convent of nuns, ſituated on the ſummit of the hill, where theſe chapels end in an exceeding pretty church, entertained our large party with the moſt hoſpitable kindneſs: gave us a handſome dinner and delicious deſſert. We diverted the ladies with a little concert in return, and paſſed a truly delightful day.

All the environs of this *Vareſotto* are very charmingly varied with mountains, lakes, and cultivated life; the only fault in our proſpect

is the want of water. Had I told my companions of yesterday perhaps, that the view from *Madonna del Monte* reminded me of Chirk Castle Hill in North Wales, they would have laughed; yet from that extraordinary spot are to be distinctly seen several fertile counties, with many great, and many small towns, and a most extensive landscape, watered by the large and navigable rivers Severn and Dee, roughened by the mountains of Merionethshire, and bounded by the Irish sea: I think that view has scarce its equal any where; and, if any where, it is here in the vicinity of Vareſe, where many gay villas interspersed contribute to variegate and enliven a scene highly finished by the hand of Nature, and wanting little addition from her attendant *Art*.

Of the noblemen's seats in the neighbourhood it may indeed be remarked, that however spacious the house, and however splendid the furniture may prove upon examination, however pompous the garden may be to the first glance, and the terraces however magnificent,—spiders are seldom excluded from the mansion, or weeds from the pleasure-ground of the possessor. A climate so warm would afford

afford ſome excuſe for this naſtineſs, could one obſerve the inhabitants were diſcompoſed at ſuch an effect from a good cauſe, or if one could flatter one's ſelf that they themſelves were hurt at it; but when they gravely diſplay an embroidered bed or counterpane worthy of Arachne's fingers before her metamorphoſis, covered over by her preſent labours, who can forbear laughing?—The gardener in two minutes arriving to aſſiſt you up ſlopes, all flouriſhing with cat's-tail and poppy; while your friends cry,—"*Here, this is nature! is it not?* pure nature!—*Tutto naturale ſi, ſecondo l'uſo Ingleſe* *."

Well! we have really paſſed a prodigiouſly gay *villegiatura* here in this charming country, where the ſnowy cap of the *gros* St. Bernard cools the air, though at ſo great a diſtance; and we have the pleaſure of ſeeing Switzerland, without the pain of feeling its cold, or the fatigue of climbing its *glacieres:* the Alps of the Griſons riſe up like a fortification behind us; the ſun glows hot in our rich and fertile valleys, and throws up every vegetable production with all the poignant

* All ſo natural and pretty,—quite in the Engliſh ſtyle.

flavour that Summer can beſtow; nor is ſhade wanting from the walnut and large cheſnut trees, under which we often dine, and ſing, and play at *tarocco*, and hear the horns and clarinets, while ſipping our ice or ſwallowing our lemonade. The *cicala* now feels the genial influence of that heat ſhe requires, but her voice here is weak, compared to the powers ſhe diſplayed ſo much to our diſturbance in Tuſcany; and the *lucciola* has loſt much of her ſcintillant beauty, but ſhe darts up and down the hedges now and then. Here is an emerald-coloured butterfly, whoſe name I know not, plays over the lakes and ſtanding pools, in a very pleaſing abundance; the moſt exquiſitely-tinted æphemera frolic before one all day long; and Antiope flutters in every parterre, and ſhares the garden ſweets with a pale primroſe-coloured creature of her own kind, whoſe wings are edged with brown, and, if I can remember right, bears the name of *hyale*. But we are not yet paſt the reſidence of ſcorpions, which certainly do commit ſuicide when provoked beyond all endurance; a ſtory I had always heard, but never gave much credit to.

But

But I am disturbed from writing my book by the good-humoured gaiety of our cheerful friends, with whom we never sit down fewer than fourteen or fifteen to table I think, and surely never rise from it without many a genuine burst of honest merriment undisguised by affectation, unfettered by restraint. Our gentlemen make *improviso* rhymes, and cut comical faces; go out to the field after dinner, and play at a sort of blindman's buff, which they call breaking the pan; nor do the low ones in company arrange their minds as I see in compliment to the high ones, but tell their opinions with a freedom I little expected to find: mixed society is very rare among them, almost unknown it seems; but when they *do* mix at a country place like this, the great are kind, to do them justice, and the little not servile. They are wise indeed in making society easy to them, for no human being suffers solitude so ill as does an Italian. An English lady once made me observe, that a cat never purs when she is alone, let her have what meat and warmth she will; I think these social-spirited Milanese are like *her*, for they can hardly believe that there is existing a person, who

would not willingly prefer any company to none: when we were at the iſlands three weeks ago,—" A charming place," ſays one of our companions,—" *Cio é con un mondo d'amici coſi* *."—"But with one's own family, methinks," ſaid I, " and a good library of books, and this ſweet lake to bathe in:"—" O!" cried they all at once, " *Dio ne liberi* †."—This is national character.

Why there are no birds of the watery kind, coots, wild ducks, cargeeſe, upon theſe lakes, nobody informs me: I have been often told that of Geneva ſwarms with them, and it is but a very few miles off: our people though have little care to aſcertain ſuch matters, and no deſire at all to inveſtigate effects and cauſes; thoſe who ſtudy among them, ſtudy claſſic authors and learn rhetoric; poetry too is by no means uncultivated at Milan, where the Abate Parini's ſatires are admirable, and ſo eſteemed by thoſe who themſelves know very well how to write, and how to judge: common philoſophy (*la phyſique*, as the French call it), geography, aſtronomy, chymiſtry, are

* That is, with a heap of friends about one in this manner.

† Oh! God keep one from that.

oddly

oddly left behind ſomehow; and it is to their ignorance of theſe matters that I am apt to impute Italian credulity, to which every wonder is welcome.

We have now paſſed one day in Switzerland however, rowing to the little town Lugano over its pretty lake. The mountains at the end are a neat miniature of Veſuvius, Somma, &c.; and the ſituation altogether looks as a picture of Naples would look, if painted by Brughuel; but not ſo full of figures. A fanciful traveller too might be tempted to think he could diſcern ſome ſtreaks of liberty in the manners of the people, if it were but in the inn-keeper at whoſe houſe we dined; this may however be merely my own prejudice, and ſomebody told me it was ſo.

We were ſhewn on one ſide the water as we went acroſs, a ſmall place called Campioni, which is *feudo Imperiale*, and governed by the Padre Abate of a neighbouring convent, who has power even over the lives of his ſubjects for ſix years; at the expiration of which term another deſpot of the day is choſen—appointed I ſhould have ſaid; and the laſt returns to his original ſtate, amenable however for any *very* ſhocking thing he may have done during the courſe

courſe of his dictatorſhip; and no complaint has been ever made yet of any ſuch governor ſo circumſtanced and appointed, whoſe conduct is commonly but too mild and clement. This I thought worth remarking, as conſolatory to one's feelings.

Lugano meantime ſcorns abſolute authority: our Cicerone there, in reply to the queſtion aſked in Italy three times a-day I believe—*Che Principe fà qui la ſua reſidenza*?* —replied, that they were plagued with no Principi at all, while the thirteen Cantons protected all their ſubjects; and though, as the man expreſſed it, only half of them were *Chriſtians*, and the other half *Proteſtants;* no church or convent had ever wanted reſpect; while their town regularly received a monthly governor from every canton, and was perfectly contented with this ambulatory dominion. Here was the firſt gallows I have ſeen theſe two years. They have a pretty commerce too at Lugano for the ſize of the place, and the ſhopkeepers ſhew that officiouſneſs and attention ſeldom obſerved in arbitrary ſtates, where

Content, the bane of induſtry,

* What prince makes his reſidence here?

ſoon

ſoon leads people to neglect the trouble of getting, for the pleaſure of ſpending their money. One therefore ſees the inhabitants of Italian cities for the moſt part merry and cheerful, or elſe pious and penitent; little attentive to their ſhops, but eaſily diſpoſed to loiter under their miſtreſs's window with a guitar, or rove about the ſtreets at night with a pretty girl under their arm, ſinging as they go, or ſqueaking with a droll accent, if it is the time for maſquerades. Fraud, avarice, ambition, are the vices of republican ſtates and a cold climate; idleneſs, ſenſuality, and revenge, are the weeds of a warm country and monarchical governments. If theſe people are not good, they at leaſt wiſh they were better; they do not applaud their own conduct when their paſſions carry them too far; nor rejoice, like old Moneytrap or Sir Giles Overreach, in their ſucceſsful ſins: but rather ſay with Racine's hero, tranſlated by Philips, that

Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injuſtice,
Or form excuſes while his heart condemns him.

They beat their boſoms at the feet of a crucifix in the ſtreet, with no more hypocriſy than they beat a tam-

a tambourine there; perhaps with no more effect neither, if no alteration of behaviour ſucceeds their contrition: yet when an Engliſhman (who is probably more aſhamed of repenting than of ſinning) accuſes them of falſe pretenſions to pious fervour, he wrongs them, and would do well to repent himſelf.

But a natural curioſity ſeen at Milan this 16th day of Auguſt 1786, leads my mind into another channel. I went to wait upon and thank the lady, or the relations of the lady, who lent us her houſe at Vareſe, and make our proper acknowledgments; and at that viſit ſaw ſomething very uncommon ſurely: though I remember Doctor Johnſon once ſaid, that nobody had ever ſeen a very ſtrange thing; and challenged the company (about ſeventeen people, myſelf among them) to produce a ſtrange thing;—but I had not then ſeen Avvocato B—, a la wyerhere at Milan, and a man reſpected in his profeſſion, who actually chews the cud like an ox; which he did at my requeſt, and in my preſence: he is apparently much like another tall ſtout man, but has many extraordinary properties, being eminent for ſtrength, and poſ-

ſeſſing a ſet of ribs and ſternum very ſurpriſing, and worthy the attention of anatomiſts: his body, upon the ſlighteſt touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric ſparks; he can reject his meals from his ſtomach at pleaſure, and did abſolutely in the courſe of two hours, the only two I ever paſſed in his company, go through, to oblige me, the whole operation of eating, maſticating, ſwallowing, and returning by the mouth, a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction, nothing more was wanting; but I obtained beſide, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing likewiſe to bear teſtimony of this ſtrange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is, that he is a low-ſpirited, nervous man; and I ſuppoſe his *ruminating* moments are ſpent in lamenting the ſingularities of his frame:—be this how it will, we have now no time to think any more of them, as we are packing up for a trip to Bergamo, a city I have not yet ſeen.

BERGAMO

Is built up a ſteep hill, like Lanſdown road at Bath; the buildings not ſo regular; the proſpect not inferior, but of a different kind, reſembling that one ſees from Wrotham hill in Kent, but richer, and preſenting a variety beyond credibility, when it is premiſed that ſcarce any water can be ſeen, and that the plains of Lombardy are low and flat: within the eye however one may count all the original bleſſings beſtowed on humankind,—corn, wine, oil, and fruit;—the incloſures being ſmall too, and the trees *touffu*, as the French call it. No parterre was ever more beautifuly diſpoſed than are the fields ſurveyed from the ſummit of the hill, where ſtands the Marquis's palace elegantly ſheltered by a ſtill higher riſing ground behind it, and commanding from every window of its ſtately front a view of prodigious extent and almoſt unmatched beauty: as the diverſification of colouring reminds one of nothing but

but the fine pavement at the Roman Pantheon, ſo curiouſly interſected are the patches of graſs and grain, flax and vines, arable and tilth, in this happy diſpoſition of earth and its moſt valuable products; while not a hedge fails to afford perfume that fills the very air with fragrance, from the ſweet jeſſamine that, twiſting through it, lends a weak ſupport to the wild grapes, which, dangling in cluſters, invite ten thouſand birds of every European ſpecies I believe below the ſize of a pigeon. Nor is the taking of theſe creatures by the *roccolo* to be left out from among the amuſements of Breſcian and Bergamaſc nobility; nor is the eating of them when taken to be deſpiſed: *beccaficos* and *ortolans* are here in high perfection; and it was from theſe northern diſtricts of Italy I truſt that Vitellius, and all the claſſic gluttons of antiquity, got their curious diſhes of ſinging-bird pye, &c. The rich ſcent of melons at every cottage door is another delicious proof of the climate's fertility and opulence,—

Where every ſenſe is loſt in every joy,

as Hughes expreſſes it; and where, in the delightful villa of our highly accompliſhed ac-

quaintance the Marquis of Aracieli, we have paſſed ten days in all the pleaſures which wit could invent, money purchaſe, or friendſhip beſtow. The laſt nobleman who reſided here, father to the preſent lord, was *cavalier ſervente* to the immortal Clelia Borromæo, whoſe virtues and varieties of excellence would fill a volume; nor can there be a ſtronger proof of her uncommon, almoſt unequalled merit, than the long-continued eſteem of the famous Valliſnieri, whoſe writings on natural hiſtory, particularly inſects, are valued for their learning, as their author was reſpected for his birth and talents. Letters from him are ſtill preſerved in the family by Marcheſe Aracieli, and breathe admiration of the conduct, beauty, and extenſive knowledge poſſeſſed by this worthy deſcendant of the Borromæan houſe; to whoſe incomparable qualities his father's ſteady attachment bore the trueſt teſtimony, while the ſon ſtill ſpeaks of her death with tears, and delights in nothing more than in paying juſt tribute to her memory. He ſhewed me this pretty diſtich in her praiſe, made improviſo by the celebrated philoſopher Valliſnieri:

Contemptrix

Contemptrix ſexus, omniſcia Clelia ſexum,
Illuſtrat ſtudio, moribus, arte metro *.

The Italians are exceedingly happy in the power of making verſes improviſo, either in their *old* or their *new* language: we were ſpeaking the other day of the famous epigram in Auſonius;

Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,
Hoc moriente fugis, hoc fugiente peris †.

Our equally noble and ingenious maſter of the houſe rendered it in Italian thus immediately:

Miſera Dido! fra i nuziali ardori,
L'un muore e fuggi—l'altro fuggi e mori.

This is more compreſſed and clever than that of Guarini *himſelf* I think,

Oh fortunata Dido!
Mal fornita d'amante e di marito,
Ti fu quel traditor, l'altro tradito;
Mori l'úno e fuggiſti,
Fuggi l'altro e moriſti.

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* Her ſtudies, manners, arts, to all proclaim
Fair Clelia's glory, and her ſex's ſhame.

† Two lords in vain unlucky Dido tries;
One dead, ſhe flies the land; one fled—ſhe dies.

Though this latter has been preſerved with many deſerved eulogiums from Creſcembini, and likewiſe by Mr. de Chevreau.

Could I clear my head of prejudice for ſuch talents as I find here, and my heart of partial regard, which is in reality but grateful friendſhip, juſtly due from me for ſo many favours received; could I forget that we are now once more in the ſtate of Venice, where every thing aſſumes an air of cheerfulneſs unknown to other places, I might perhaps perceive that the fair at Bergamo differs little from a fair in England, except that theſe cattle are whiter and ours larger. *How a ſcore of good ewes now?* as Maſter Shallow ſays; but I really did aſk the price of a pair of good ſtrong oxen for work, and heard it was ten zecchines; about half the price given at Blackwater, but ours are ſtouter, and capable of rougher ſervice. It is ſtrange to me where theſe creatures are kept all the reſt of the year, for except at fair time one very ſeldom ſees them, unleſs in actual employment of carting, ploughing, &c. Nothing is ſo little animated by the ſight of living creatures as an Italian proſpect. No ſheep upon their hills, no cattle grazing in their meadows, no water-fowl, ſwans, ducks, &c.

upon

upon their lakes; and when you leave Lombardy, no birds flying in the air, ſave only from time to time betwixt Florence and Bologna, a ſolitary kite ſoaring over the ſurly Appenines, and breaking the immenſe void which fatigues the eye; a ragged lad or wench too now and then leading a lean cow to pick among the hedges, has a melancholy appearance, the more ſo as it is always faſt held by a ſtring, and ſtruggles in vain to get looſe. Theſe however are only conſequences of luxuriant plenty, for where the farmer makes four harveſts of his graſs, and every other ſpeck of ground is profitably covered with grain, vines, &c. all poſſibility of open paſturage is precluded. Horſes too, ſo ornamental in an Engliſh landſcape, will never be ſeen looſe in an Italian one, as they are all *chevaux entiers*, and cannot be truſted in troops together as ours are, even if there was ground unincloſed for them to graze on, like the common lands in Great Britain. A nobleman's park is another object never to be ſeen or expected in a country, where people would really be deſerving much blame did they retain in their hands for mere amuſement ten or twelve miles circuit of earth, capable to produce two or three thouſand

pounds a-year profit to their families, beſide making many tenants rich and happy in the mean time. I will confeſs, however, that the abſence of all theſe *agrèmens* gives a flatneſs and uniformity to the views which we cannot complain of in England; but when Italians conſider the cauſe, they will have reaſon to be ſatisfied with the effect, eſpecially while vegetable nature flouriſhes in full perfection, while every ſtep cruſhes out perfume from the trodden herbs, and thoſe in the hedges diſpenſe with delightful liberality a fragrance that enchants one. Hops and pyracantha cover the ſides of every cottage; and the ſcent of truffles attracts, and the odour of melons gratifies one's nerves, when driving among the habitations of fertile Lombardy.

The old church here of mingled Gothic and Grecian architecture pleaſed me exceedingly, it ſends one back to old times ſo, and ſhews one the progreſs of *barbariſm*, rapid and gigantic in its ſtrides, to overturn, confound, and deſtroy what taſte was left in the world at the moment of its *onſet*. Here is a picture of the Iſraelites paſſing over the Red Sea, which Luca Giordano, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, ſeems to have taken pains with, a

rarity

rarity of courſe; and here are ſome ſingle figures of the prophets, heroes, and judges of the Old Teſtament, painted with prodigious ſpirit indeed, by Ciro Ferri. That which ſtruck me as moſt capital, was Gideon wringing the dew out of the fleece, full of character and glowing with expreſſion.

The theatre has fallen down, but they are building it up again with a nicety of proportion that will enſure it from falling any more. Italians cannot live without a theatre; they have erected a temporary one to ſerve during the fair time, and even that is beautiful. The Terzetto of charming Guglielmi was ſung laſt night; I liked it ſtill better than when we heard it performed by ſingers of more eſtabliſhed reputation at St. Carlo; but then I like every thing at Bergamo, till it comes to the thunder ſtorms, which are far more innoxious here than at Naples or in Tuſcany.

We could contemplate electricity from this fine hill yeſterday with great compoſure, being amuſed with her caprices and not endangered by her anger. There has however been a fierce tempeſt in the neighbourhood, which has greatly lowered the ſpirits of the farmer; and we have been told another tale, that lowers

mine much more as an Engliſhwoman, becauſe the people of this town complain of ſtrange failure in their accuſtomed orders for ſilk from England, and the foreigners make diſgraceful conjectures about our commerce, in conſequence of that failure.

Here is a report prevailing too, of King George III. being aſſaſſinated, which, though we all know to be falſe, fails not to produce much unpleaſing talk. Were the Londoners aware of the diffuſion of their newſpapers, and the ſtrange ideas taken up by foreigners about things which paſs by *us* like a day dream, I think more caution would be uſed, and characters leſs lightly hung up to infamy or ridicule, on which thoſe very prints mean not to beſtow ſo laſting or ſevere a puniſhment, as their ill word produces at a diſtance from home, whither the contradiction often miſſes though the report arrives, and miſchief, originally little intended, becomes the fatal conſequence of a joke. But it is time to return to

MILAN,

MILAN,

WHENCE I went for my very firſt airing to Caſa Simonetti, in ſearch of the echo ſo celebrated by my country-folks and fellow-travellers, but did not find all that has been ſaid of it ſtrictly true. It certainly does repeat a ſingle ſound more than ſeventy times, but has no power to give back by reverberation a whole ſentence. I have met too with another petty mortification; having been taught by Cave to expect, that in our Ambroſian library here at Milan, there was a MS. of Boethius preſerved relative to his condemnation, and confeſſing his deſign of ſubverting the Gothic government in Lombardy. I therefore prevailed on Canonico Palazzi, a learned old eccleſiaſtic, to go with me and beg a ſight of it. The præfect politely promiſed indulgence, but referred me to a future day; and when we returned again at the time appointed, ſhewed me only Pere Mabillon's book, in which we read that it is to be found no

where but at Florence, in the library of Lorenzo de Medicis. We were however ſhewn ſome curioſities to compenſate our trouble, particularly the ſkeleton of the lady mentioned by Dr. Moore and Lady Millar with ſome contempt. This is the copy of her inſcription:

ÆGROTANTIUM
SANITATI
MORTUORUM
INSPECTIONE
VIVENTES
PROSPICERE
POSSINT
HUNC
ΣΚΕΛΕΤΟΝ
P.

A MS. of the Conſolations of Philoſophy, very finely written in the tenth century, and kept in elegant preſervation;—a private common-place of Leonardo da Vinci never ſhewn, full of private memoirs, caricaturas, hints for pictures, ſketches, remarks, &c.; it is invaluable. But there is another treaſure in this town, the præfect tells me, by the ſame inimitable maſter, no other than an alphabet, pater noſter, &c. written out by himſelf for the uſe of his own little babies, and ornament-

ed

ed with vignettes, &c. to tempt them to ſtudy it. I ſhall not ſee it however, as Conte Trivulci is out of town, to whom it belongs. I have not neglected to go ſee the monument erected to one of his family, with the famous inſcription,

Hic quieſcit qui nunquam quievit;

preſerved by father Bouhours. The ſame day ſhewed me the remains of a temple to Hercules, with many of the fine old pillars ſtill ſtanding. They are ſoon to be taken down we hear for the purpoſe of widening the ſtreet, as Carfax was at Oxford.

My hunger after a journey to Pavia is much abated; ſince profeſſor Villa, whoſe erudition is well known, and whoſe works do him ſo much honour, informed me that the inſcription ſaid by Pere Mabillon ſtill to ſubſiſt in praiſe of Boethius, is long ſince periſhed by time; nor do they now ſhew the brick tower in which it is ſaid he was confined while he wrote his Conſolations of Philoſophy: for the tower is fallen to the ground, and ſo is the report, every body being now perſuaded that they were compoſed in a ſtrong place then ſtanding upon the ſpot called Calventianus

Ager, from the name of a noble houſe to which it had belonged for ages, and which I am told Cicero mentions as a family half Placentian, half Milaneze. The field ſtill goes by the name of *Il Campo Calvenziano*; but, as it now belongs to people careleſs of remote events, however intereſting to literature, is not adorned by any obeliſk, or other mark, to denote its paſt importance, in having been once the ſcene of ſufferings glorioufly endured by the moſt zealous chriſtian, the moſt ſteady patriot, and the moſt refined philoſopher of the age in which he lived.

I have ſeen a fine MS. of the Conſolations copied in the tenth century, not only legible but beautiful; and I have been aſſured that the hymns written by his firſt wife Elpis, who, though ſhe brought him no children, as Bertius ſays, was yet *fida curarum, et ſtudiorum ſocia* *, are ſtill ſung in the Romiſh churches at Breſcia and Bergamo, ſomewhat altered from the ſtate we find them in at the end of Cominus's edition of the Conſolations.

Tradition too, I find, agrees with Procopius in telling that this widow of Boethius,

* Faithful to his cares, and companionable in his ſtudies.

Ruſticiana,

Ruſticiana, daughter of Symmachus, ſpent all the little money ſhe had left in hiring people to throw down in the night all the ſtatues ſet up in Rome to the honour of Theodoric, who had ſentenced her huſband to a death ſo dreadful, that it gave occaſion to many fabulous tales reported by Martin Rota as miraculous truths. His bones, gathered up as relics by Otho III. were placed in a chapel dedicated to St. Auſtin in St. Peter's church at Pavia four hundred and ſeventy-two years after his death, with an epitaph preſerved by Pere Mabillon, but now no longer legible.

We are now cutting hay here for the laſt time this ſeaſon, and all the environs ſmell like ſpring on this 15th September 1786. The autumnal tint, however, falls faſt upon the trees, which are already rich with a deep yellow hue. A wintery feel upon the atmoſphere early in a morning, heavy fogs about noon, and a hollow wind towards the approach of night, make it look like the very laſt week of October in England, and warn us that ſummer is going. The ſame circumſtances prompt me, who am about to forſake this her favourite region, to provide furs, flannels, &c. for the paſſing of thoſe Alps

which

which look ſo formidable when covered with ſnow even at their preſent diſtance. Our ſwallows are calling their clamorous council round me while I write; but the butterflies ſtill flutter about in the middle of the day, and grapes are growing more wholeſome as with us when the mornings begin to be froſty. Our deſerts, however, do not remind us of Tuſcany: the cherries here are not particularly fine, and the peaches all part from the ſtone—miſerable things! an Engliſh gardener would not ſend them to table: the figs too were infinitely finer at Leghorn, and nectarines have I never ſeen at all.

Well, here is the opera begun again; ſome merry wag, Abate Caſti I think, has accommodated and adapted the old ſtory of king Theodore to put in ridicule the preſent king of Sweden, who is hated of the emperor for ſome political reaſons I forget what, and he of courſe patroniſes the jeſter. Our honeſt Lombards, however, take no delight in mimicry, and feel more diſguſt than pleaſure when ſimplicity is inſulted, or diſtreſs made more corroſive by the bitterneſs of a ſcoffing ſpirit. I have tried to ſee whether they would laugh at any oddity in their neigh-

neighbour's manner, but never could catch any, except perhaps now and then a ſly Roman who had a liking for it. "I ſee nothing abſurd about the man," ſays one gentleman; "every body may have ſome peculiarity, and moſt people have; but ſuch things make me no ſport: let us, when we have a mind to laugh, go and laugh at Punchinello."—From ſuch critics, therefore, the king of Sweden is ſafe enough, as they have not yet acquired the taſte of hunting down royalty, and crowing with infantine malice, when poſſeſſed of the mean hope that they are able to pinch a noble heart. This old-faſhioned country, which deteſts the ſight of ſuffering majeſty, hiſſes off its theatre a performance calculated to divert them at the expence of a ſovereign prince, whoſe character is clear from blame, and whoſe perſonal weakneſſes are protected by his birth and merit; while it is to his open, free, and politely generous behaviour alone, they owe the knowledge that he *has* ſuch foibles. Paiſiello, therefore, cannot drive it down by his beſt muſic, though the poor king of Sweden is a Lutheran too, and if any thing would make them hate him, *that* would.

One

One vice, however, ſometimes prevents the commiſſion of another, and that ſame prevailing idea which prompts theſe prejudiced Romaniſts to conclude him doomed to laſting torments who dares differ from them, though in points of no real importance, inſpires them at the ſame time with ſuch compaſſion for his ſuppoſed ſtate of predeſtinated puniſhment, that they rather incline to defend him from further miſery, and kindly forbear to heap ridicule in this world upon a perſon who is ſure to ſuffer eternal damnation in the other.

How melancholy that people who poſſeſs ſuch hearts ſhould have the head thus perverſely turned! I can attribute it but to one cauſe; their ſtrange neglect and forbearance to read and ſtudy God's holy word: for not a very few of them have I found who ſeem to diſbelieve the Old Teſtament entirely, yet remain ſteadily and ſtrenuouſly attached to the precedence their church claims over every other; and who ſhall wonder if ſuch a combination of bigotry with ſcepticiſm ſhould produce an evaporation of what little is left of popery from the world, as emetics triturated with opium are ſaid to produce a ſudoriſic powder which no earthly conſtitution can reſiſt?

But the Spaniſh grandee, who not only entertained but aſtoniſhed us all one night with his converſation at Quirini's Caſino at Venice, is arrived here at Milan, and plays upon the violin. He challenged acquaintance with us in the ſtreet, half invited himſelf to our private concert laſt night, and did us the honour to perform there, with the ſkill of a profeſſor, the eager deſire of a dilletante, and the tediouſneſs of a ſolitary ſtudent; he continued to amaze, delight, and fatigue us for four long hours together. He is a man of prodigious talents, and replete with variety of knowledge. A new dance has been tried at here too, but was not well received, though it repreſents the terrible ſtory which, under Madame de Genlis' pen, had ſuch uncommon ſucceſs among the reading world, and is called *La ſepolta viva*; but as the ducheſs Girafalco, whoſe misfortune it commemorates, is ſtill alive, the pantomime will probably be ſuppreſſed: for ſhe has relations at Milan it ſeems, and one lady diſtinguiſhed for elegance of form, and charms of voice and manner, told me yeſterday with equal ſweetneſs, ſpirit, and propriety, that though the king of Naples ſent his ſoldiers to free her aunt from that horrible

horrible dungeon where ſhe had been nine years confined, yet if her miſeries were to become the ſubject of ſtage repreſentation, ſhe could hardly be pronounced happy, or even at eaſe. Truth is, I would be loath to ſee the ſpirit of producing every one's private affairs, true or falſe, before the public eye, ſpread into *this* country: No! let that humour be confined to Great Britain, where the thouſand real advantages reſulting from living in a free ſtate, richly compenſate for the violations of delicacy annexed to it; and where the laws do protect, though the individuals inſult one: but *here*, why the people would be miſerable indeed, if to the oppreſſion which may any hour be exerciſed over them by their prince, were likewiſe to be added the liberties taken perpetually in London by one's next door neighbour, of tearing forth every tranſaction, and publiſhing even every conjecture to one's diſadvantage.

With theſe reflections, and many others, excited by gratitude to private friends, and general admiration of a country ſo juſtly eſteemed, we ſhall ſoon take our leave of Milan, famed for her truly hoſpitable diſpoſition; a temper of mind ſometimes abuſed by travellers

travellers perhaps, whose birth and pretensions are seldom or ever inquired into, whilst no people are more careful of keeping their rank inviolate by never conversing on equal terms with a countryman or woman of their own, who cannot produce a proper length of ancestry.

I will not leave them though, without another word or two about their language, which, though it sounded strangely coarse and broad to be sure, as we returned home from Florence, Rome, and Venice, I felt sincerely glad to hear again; and have some notion by their way of pronouncing *bicchiere*, a word used here to express every thing that holds water, that our *pitcher* was probably derived from it; and the Abate Divecchio, a polite scholar, and an uncommonly agreeable companion, seemed to think so too. His knowledge of the English language, joined to the singular power he has over his own elegant Tuscan tongue, made me torment him with a variety of inquiries about these confusing dialects, which leave me at last little chance to understand any, whilst a child is called *bambino* at Florence, *putto* at Venice, *schiatto* at Bergamo, and *creatura* at Rome;

and at Milan they call a wench *tosa:* an apron is *grembiule* at Florence I think, *traversa* at Venice, *bigarrol* at Brescia and some other parts of Lombardy, *senale* at Rome, and at Milan *scozzà*. A foreigner may well be distracted by varieties so striking; but the turn and idiom differ ten times more still, and I love to hear our Milanese call an oak *robur* rather than *quercia* somehow, and tell a lady when dressed in white, that she is *tutto in albedine*.

On Friday the 22d of September then we left Milan, and I dropt a tear or two in remembrance of the many civilities shewn by our kind and partial companions. The Abate Bianconi made me wild to go to Dresden, and enjoy the Correggios now moved from Modena to that gallery. I find he thinks the old Romans pronounced Cicero and Cæsar as the moderns do, and many English scholars are of the same mind; but here are coins dug up now out of the Veronese mountain with the word Carolus, spelt *Karrulus*, upon them quite plain; and Christus was spelt *Kristus* in Vespasian's time it is certain, because of the player's monument at Rome.—Dr. Johnson, I remember, was always steady

to that opinion; but it is time to leave all this, and rejoice in my third arrival at gay, cheerful, charming

VERONA,

WHITHER ſome ſweet leave-taking verſes have followed us, written by the facetious Abate Ravaſi, a native of Rome, but for many years an inhabitant of Milan. His agreeable ſonnet, every line ending with *tutto*, being upon a ſubject of general importance, would ſerve as a better ſpecimen of his abilities than lines dictated only by partial friendſhip;—but I hear *that* is already circulated about the world, and printed in one of our magazines; to them let him truſt his fame, they will pay my juſt debts.

We have now ſeen this enchanting ſpot in ſpring, ſummer, and autumn; nor could winter's ſelf render it undelightful, while uniting every charm, and gratifying every ſenſe. Greek and Roman antiquities ſalute one at the gates; Gothic remains render each place of worſhip venerable: Nature in her

holiday dreſs decks the environs, and ſociety animates with intellectual fire the amiable inhabitants. Oh! were I to live here long, I ſhould not only excuſe, but applaud the Scaligers for ſtraining probability, and neglecting higher praiſe, only to claim kindred with the Scalas of Verona. Improviſation at this place pleaſes me far better than it did in Tuſcany. Our truly-learned Abate Lorenzi aſtoniſhes all who hear him, by *repeating*, not *ſinging*, a ſeries of admirably juſt and well-digeſted thoughts, which he, and he alone, poſſeſſes the power of arranging ſuddenly as if by magic, and methodically as if by ſtudy, to rhymes the moſt melodious, and moſt varied; while the Abbé Bertola, of the univerſity at Pavia, gives one pleaſure by the ſame talent in a manner totally different, ſinging his unpremeditated ſtrains to the accompaniment of a harpſichord, round which ſtand a little chorus of friends, who interpolate from time to time two lines of a well-known ſong, to which he pleaſingly adapts his compoſitions, and goes on gracing the barren ſubject, and adorning it with every poſſible decoration of wit, and every deſirable elegance of ſentiment. Nothing can ſurely ſurpaſs the happy promp-

titude of his expreſſion, unleſs it is the brilliancy of his genius.

We were in a large company laſt night, where a beautiful woman of quality came in dreſſed according to the preſent taſte, with a gauze head-dreſs, adjuſted turbanwiſe, and a heron's feather; the neck wholly bare. Abate Bertola bid me look at her, and, recollecting himſelf a moment, made this Epigram improviſo:

Volto e Crin hai di Sultana,
Perchè mai mi vien diſdetto,
Sodducente Muſſulmana
Di gittarti il *Fazzoletto?*

of which I can give no better imitation than the following:

While turban'd head and plumage high
A Sultaneſs proclaims my Cloe;
Thus tempted, tho' no Turk, I'll try
The handkerchief you ſcorn—to throw ye.

This is however a weak ſpecimen of his powers, whoſe charming fables have ſo completely, in my mind, ſurpaſſed all that has ever been written in that way ſince La Fontaine. I am ſtrongly tempted to give one little ſtory out of his pretty book.

Una lucertoletta
Diceva al cocodrillo,
Oh quanto mi diletta
Di veder finalmente
Un della mia famiglia
Si grande e si potente!
Ho fatto mille miglia
Per venirvi a vedere,
Mentre tra noi si ſerba
Di voi memoria viva;
Benche fuggiam tra l'erba
E il ſaſſoſo ſentiero:
In ſen però non langue
L'onor del priſco ſangue.
L'anfibio rè dormiva
A queſti complimenti,
Pur ſugli ultimi accenti
Dal ſonno ſe riſcoſſe
E dimandò chi foſſe?
La parentela antica,
Il viaggio, la fatica,
Quella torno a dire,
Ed ei torne a dormire.
Laſcia i grandi ed i potenti,
A ſognar per parenti;
Puoi corteſi ſtimarli
Se dormon mentre parli.

Walking full many a weary mile
The lizard met the crocodile;

And

And thus began—how fat, how fair,
How finely guarded, Sir, you are!
'Tis really charming thus to ſee
One's kindred in proſperity.
I've travell'd far to find your coaſt,
But ſure the labour was not loſt:
For you muſt think we don't forget
Our loving couſin now ſo great;
And tho' our humble habitations
Are ſuch as ſuit our ſlender ſtations,
The honour of the lizard blood
Was never better underſtood.

Th' amphibious prince, who ſlept content,
Ne'er liſtening to her compliment,
At this expreſſion rais'd his head,
And—Pray who are you? cooly ſaid;
The little creature now renew'd
Her hiſtory of toils ſubdu'd,
Her zeal to ſee her couſin's face,
The glory of her ancient race;
But looking nearer, found my lord
Was faſt aſleep again—and ſnor'd.

Ne'er preſs upon a rich relation
Rais'd to the ranks of higher ſtation;
Or if you will diſturb your coz,
Be happy that he does but doze.

But I will not be ſeduced by the pleaſure of praiſing my ſweet friends at Verona, to lengthen this chapter with further panegyrics

upon a place I leave with the trueſt tenderneſs, and with the ſincereſt regret; while the correſpondence I hope long to maintain with the charming Conteſſa Moſconi, muſt compenſate all it can for the loſs of her agreeable Coterie, where my moſt delightful evenings have been ſpent; where ſo many topics of Engliſh literature have been diſcuſſed; where Lorenzi read Taſſo to us of an afternoon, Bertola made verſes, and the cavalier Pindemonte converſed; where the three Graces, as they are called, joined their ſweet voices to ſing when ſatiety of pleaſure made us change our mode of being happy, and kept one from wiſhing ever to hear any thing elſe; while counteſs Carminati ſung Bianchi's duets with the only tenor fit to accompany a voice ſo touching, and a taſte ſo refined. *Verona! qui te viderit, et non amarit*, ſays ſome old writer, I forget who, *protinus amor perditiſſimo; is credo ſe ipſum non amat**. Indeed I never ſaw people live ſo pleaſingly together as theſe do; the women apparently delighting in each other's company, without mean rivalry,

* Whoever ſees thee without being ſmitten with extraordinary paſſion, muſt, I think, be incapable of loving even himſelf.

or envy of thoſe accompliſhments which are commonly beſtowed by heaven with diverſity enough for all to have their ſhare. The world ſurely affords room for every body's talents, would every body that poſſeſſed them but think ſo; and were malice and affectation once completely baniſhed from cultivated ſociety, *Verona* might be found in many places perhaps; ſhe is now confined, I think, to the ſweet ſtate of *Venice*.

JOURNEY

THROUGH

TRENT, INSPRUCK, MUNICK, AND SALTZSBURG, TO VIENNA.

THE Tyroleſe Alps are not as beautiful as thoſe of Savoy, though the river that runs between them is wider too; but that very circumſtance takes from the horror which conſtitutes beauty in a rocky country, while a navigable ſtream and the paſſage of large floats convey ideas of commerce and ſocial life, leaving little room for the ſolitary fancies produced, and the ſtrokes of ſublimity indelibly impreſſed, by the mountains of La Haute Morienne. The ſight of a town where all

all the theological learning of Europe was once concentred, affords however much ground of mental amuſement; while the ſight of two nations, not naturally congenial, living happily together, as the Germans and Italians here do, is pleaſing to all.

We ſaw the apartments of the Prince Biſhop, but found few things worth remarking, except that in the pictures of Carlo Loti there is a ſhade of the Flemiſh ſchool to be diſcerned, which was pretty as we are now hard upon the confines. Our ſovereign here keeps his little menagerie in a mighty elegant ſtyle: the animals poſſeſs an inſulated rock, ſurrounded by the Adige, and planted with every thing that can pleaſe them beſt; the wild, or more properly the predatory creatures, are confined, but in very ſpacious apartments; with each a handſome outlet for amuſement: while ſuch as are granivorous rove at pleaſure over their domain, to which their maſter often comes in ſummer to eat ice at a banquetting houſe erected for him in the middle, whence a proſpect of a peculiar nature is enjoyed; great beauty, much variety, and a very limited horizon, like ſome of the views about Bath.

At

At the death of one prince another is chosen, and government carried on as at Rome in miniature. We staid here two nights and one day, thought perpetually of Matlock and Ivy Bridge, and saw some rarities belonging to a man who shewed us a picture of our Saviour's circumcision, and told us it was *San Simeone*, a baby who having gone through many strange operations and torments among some Jews who stole him from his parents, as the story goes here at Trent, they murdered him at last, and he became a saint and a martyr, to whom much devotion is paid at this place, though I fancy he was never heard of any where else.

The river soon after we left Trent contracted to a rapid and narrow torrent, such as dashes at the foot of the Alps in Savoy; the rocks grew more pointed, and the prospects gained in sublimity at every step; though the neatness of the culture, and quantity of vines, with the variegated colouring of the woods, continued to excite images more soft than formidable, less solemn than lovely. The barberry bushes bind every mountain round the middle as with a scarlet sash, and when

we

we looked down upon them from a houſe ſituated as if in the place which the Frenchman ſeemed to have a notion of, when he thought the aerian travellers were gone *au lieu ou les vents ſe forment*, they looked wonderfully pretty. The cleanlineſs and comfort with which we are now lodged at every inn, evince our diſtance from France however, and even from Italy, where low cielings, clean windows, and warm rooms, are deemed pernicious to health, and deſtructive of true delight. Here however we find ourſelves cruelly diſtreſſed for want of language, and muſt therefore depend on our eyes only, not our ears, for information concerning the golden houſe, or more properly the golden roof, long known to ſubſiſt at Inſpruck. The ſtory, as well as I can gather it, is this: That ſome man was reproached with ſpending more than he could afford, till ſome of his neighbours cried out, "Why he'll roof his houſe with gold ſoon, but who ſhall pay the expence?"—"*I* will;" quoth the piqued German, and actually did gild his tiles. My heart tells me however, though my memory will not call up the particulars, that I have heard a tale very like this before now; but one is always liſtening to the

ſame

ſame ſtories I think: At Rome, when they ſhew a fine head lightly ſketched by Michael Angelo, they inform you how he left it on Raphael's wall, after the manner of Apelles and Protogenes; it is called Teſta di Ciambellaro, becauſe he came diſguiſed as a ſeller of *ciambelle*, or little biſcuits, while Raphael's ſcholars were painting at the Farneſini. At Milan, when they point out to you the extraordinary architecture of the church *detto il Giardino*, the roof of which is ſupported by geometrical dependance of one part upon another, without columns or piers, they tell how the architect ran away the moment it was finiſhed, for fear its ſudden fall might diſgrace him. This tale was very familiar to me, I had heard it long ago related of a Welch bridge; but it is better only ſay what is true.

This is a ſweetly ſituated town, and a rapid ſtream runs through it as at Trent; and it is no ſmall comfort to find one's ſelf once more waited on by clean looking females, who make your bed, ſweep your room, &c. while the pewters in the little neat kitchens, as one paſſes through, amaze me with their brightneſs,

neſs, that I feel as if in a new world, it is ſo long ſince I have ſeen any metal but gold unencruſted by naſtineſs, and gold *will* not be dirty.

The clumſy churches here are more violently crowded with ornaments than I have found them yet; and for one crucifix or Madonna to be met with on Italian roads, here are at leaſt forty; an ill carved and worſe painted figure of a bleeding Saviour, large as life, meets one at every turn; and I feel glad when the odd devotion of the inhabitants hangs a clean ſhirt or laced waiſtcoat over it, or both. Another cuſtom they have wholly new to me, that of keeping the real ſkeletons of their old nobles, or ſaints, or any one for whom they have peculiar veneration, male or female, in a large clean glaſs box or cryſtal caſe, placed horizontally, and dreſſed in fine ſcarlet and gold robes, the poor naked ſkull crowned with a coronet, and the feet peeping out below the petticoats. Theſe melancholy objects adorn all their places of worſhip, being ſet on brackets by the wall inſide, and remind me ſtrangely of our old ballad of Death and the Lady;

Fair lady, lay your coſtly robes aſide, &c.

No

No body ever mentions that Inſpruck is ſubject to fires, and I wonder at it, as the roofs are all wood cut tile-ways, and heavily penſile, like our barns in England, for the ſnow to roll off the eaſier.

Well! we are far removed indeed from Italian architecture, Italian ſculpture, and Italian manners; but here are twenty-eight old kings, or keyſers, as our German friends call them, large as life, and of good ſolid bronze, curiouſly worked to imitate lace, embroidery, &c. ſtanding in two rows, very extraordinarily, up one of their churches. I have not ſeen more frowning viſages or finer dreſſes for a long time; and here is a warm feel as one paſſes by the houſes, even in the ſtreet, from the heat of the ſtoves, which moſt ingeniouſly conceal from one's view that moſt cheerful of all ſights in cold weather, a good fire. This ſeems a very unneceſſary device, and the heated porcelain is apt to make one's head ache beſide; all for the ſake of this cunning contrivance, to make one enjoy the effect of fire without ſeeing the cauſe.

The women that run about the town, mean time, take the neareſt way to be warm, wrapping

ping themſelves up in cloth clothes, like ſo many fiſhermen at the mouth of the Humber, and wear a ſort of rug cap groſsly unbecoming. But too great an attention to convenience diſguſts as ſurely as too little; and while a Venetian wench apparently ſeeks only to captivate the contrary ſex, theſe German girls as plainly proclaim their reſolution not to ſacrifice a grain of perſonal comfort for the pleaſure of pleaſing all the men alive.

How truly hateful are extremes of every thing each day's experience convinces; from ſuperſtition and infidelity, down to the Fribble and the Brute, one's heart abhors the folly of reverſing wrong to look for right, which lives only in the middle way; and Solomon, the wiſeſt man of any age or nation, places the ſovereign good in mediocrity of every thing, moral, political, and religious.

With this good axiom of *nequid nimis* * in our mouths and minds, we ſhould not perhaps have driven ſo very hard; but a leſs effort would have detained us longer from the fineſt object I almoſt ever ſaw; the ſun riſing between ſix and ſeven o'clock upon the plains of Munich, and diſcovering to our ſoothed

* Nothing too much.

ſight a lovely champain country, ſuch as might be called a flat I fear, by thoſe who were not like us accuſtomed to a hilly one; but after four-and-twenty hours paſſed among the Alps, I feel ſincerely rejoiced to quit the clouds and get upon a level with human creatures, leaving the goats and chamois to delight as they do in bounding from rock to rock, with an agility that amazes one.

Our weather continuing particularly fine, it was curious to watch one pictureſque beauty changing for another as we drove along; for no ſooner were the rich vineyards and ſmall incloſures left behind, than large paſture lands filled with feeding or repoſing cattle, cows, oxen, horſes, fifty in a field perhaps, preſented to our eyes an object they had not contemplated for two years before, and revived ideas of England, which had long lain buried under Italian fertility.

Inſtead of lying down to reſt, having heard we had friends at the ſame inn, we ran with them to ſee the picture gallery, more for the ſake of doing again what we had once done before at Paris with the ſame agreeable company, than with any hope of entertainment, which

which however upon trial was found by no means deficient. Had there been no more than the glow of colouring which reſults from the ſight of ſo many Flemiſh pictures at once, it muſt have ſtruck one forcibly; but the murder of the Innocents by Rubens, a great performance, gave me an opportunity of obſerving the different ways by which that great maſter, Guido Rheni, and Le Brun, lay hold of the human heart. The difference does not however appear to me inſpired at all by what we term national character; for the inhabitants of Germany are reckoned ſlow to anger, and of phlegmatic diſpoſitions, while a Frenchman is accounted light and airy in his ideas, an Italian fiery and revengeful. Yet Rubens's principal figure follows the ruffian who has ſeized her child, and with a countenance at once exciting and expreſſive of horror, endeavours, and almoſt arrives at tearing both his eyes out. One actually ſees the fellow ſtruggling between his efforts to hold the infant faſt, and yet rid himſelf of the mother, while blood and anguiſh apparently follow the impreſſion her nails are making in the tendereſt parts of his face. Guido, on the contrary, in one of the churches at Bologna, ex-

hibits a beautiful young creature of no mean rank, elegant in her affliction, and lovely in her diſtreſs, ſitting with folded arms upon the fore-ground, contemplating the cold corpſe of her murdered baby; his nurſe wringing her hands beſide them, while crowds of diſtracted parents fill the perſpective, and the executioners themſelves appear to pay unwilling obedience to their inhuman king, who is ſeen animating them himſelf from the top of a diſtant tower.—Le Brun mean time, with more imagination and ſublimity than either, makes even brute animals ſeem ſenſible, and ſhudder at a ſcene ſo dreadful; while the very horſes who ſhould bear the cruel prince over the theatre of his crimes, ſnort and tremble, and turning away with uncontrollable fury, refuſe by trampling in their blood to violate ſuch injured innocence!—Enough of this.

The patient German is ſeen in all they ſhew us, from the painting of Brughuel to the muſic of Haydn. A friend here who ſpeaks good Italian ſhewed us a collection of rarities, among which was a picture formed of butterflies wings; and a ſet of boxes one within another, till my eyes were tired with trying to diſcern, and the patience of my companions

was

was wearied with counting them, when the number paſſed ſeventy-three: this amuſement has at leaſt the grace of novelty to recommend it. I had not formed to myſelf an idea of ſuch unmeaning, ſuch taſteleſs, yet truly elaborate nicety of workmanſhip, as may be found in the Elector's chapel, where every relic repoſes in ſome frame, enamelled and adorned with a minuteneſs of attention and delicacy of manual operation that aſtoniſhes. The prodigious quantity of theſe gold or ivory figures, finiſhed ſo as to require a man's whole life to each of them, are of immenſe value in their way at leaſt, and fill one's mind with a ſort of petty and frivolous wonder totally unexperienced till now, bringing to one's recollection every hour Pope's famous line—

Lo! what huge heaps of littleneſs around!

The contraſt between this chapel and Cappella Borgheſe never left my fancy for a moment: but if the coſt of theſe curious trifles cauſed my continued ſurpriſe, how was that ſurpriſe increaſed by obſerving the bedchamber of the Elector; where they told us that no leſs than one hundred thouſand

pounds ſterling were buried under loads of gold tiſſue, red velvet, and old-faſhioned carved work, without the merit even of an attempt towards elegance or taſte?

Nimphenbourg palace and gardens reminded me of Engliſh gardening forty years ago, while—

> Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform juſt reflects the other.

I do think I can recollect going with my parents and friends to ſee Lord Royſton's ſeat at Wreſt, when we lived in Hertfordſhire, in the year 1750; and it was juſt ſuch a place as Nimphenbourg is at this day. Now for ſome juſt praiſe: every thing is kept ſo neat here, ſo clean, ſo ſweet, ſo comfortably nice, that it is a real pleaſure ſomehow either to go out in this town or ſtay at home: the public baths are delicious; the private rooms with boarded floors, all ſwept, and bruſhed, and duſted, that not a cobweb can be ſeen in Munich, except one kept for a rarity, with the Virgin and Child worked in it, and wrought to ſuch an unrivalled pitch of delicate fineneſs, that till we held it up to the light no naked

eye

eye could diſcern the figures it contained, till a microſcope ſoon diſcovered the ſkill and patience requiſite to its production;—great pains indeed, and little effect! We have left the country where things were exactly the reverſe,—great effect, and little pains! But it is the ſame in every thing.

The women's ſcrupulous attention to keep their perſons clear from dirt, makes their faces look doubly fair; their complexions have quite a luſtre upon them, like ſome of our wenches in the Weſt of England, whoſe tranſparent ſkins ſhew, by the motion of the blood beneath, an illuminated countenance that ſtands in the place of eye-language, and betrays the ſentiments of the innocent heart with uncontrolable ſincerity. Theſe girls however will not be found to attract or retain lovers, like an Italian, whoſe black eyes and white teeth (though their poſſeſſor thinks no more of cleaning the laſt-named beauty than the firſt) tell her mind clearly, and with little pains again produce certain and ſtrong effect. Our ſtiff gold-ſtuff cap here too, as round, as hard, and as heavy as an old Japan China baſon, and not very unlike one, is by no

means favourable to the face, as it is clapped close round the head, the hair combed all smooth out of sight, and a plaited border of lace to it made firm with double-sprigged wire; giving its wearer all the hardness and prim look of a Quaker, without that idea of simplicity which in their dress compensates for the absence of every ornament.

The gentlemen's *maniere de s'ajuster* is to me equally striking: an old nobleman who takes delight in shewing us the glories of his little court (where I have a notion he himself holds some honourable office) came to dine with us yesterday in a dressed coat of fine, clean, white broad-cloth, laced all down with gold, and lined with crimson sattin, of which likewise the waistcoat was made, and laced about with a narrower lace, but pretty broad too; so that I thought I saw the very coat my father went in to the old king's birth-day five and thirty years ago. There is more statelineſs too and ceremonious manners in the conversation of this gentleman, and the friends he introduced us to, than I have of late been accustomed to; and they fatigue one with long, dry, uninteresting narratives. The inn-

keepers

keepers are honeſt, but inflexible; the ſervants ſilent and ſullen; the poſtillions ſlow and inattentive; and every thing exhibits the reverſe of what we have left behind.

The treaſures of this little Elector are prodigious, his jewels ſuperb; the Electreſs's pearls are ſuperior in ſize and regularity to thoſe at Loretto, but that diſtinguiſhed by the name of the "Pearl of the Palatinate" is ſurely incomparable, and, as ſuch, always carried to the election of a new Emperor, when each brings his fineſt poſſeſſion in his hand, like the Princeſs of Babylon's wooers,—which was perhaps meant by Voltaire as a joke upon the cuſtom. This pearl is about the bigneſs and ſhape of a very fine filberd, the upper part or cap of it jet black, ſmooth and perfectly beautiful; *it is unique in the known world.*

Our Prince's dinner here is announced by the ſound of drums and trumpets, and he has always a concert playing while he dines: pomp is at this place indeed ſo artfully ſubſtituted inſtead of general conſequence, that while one remains here one ſcarcely feels aware how little any one but his own courtiers can be thinking about the Elector of Bavaria;

Bavaria; but ceremony is of moſt uſe where there is leaſt importance, and glitter beſt hides the want of ſolidity.

From Munich to Saltzbourg nothing can exceed the beauties of the country; whole woods, and we may ſay foreſts, of evergreen timber, keep all idea of winter kindly at a diſtance: the road lies through theſe elegantly-varied thickets, which ſometimes are formed of cedars, often of foxtailed pines, while a pale larch ſometimes, and gloomy cypreſs, hinder the verdure from being too monotonous; here are likewiſe mingled among them ſome oak and beech of a majeſtic ſize. Nor do our proſpects want that dignity which mountains alone can beſtow; thoſe which ſeparate Bavaria from Hungary are high, and of conſiderable extent; a long range they are of bulky fortifications, behind which I am informed the country is far coarſer than here.

The cathedral at Saltzbourg is modern, built upon the model of St. Peter's at Rome, but on a ſmall ſcale: one now ſees how few the defects are of that aſtoniſhing pile, though brought cloſe to one's eye, by being ſtript of the

the awful magnitude that kept examination at a diſtance. The muſical bells remind me of thoſe at Bath, and every thing here ſeems, as at Bath, the work of this preſent century; but there is a Benedictine convent ſeated on the top of a hill above the town, of exceeding antiquity, founded before the conqueſt of England by William the Norman; under which lie its founder and protectors, the old Dukes of Bavaria; which they are happy to ſhew travellers, with the regiſtered account of their young Prince *Adam*, who came over to our iſland with William, and gained a ſettlement: they were pleaſed when I proved to them, that his blood was not yet wholly extinct among us.

A fever hindered us here from looking at the ſalt-works, from which the city takes its name: but the water-works at Heelbrun pleaſed us for a moment; and I never ſaw beavers live ſo happily as with the Archbiſhop of Saltzbourg, who ſuffers, and even encourages, his tame ones to dig, and build, and amuſe themſelves their own way: he has fiſh too which eat out of his hand, and are not carp, but I do not know what they are; my

my want of language diſtracts me. Theſe German ſtreams appear to us particularly pellucid, and, by what I can gather from the people, this water never freezes. The taſte of gardening ſeems juſt what ours was in England before Stowe was planned, and they divert you now with puppets moved by concealed machinery, as I recollect their doing at places round London, called the Spaniard at Hampſtead and Don Saltero's at Chelſea.

The Prince Archbiſhop's income is from three to four hundred thouſand a year I underſtand, and he ſpends it among his ſubjects, who half adore him. His chief delight is in brute animals they tell me, particularly horſes, which engroſs ſo much of his attention that he keeps one hundred and ſeventeen for his own private and perſonal uſe, of various merits, beauties, and pedigrees; never ſurely was ſo elegant, ſo capital a ſtud! And he is ſingularly fond of a breed of fine ſilky-haired Engliſh ſetting-dogs, red and white, and very high upon their legs.

The country which carried us forward to Vienna is eminently fine, and fine in a way that is now once more grown new to me; no hedges here, no ſmall incloſures at all; but rich

rich land, lying like as in Dorſetſhire, divided into arable and paſture grounds, clumped about with woods of evergreen. Such is the genius of this ſovereign for Engliſh manners and Engliſh agriculture, that no converſation is ſaid to be more welcome at his court than what relates to the ſports or profits of the field in Britain; to which accounts he liſtens with good-humoured earneſtneſs, and talks of a fine ſcenting day with the true taſte of an Engliſh country gentleman.

On this day I firſt ſaw the Danube at Lintz, where, though but juſt burſt from the ſpring, it is already ſo deep and ſtrong that ſcarcely any wooden bridge is capable to reſiſt it, and accordingly it did a few months ago overwhelm many cottages and fields, among which we paſſed. The inhabitants here call it *Donaw* from its ſwiftneſs; and it deſerves beſide, any name expreſſive of that ſingular purity which diſtinguiſhes the German torrents.

The rivers of France, Italy, and England, give one no idea of that elemental perfection found in the fluids here; not a pebble, not a fiſh in theſe tranſlucent ſtreams, but may be diſcerned to a depth of twelve feet. As the

water in Germany, ſo is the atmoſphere in Italy, a medium ſo little obſtructed by vapour I remember, that Veſuvius looked as near to Naples, from our window, as does lord Liſburne's park from the little town of Exmouth oppoſite, a diſtance of about five miles I believe, and the other is near ten. Let me add, that this peculiarity brings every object forward with a certain degree of hardneſs not wholly pleaſing to the eye. The proſpects round Naples have another fault, reſulting from too great perfection: the ſky's brilliant uniformity, and utter cloudleſſneſs for many months together, takes away thoſe broad maſſes of light and ſhade, with the volant ſhadows that croſs our Britiſh hills, relieving the ſight, and diſcriminating the landſcape.

The ſcenery round Conway Caſtle in North Wales, with a thunder-ſtorm rolling over the mountain; the ſea ſtrongly illuminated on one ſide, with the ſun ſhining bright upon the verdure on the other; the lights dropping in patches about one; exhibits a variety, the which to equal will be very difficult, let us travel as far as we pleaſe.

Magnificence of a far different kind however claims our preſent attention—a convent

and

and church ſhewn us at Molcke upon our way, the reſidence of eighteen friars who inhabit a ſtately palace it is confeſſed, while three immenſe courts precede your entrance to a ſplendid ſtructure of enormous ſize, on which the finery beſtowed amazed even me, who came from Rome; nor had entertained an idea of ſeeing ſuch gilding, and carving, and profuſion of expence, laviſhed on a place of religious retirement in our road to

VIENNA.

We entered the capital by night; but I fancied, perhaps from having been told ſo, that I ſaw ſomething like a look of London round me. Apartments furniſhed wholly in the Paris taſte take off that look a little; ſo do the public walks and drives which are formed etoile-wiſe, and moving ſlowly up and down the avenues, you ſee large ſtags, wild boars, &c. grazing at liberty: this is grander than our park, and graver than the Corſo. Whenever they lay out a piece of water in this country, it is covered as in ours with ſwans, who

who have completely quitted the odoriferous Po for the clear and rapid Danube.

Vienna was not likely to ſtrike one with its churches; yet the old cathedral is majeſtic, and by no means ſtript of thoſe ornaments which, while one ſect of Chriſtians think it particularly pleaſing in the ſight of God to retain, is hardly warrantable in another ſect, though wiſer, to be over-haſty in tearing away. Here are however many devotional figures and chapels left in the ſtreets I ſee, which, from the tales told in Auſtrian Lombardy, one had little reaſon to expect; but the emperor is tender even to the foibles of his Vienneſe ſubjects, while he ſhews little feeling to Italian miſery. Men drawing carts along the roads and ſtreet afford, indeed, ſomewhat an awkward proof the government's lenity when human creatures are levelled with the beaſts of burden, and called *ſtott eiſel*, or *ſtout aſſes*, as I underſtand, who by this information have learned that the frame which ſupports a picture is for the ſame reaſon called an *eiſel*, as we call a thing to hang clothes on a *horſe*. It is the genius of the German language to degrade all our Engliſh words ſomehow:

how: they call a coach a *waggon*, and aſk a lady if ſhe will buy pomatum to *ſmear* her hair with. Such is however the reſemblance between their tongue and ours, that the Italians proteſt they cannot ſeparate either the ideas or the words.

I muſt mention our going to the poſt-office with a Venetian friend to look for letters, where, after receiving ſome ſurly replies from the people who attended there, our laquais de place reminded my male companions that they ſhould ſtand *uncovered*. Finding them however ſomewhat dilatory in their obedience, a rough fellow ſnatched the hat from one of their heads, ſaying, "*Don't you know, Sir, that you are ſtanding before the emperor's officers?*"—"*I know,*" replied the prompt Italian, "*that we are come to a country where people wear their hats in the church, ſo need not wonder we are bid to take them off in the poſt-office.*" Well, where rulers are ſaid or ſuppoſed to be tyrannical, it is rational that good proviſion ſhould be made for arms; otherwiſe deſpotiſm dwindles into nugatory pompouſneſs and airy ſhow; Proſpero's empire in the enchanted iſland of Shakeſpeare is not more ſhadowy than the ſight of prince-

dom united with impotence of power:—ſuch have I ſeen, but ſuch is not the character of Keyſar's dominion. The arſenal here is the fineſt thing in the world I ſuppoſe; it grieved me to feel the ideas of London and Venice fade before it ſo; but the enormous ſize and ſolidity of the quadrangle, the quantity and diſpoſition of the cannon, bombs, and mortars, filled my mind with enforced reſpect, and ſhook my nerves with the thought of what might follow ſuch dreadful preparation.

Nothing can in fact be grander than the ſight of the Auſtrian eagle, all made out in arms, eight ancient heroes ſternly frowning round it. The choice has fallen on Cæſar, Pompey, Alexander, Scipio, Hannibal, Fabius Maximus, Cyrus, and Themiſtocles. I ſhould have thought Pyrrhus worthier the company of all the reſt than this laſt-named hero; but petty criticiſms are much leſs worthy a place in Vienna's arſenal, which impreſſes one with a very majeſtic idea of Imperial greatneſs.

On the firſt of November we tried at an excurſion into Hungary, where we meant to have ſurveyed the Danube in all its dignity at Preſburgh, and have heard Hayden at Eſther-

hazie. But my being unluckily taken ill, prevented us from profecuting our journey further than a wretched village, where I was laid up with a fever, and diſappointed my company of much hoped-for entertainment. It was curious however to find one's ſelf within a few poſts of the places one had read ſo much of; and the words *Route de Belgrade* upon a finger-poſt gave me ſenſations of diſtance never felt before. The comfortable ſight of a proteſtant chapel near me made much amends however. The officiating prieſts were of the Moravian ſect it ſeems, and dear Mr. Hutton's image ruſhed upon my mind. A burial paſſing by my windows, ſtruck me as very extraordinary: not one follower or even bearer being dreſſed in black, but all with green robes trimmed with dark brown furs, not robes neither; but like long coats down to the men's heels, cut in ſkirts, and trimmed up thoſe ſkirts as well as round the bottom with fur.

It was a melancholy country that we paſſed through, very bleak and diſmal, and I truſt would not have mended upon us had we gone further. The few people one ſees are all ignorant, and can all ſpeak Latin—ſuch as it

is—very fluently. I have lived with many very knowing people who never could ſpeak it with any fluency at all. Such is life!—and ſuch is learning! I long to talk about the ſheep and ſwine: they ſeem very worthy of obſervation; the latter large and finely ſhaped, of the old ſavage race; one fancies them like thoſe Eumæus tended, and perhaps they are ſo; with tuſks of ſingular beauty and whiteneſs, which the uniformly brown colour of the creature ſhews off to much advantage; amidſt his dark curls, waving all over his high back and long ſides, in the manner of a curl-pated baby in England, only that the laſt is commonly fair and blonde.

The ſheep are ſpotted like our pigs, but prettier; black and yellow like a tortoiſe-ſhell cat, with horns as long as thoſe of any he-goat I ever ſaw, but very different; theſe animals carrying them ſtraight upright like an antelope, and they are of a ſpiral ſhape. Our mutton meantime is deteſtable; but here are incomparable fiſh, carp large as ſmall Severn ſalmon, and they bring them to table cut in pounds, and the joul for a handſome diſh. I only wonder one has never heard of any ancient or any modern gluttons driving away to

Preſburg

Preſburg or Buda, for the ſake of eating a fine Danube carp.

With regard to men and women in Hungary, they are not thickly ſcattered, but their lamentations are loud; the emperor having reſumed all the privileges granted them by Maria Thereſa in the year 1740, or thereabouts, when diſtreſs drove her to ſhelter in that country, and has prohibited the importtion of ſalt herrings which uſed to come duty free from Amſterdam, ſo that their faſts are rendered incommodious from the aſperity of the ſoil, which produces very little vegetable food.

Ground ſquirrels are frequent in the foreſts here; but without Pennant's Synopſis I never remember the Linnæan names of quadrupeds, ſo can get no information of the animal called a glutton in Engliſh, whoſe ſkin I ſee in every fur-ſhop, and who, I fancy, inhabits our Hungarian woods.

The Imperial collection of pictures here is really a magnificent repoſitory of Italian taſte, Flemiſh colouring, and Dutch exactneſs: in which the Baptiſt, by Giulio Romano, the crucifixion by Vandyke, and the phyſician

holding up a bottle to the light by Gerard Douw, are great examples.

One does not in theſe countries look out particularly for the works of Roman or Bologneſe maſters; but I remember a wonderful Caracci at Munich, worthy a firſt place even in the Zampieri palace; the ſubject, Venus ſitting under a great tree diverting herſelf with ſeeing a ſcuffle between the two boys Cupid and Anteros.

In the gallery here at Vienna, many of the pictures have been handled a good deal; one is dazzled with the brilliancy of theſe powerful colouriſts: and here is a David Teniers ſurpriſingly natural, of Abraham offering up Iſaac; a glorious Pordenone repreſenting Santa Juſtina, reminded me of her fine church at Padua, and *his* centurion at Cremona, which I know not who could excel; and here is Furino's Sigiſmunda to be ſeen, the ſame or a duplicate of that ſold at Sir Luke Schaub's ſale in London about thirty years ago, and called Correggio. I have ſeen it at Merriworth too, if not greatly miſtaken. The price it went for in Langford's auction-room I cannot ſurely forget, it was three thouſand pounds, *or they ſaid ſo.*

I will

I will only add a word of a Dutch girl repreſenting Herodias, and ſo lively in its colouring, that I think the king would have denied her who reſembled it nothing, had he been a native of Amſterdam. A Mount Calvary painted by the ſame hand is very ſtriking, with a crowd of people gathered about the croſs, and men ſelling cakes to the mob, as if at a fair or horſe-race: two young peaſants at fiſty-cuffs upon the fore ground quarrelling, as it ſhould ſeem, about the propriety of our Saviour's execution.

But I have this day heard ſo many and ſuch intereſting particulars concerning the emperor, that I ſhould not forgive myſelf if I failed to record and relate them, the leſs becauſe my authority was particularly good, and the anecdotes ſingular and pleaſing.

He riſes then at five o'clock every morning, even at this ſharp ſeaſon, writes in private till nine, takes ſome refreſhment then, and immediately after calls his miniſters, and employs the time till one profeſſedly in ſtate affairs, rides out till three, returns and ſtudies alone, letting the people bring his dinner at the appointed hour, chuſes out of all the things they bring him one diſh, and ſets it

on the ſtove to keep hot, eating it when nature calls for food, but never detaining a ſervant in the room to wait; at five he goes to the Corridor juſt near his own apartment, where poor and rich, ſmall and great, have acceſs to his perſon at pleaſure, and often get him to arbitrate their law-ſuits, and decide their domeſtic differences, as nothing is more agreeable to him than finding himſelf conſidered by his people as their father, and diſpenſer of juſtice over all his extenſive dominions. His attention to the duties he has impoſed upon himſelf is ſo great, that, in order to maintain a pure impartiality in his mind towards every claimant, he ſuffers no man or woman to have any influence over him, and forbears even the ſlight gratification of fondling a dog, leſt it ſhould take up too much of his time. The emperor is a ſtranger upon principle to the joys of confidence and friendſhip, but cultivates the acquaintance of many ladies and gentlemen, at whoſe houſes (when they ſee company) he drops in, and ſpends the evening cheerfully in cards or converſation, putting no man under the leaſt reſtraint; and if he ſees a new comer in look diſconcerted, goes up to him and ſays kindly, "Divert

vert yourſelf your own way, good Sir; and do not let me diſturb you." His coach is like the commoneſt gentleman's of Vienna; his ſervants diſtinguiſhed only by the plainneſs of their liveries; and, leſt their inſolence might make his company troubleſome to the houſes where he viſits, he leaves the carriage in the ſtreet, and will not even be driven into the court-yard, where other equipages and footmen wait. A large diſh of hot chocolate thickened with bread and cream is a common afternoon's regale here, and the emperor often takes one, obſerving to the miſtreſs of the houſe how acceptable ſuch a meal is to him after ſo wretched a dinner.

A few mornings ago ſhowed his character in a ſtrong light. Some poor women were coming down the Danube on a float, the planks ſeparated, and they were in danger of drowning; as it was very early in the day, and no one awake upon the ſhore except a ſawyer that was cutting wood; who, not being able to obtain from his phlegmatic neighbours that aſſiſtance their caſe immediately required, ran directly to call the emperor who he knew would be ſtirring, and who came flying to give that help which from ſome happy accident was no longer

longer wanted: but Joſeph loſt no good humour on the occaſion; on the contrary, he congratulated the women on their deliverance, praiſing at the ſame time and rewarding the fellow for having diſturbed him.

My informer told me likewiſe, that if two men diſpute about any matter till miſchief is expected, the wife of one of them will often cry out, "Come, have done, have done directly, or I'll call our maſter, and he'll make you have done." Now is it fair not to do every thing but adore a ſovereign like this? when we know that if ſuch tales were told us of Marcus Aurelius, or Titus Veſpaſian, it would be our delight to repeat, our favourite learning to read of them. Such conduct would ſerve ſucceeding princes for models, nor could the weight of a dozen centuries ſmother their ſtill riſing fame. Yet is not my heart perſuaded that the reputation of Joſeph the Second will be conſigned immaculate from age to age, like that of theſe immortal worthies, though dearly purchaſed by the loſs of eaſe and pleaſure; while neither the mitred prelate nor the blameleſs puritan purſue with bleſſings a heart unawed by ſplendour, unſoftened by ſimplicity; a hand ſtretched forth rather to diſpenſe juſtice, than opening ſpontaneouſly to diſtribute charity.

To

To ſpeak leſs ſolemnly, if men were nearer than they are to perfect creatures, abſolute monarchy would be the moſt perfect form of government, for the will of the prince could never deviate from propriety; but if one king can ſee all with his own eyes, and hear all with his own ears, no ſucceſſor will ever be able to do the ſame; and it is like giving Harriſon 10,000 l. for finding the longitude, to commend a perſon for having hit on the right way of governing a great nation, while his ſcience is incommunicable, and his powers of execution muſt end with his life.

The ſociety here is charming; Sherlock ſays, that he who does not like Vienna is his own ſatiriſt; I ſhall leave others to be mine. The ladies here ſeem very highly accompliſhed, and ſpeak a great variety of languages with facility, ſtudying to adorn the converſation with every ornament that literature can beſtow; nor do they appear terrified as in London, leſt pedantry ſhould be imputed to them, for venturing ſometimes to uſe in company that knowledge they have acquired in private by diligent application. Here alſo are to be ſeen young unmarried women once again: miſſes, who wink at each other, and titter

titter in corners at what is paſſing in the rooms, public or private: I had lived ſo long away from *them*, that I had half forgotten their exiſtence.

The horſes here are trimmed at the heels, and led about in body clothes like ours in England; but their drawing is ill managed, no ſhafts ſomehow but a pole, which, when there is one horſe only, looks awkward and badly contrived. Beaſts of various kinds plowing together has a ſtrange look, and the ox harneſſed up like a hunter in a phaeton cuts a comical figure enough. One need no longer ſay, *Optat ephippia bos piger* *; but it is very ſilly, as no uſe can be thus made of that ſtrength which lies only in his head and horns. Plenty of wood makes the Germans profuſely elegant in their pales, hurdles, &c. which give an air of comfort and opulence, and make the beſt compenſation a cold climate can make for the hedges of jeſſamine and medlar flowers, which I ſhall ſee no more.

Our architecture here can hardly be expected to pleaſe an eye made faſtidious from the contemplation of Michael Angelo's works at Rome, or Palladio's at Venice; nor will Ger-

* The lazy ox for trappings ſighs.

man

man muſic much delight thoſe who have been long accuſtomed to more ſimple melody, though intrinſic merit and complicated excellence will always deſerve the higheſt note of praiſe. Whoever takes upon him to under-rate that which no one can obtain without infinite labour and ſtudy, will ever be cenſured, and juſtly, for refuſing the reward due to deep reſearch; but if a man's taſte leads him to like *Cyprus* wine, let him drink *that*, and content himſelf with commending the *old hock*.

Apropos, we hear that *Sacchini*, the Metaſtaſio of muſical compoſers, is dead; but nobody at Vienna cares about his compoſitions. Our Italian friends are more candid; they are always talking in favour of Bach and Brughuel, Handel and Rubens.

The cabinet of natural hiſtory is exceedingly fine, and the rooms ſingularly well diſpoſed. There are more cameos at Bologna, and one ſuperior ſpecimen of native gold: every thing elſe I believe is better here, and ſuch opals did I never ſee before, no not at Loretto: the petrified lemon and artichoke have no equals, and a brown diamond was new to me to-day. A ſpecimen of ſea-ſalt filled with air bubbles like the rings one

buys at Vicenza, is worth going a long way to look at; but the gentleman at Munich, who ſhewed us the Virgin Mary in a cobweb, had a piece of red ſilver ſhot out into a ruby like cryſtal, more extraordinary than any mineral production I have ſeen. Our attention was caught by Maria Thereſa's bouquet, but one cannot forget the pearls belonging to the electreſs of Bavaria.

What ſeemed, however, moſt to charm the people who ſhewed the cabinet, was a ſnuff-box conſiſting of various gems, none bigger than a barley-corn, each of prodigious value, and the workmanſhip of more, every ſquare being inlaid ſo neatly, and no precious ſtone repeated, though the number is no leſs than one hundred and eighty-three; a falſe bottom beſides of gold, opening with a ſpring touch, and diſcovering a written catalogue of the jewels in the fineſt hand-writing, and the ſmalleſt poſſible. This was to me a real curioſity, afforded a new and ſingular proof of that aſtoniſhing power of eye, and delicacy of manual operation, ſeconded by a patient and perſevering attention to things frivolous in themſelves, which will be for ever alike neglected

glected by the fire of Italian genius, and disdained by the dignity of Britiſh ſcience.

We have ſeen other ſort of things to-day however. The Hungarian and Bohemian robes pleaſed me beſt, and the wild unſet jewels in the diadem of Tranſylvania impreſſed me with a valuable idea of Gothic greatneſs. The ſervice of gold plate too is very grand from its old-faſhioned ſolidity. I liked it better than I did the ſnuff-box; and here is a diſh in ivory puts one in mind of nothing but Achilles's ſhield, ſo worked is its broad margin with miniature repreſentations of battles, landſcapes, &c. three dozen different ſtories round the diſh, one might have looked at it with microſcopes for a week together. The porcelane plates have been painted to ridicule Raphael's pots at Loretto I fancy; Julio Romano's manner is comically parodied upon one of them.

Prince Lichtenſtein's pictures are charming; a Salmacis in the water by Albano is the beſt work of that maſter I ever ſaw, not diffuſed as his works commonly are, but all collected ſomehow, and fine in a way I cannot expreſs for want of more knowledge; *very*, *very* fine it is however, and full of expreſſion and character. The Caracci ſchool

again.

again.—Here is the whole hiſtory of Decius by Rubens too, wonderfully learned; and an aſſumption of the Virgin ſo like Mrs. Pritchard our famous actreſs, no portrait ever repreſented her ſo well. A St. Sebaſtian divinely beautiful, by Vandyke; and a girl playing on the guitar, which you may run round almoſt, by the coarſe but natural hand of Caravagio.

The library is new and ſplendid, and they buy books for it very liberally. The learned and amiable Abbé Denys ſhewed me a thouſand unmerited civilities, was charmed with the character of Dr. Johnſon, and delighted with the ſtory of his converſation at Rouen with Monſ. l'Abbé Roffette. This gentleman ſeems to love England very much, and Engliſh literature; ſpoke of Humphry Prideaux with reſpect, and has his head full of Oſſian's poetry, of which he can repeat whole pages. He ſhewed me a fragment of Livy written in the fifth century, a pſalter and creed beautifully illuminated of the year nine hundred, and a large portion of St. Mark's goſpel on blue paper of the year three hundred and ſeven. A Bibbia de Poveri too, as the Italians call it, curious enough; the figures all engraved on wood, and only a text at bottom to explain them.

Wincef-

Winceſlaus marked every book he ever poſſeſſed, it ſeems, with the five vowels on the back; and almoſt every one with ſome little miniature made by himſelf, recording his eſcape from confinement at Prague in Bohemia, where the waſher-woman having aſſiſted him to get out of priſon under pretence of bathing, he has been very ſtudious to regiſter the event; ſo much ſo that even on the margins of his bible he has been tempted to paint paſt ſcenes that had better have been blotted from his memory.

The Livy which learned men have hoped to find ſafe in the ſeraglio of Conſtantinople, was burned by their late ſultan Amurath, our Abbé Denys tells me; the motive ſprung from miſtaken piety, but the effect is to be lamented. He ſhewed me an Alcoran in extremely ſmall characters, ſurpriſingly ſo indeed, taken out of a Turkiſh officer's pocket when John Sobieſky raiſed the ſiege of this city in the year 1590, and a preacher took for his text the Sunday after, "*There was a man ſent from God whoſe name was* John." I was much amuſed with a ſight of the Mexican MSS and Peruvian quipos; nor are the Turkiſh figures

of Adam and Eve, our Saviour and his mother, leſs remarkable; but Mahomet ſurrounded by a glory about his head, a veil concealing his face as too bright for inſpection, exceeded all the reſt.

Here are many ladies of faſhion in this town very eminent for their muſical abilities, particularly Meſdemoiſelles de Martinas, one of whom is member of the Academies of Berlin and Bologna: the celebrated Metaſtaſio died in their houſe, after having lived with the family ſixty-five years more or leſs. They ſet his poetry and ſing it very finely, appearing to recollect his converſation and friendſhip, with infinite tenderneſs and delight. He was to have been preſented to the Pope the very day he died, I underſtand, and in the delirium which immediately preceded diſſolution he raved much of the ſuppoſed interview. Unwilling to hear of death, no one was ever permitted even to mention it before him; and nothing put him ſo certainly out of humour, as finding that rule tranſgreſſed even by his neareſt friends. Even the ſmall-pox was not to be named in his preſence, and whoever *did* name that diſorder, though unconſcious of the offence he

had given, Metaſtaſio would ſee him no more. The other peculiarities I could gather from Miſs Martinas were theſe: That he had contentedly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever even wiſhing to learn its language; that he had never given more than five guineas Engliſh money in all that time to the poor; that he always ſat in the ſame ſeat at church, but never paid for it, and that nobody dared aſk him for the trifling ſum; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors, but ended much his debtors, for ſolid benefits as well as for elegant preſents, which it was his delight to be perpetually making them, leaving to them at laſt all he had ever gained without the charge even of a ſingle legacy; obſerving in his will that it was to them he owed it, and other conduct would in him have been injuſtice. Such were the ſentiments, and ſuch the conduct of this great poet, of whom it is of little conſequence to tell, that he never changed the faſhion of his wig, the cut or colour of his coat, ſo that his portrait taken not very long ago looks like thoſe of Boileau or Moliere at the head of their works. His life was arranged with ſuch methodical exactneſs, that

he roſe, ſtudied, chatted, ſlept, and dined at the ſame hours for fifty years together, enjoying uninterrupted health, which probably gave him that happy ſweetneſs of temper, or habitual gentleneſs of manners, which never ſuffered itſelf to be ruffled, but when his ſole injunction was forgotten, and the death of any perſon whatever was unwittingly mentioned before him. No ſolicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his neareſt intimates ever ſeen him *eat* more than a biſcuit with his lemonade, every meal being performed with even myſterious privacy to the laſt. When his end approached by ſteps ſo very rapid, he did not in the leaſt ſuſpect that it was coming; and Mademoiſelle Martinas has ſcarcely yet done rejoicing in the thought that he eſcaped the preparations he ſo dreaded. His early paſſion for a celebrated ſinger is well known upon the continent; ſince that affair finiſhed, all his pleaſures have been confined to muſic and converſation. He had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the ſeventieth edition of his works I think they ſaid, but am aſhamed to copy out the number from my own notes, it ſeems ſo *very* ſtrange; and the delight he took in hearing the lady he lived with ſing his ſongs,

was viſible to every one. An Italian Abate here ſaid, comically enough, "Oh! he looked like a man in the ſtate of beatification always when Mademoiſelle de Martinas accompanied his verſes with her fine voice and brilliant finger. The father of Metaſtaſio was a goldſmith at Rome, but his ſon had ſo devoted himſelf to the family he lived with, that he refuſed to hear, and took pains not to know, whether he had in his latter days any one relation left in the world. On a character ſo ſingular I leave my readers to make their own *obſervations and reflections.*

Au reſte, as the French ſay; I have no notion that Vienna, *ſempre ventoſo o velenoſo* *, can be a very wholeſome place to live in; the double windows, double feather-beds, &c. in a room without a chimney, is ſurely ill contrived; and ſleeping ſmothered up in down ſo, like a hydrophobous patient in ſome parts of Ireland, is not *particularly* agreeable, though I begin to like it better than I did. All external air is ſhut out in ſuch a manner that I am frighted leſt, after a certain time, the room ſhould become like an exhauſted receiver,

* Ever ſtormy or venemous.

while the wind whirls one about the ſtreet in ſuch a manner that it is diſpleaſing to put out one's head; and a phyſician from Raguſa ſettled here told me, that wounded lungs are a common conſequence of the triturated ſtone blown about here; and in fact aſthmas and conſumptions are their reigning diſeaſes.

Apropos, the plague is now raging in Tranſylvania; how little ſafe ſhould we think ourſelves at London, were a diſorder ſo contagious known to be no farther diſtant than Derby? The diſtance is ſcarcely greater now from Vienna to the place of diſtreſs; yet I will not ſay we are in much danger to be ſure, for that perpetual connection kept up between all the towns and counties of Great Britain is unknown in other nations, and we ſhould be as many days going to Tranſylvania from here perhaps, as we ſhould be *hours* running from Toddenham-court road to Derby.

Sheenburn is pretty, but it is no ſeaſon for ſeeing pretty places. The ſtreets of Vienna are not pretty at all, God knows; ſo narrow, ſo ill built, ſo crowded, many wares placed upon the ground where there is a little opening, ſeems a ſtrange awkward diſpoſition of things for ſale; and the people cutting wood in the ſtreet makes one half

half wild when walking; it is hardly poſſible to paſs another ſtrange cuſtom, borrowed from Italy I truſt, of ſhutting up their ſhops in the middle of the day; it muſt tend, one would think, but little to the promotion of that commerce which the ſovereign profeſſes to encourage, and I ſee no excuſe for it *here* which can be made from heat, gaiety, or devotion. Many families living in the ſame houſe, and at the entrance of the apartments belonging to each, a ſtrong iron gate to ſeparate the reſidence of one ſet from that of another, has likewiſe an odd melancholy look, like that of a priſon or a nunnery. Nunneries, however, here are none; and if the old women turned out of thoſe they have long dwelt in, are not provided with decent penſions, it muſt ſurely diſtreſs even the Emperor's cold heart to ſee age driven from the refuges of diſappointment, and forced to wander through the world with inexperience for its guide, while youth is no longer *led*, but *thruſt* into temptation by ſuch a ſudden tranſition from utter retirement to open and buſy life.

We have been this morning to look over his academy of painting, &c. His exhibition-room is neatly kept, and I dare ſay will pro-

ſper: the ſtudents are zealous and laborious, and earneſtly deſire the promulgation of ſcience: their collection of models is meagre, but it will mend by degrees. Perhaps Joſeph the IId. is the firſt European ſovereign who, eſtabliſhing a ſchool for painting and ſculpture, has inſiſted on the artiſts never exerciſing their ſkill upon any ſubject which could hurt any perſon's delicacy;—an example well worthy honeſt praiſe and ſpeedy imitation.

The very few charitable foundations eſtabliſhed at Vienna by Imperial munificence are well managed; their paucity is accounted for by the recollection of many abuſes conſequent on the late Empreſs's bounty; her ſon therefore took all the annuities away, which he thought her tenderneſs had been duped out of; but let it be remembered that when he rides or walks in a morning, he always takes with him a hundred ducats, out of which he never brings any home, but gives in private donations what he knows to be well beſtowed, without the oſtentation of affected generoſity; it is not in rewards for paſt ſervices perhaps, nor in public and ſtately inſtitutions, as I am told here, that this prince's liberalities are to be looked for; yet—

In

In Mis'ry's darkeſt caverns known,
His uſeful care is ever nigh;
Where hopeleſs Anguiſh pours her groan,
And lonely Want retires to die.

Tomorrow (23d of November) we venture to leave Vienna and proceed northwards, as I long to ſee the Dreſden gallery. Here every thing appears to me a caricatura of London; the language like ours, but coarſer; the plays like ours, but duller; the ſtreets at night lighted up, not like ours now, but very like what they were thirty or forty years ago.

Among the people I have ſeen here, Mademoiſelle Paradies, the blind performer on the harpſichord, intereſted me very much; —and ſhe liked England ſo, and the King and Queen were ſo kind to her, and ſhe was *ſo* happy, ſhe ſaid!—While life and its vexations ſeem to oppreſs ſuch numbers of hearts, and cloud ſuch variety of otherwiſe agreeable faces, one muſt go to a blind girl to hear of happineſs, it ſeems! But ſhe has wonderful talents for languages as well as muſic, and has learned the Engliſh pronunciation moſt ſurpriſingly. It is a ſoothing ſight when one finds the mind compenſate for the body's defects:

fects: I took great delight in the converſation of Mademoiſelle Paradies.

The collection of rarities, particularly an Alexander's head worthy of Capo di Monte, now in the poſſeſſion of Madame de Heſſe, became daily more my ſtudy, as I received more and more civilities from the charming family at whoſe houſe it reſides; there are ſome very fine cameos in it, and a great variety of miſcellaneous curioſities.

So different are the cuſtoms here and at Venice, that the German ladies offer you chocolate on the ſame ſalver with coffee, of an evening, and fill up both with milk; ſaying that you may have the latter quite black if you chuſe it—"*Tout noir, Monſieur, à la Venetienne;*"—adding their beſt advice not to riſque a practice ſo unwholeſome. While their care upon that account reminds me chiefly of a friend, who lives upon the Grand Canal, that in reply to a long panegyric upon Engliſh delicacy, ſaid ſhe would tell a ſtory that would prove them to be naſty enough, at leaſt in ſome things; for that ſhe had actually ſeen a handſome young nobleman, who came from London *(and ought to have known better)*, ſouce ſome thick cream into the fine clear coffee

coffee ſhe preſented him with; which every body muſt confeſs to be *vera porcheria!* a very *piggiſh trick!*—So neceſſary and ſo pleaſing is conformity, and ſo abſurd and perverſe is it ever to forbear ſuch aſſimilation of manners, when not inconſiſtent with the virtue, honour, or neceſſary intereſt:—let us eat ſour-crout in Germany, frittura at Milan, macaroni at Naples, and beef-ſteaks in England, if one wiſhes to pleaſe the inhabitants of either country; and all are very good, ſo it is a ſlight compliance. Poor Dr. Goldſmith ſaid once—"I would adviſe every young fellow ſetting out in life *to love gravy;*"—and added, that he had formerly ſeen a glutton's eldeſt nephew diſinherited, becauſe his uncle never could perſuade him to ſay he liked gravy.

PRAGUE.

THE inns between Vienna and this place are very bad; but we arrived here ſafe the 24th of November, when I looked for little comfort but much diverſion; things turned out however exactly the reverſe, and *aux bains de Prague* in Bohemia we found beds more elegant, dinners neater dreſſed, apartments cleaner and with a leſs foreign aſpect, than almoſt any where elſe. Such is not mean time the general appearance of the town out of doors, which is ſavage enough; and the celebrated bridge ſingularly ugly I think, crowded with vaſt groupes of ill-made ſtatues, and heavy to exceſs, though not incommodious to drive over, and of a ſurpriſing extent. Theſe German rivers are magnificent, and our Mulda here (which is but a branch of the Elbe neither) is reſpectable for its volume of water, uſeful for the fiſh contained in it, and lovely in the windings of its courſe.

Bohemia

Bohemia ſeems no badly-cultivated country; the ground undulates like many parts of Hertfordſhire, and the property ſeems divided much in the ſame manner as about Dunſtable; my head ran upon Lilly-hoo, when they ſhewed me the plains of Kolin.

Doctor Johnſon was very angry with a gentleman at our houſe once, I well remember, for not being better company; and urged that he had travelled into Bohemia, and ſeen Prague:—"Surely," added he, "the man who has ſeen Prague might tell us ſomething new and ſomething ſtrange, and not ſit ſilent for want of matter to put his lips in motion!" *Horreſco referens;*—I have now been at Prague as well as Doctor Fitzpatrick, but have brought away nothing very intereſting I fear; unleſs that the floor of the opera-ſtage there is inlaid, which ſo far as I have obſerved is a *new* thing; the cathedral I am ſure is an *old* thing, and charged with heavy and ill-choſen ornaments, worthy of the age in which it was fabricated!—One would be loth to ſee any alteration take place, or any picture drive old Frank's Three Kings, divided into three compartments, from its ſtation over the high altar.

St.

St. John Neppomucene has an altar here all of ſolid ſilver, very bright and clean; his having been flung into the river Mulda in the perſecuting days, holding faſt his crucifix and his religion, gives him a rational title to veneration among the martyrs, and he is conſidered as the tutelar ſaint here, where his ſtatue meets one at the entrance of every town.

This truly Gothic edifice was very near being deſtroyed by the King of Pruſſia, who bombarded the city thirty-five years ago; I ſaw the mark made by one ball juſt at the cathedral door, and heard with horror of the dreadful ſiege, when an egg was ſold for a florin, and other eatables in proportion: the whole town has, in conſequence of that long blockade, a ragged and half-ruined melancholy aſpect; and the roads round it, then broken up, have ſcarcely been mended ſince.

The ladies too looked more like maſquerading figures than any thing elſe, as they ſat in their boxes at the opera, with rich embroidered caps, or bright pink and blue ſattin head-dreſſes, with ermine or ſable fronts, a heavy gold taſſel hanging low down from the left

left ear, and no powder; which gives a girlish look, and reminded me of a fashion our lower tradesmen in London had about fifteen or eighteen years ago, of dressing their daughters, from nine to twelve years old, in puffed black sattin caps, with a long ear hanging down on one side. It is a becoming mode enough as the women wear it here, but gives no idea of cleanliness; and I suppose that whilst finery retains its power of striking, delicacy keeps her distance, nor attempts to come in play till the other has failed of its effect. Ladies dress here very richly, as indeed I expected to find them, and coloured silk stockings are worn as they were in England till the days of the Spectator:—"*Thrift, thrift, Horatio;*" as Hamlet observes; for our expences in Great Britain are infinitely increased by our advancement from splendor to neatness.

Here every thing seems at least five centuries behind-hand, and religion has not purified itself the least in the world since the days of its early struggle; for here Huss preached, and here Jerome, known by the name of Jerome of Prague, first began to project the scheme of a future reformation.

The

The Bohemians had indeed been long before that time indulged by the Popes with permiſſion to receive the cup in the ſacrament, a favour granted no one elſe; and of that no notice was ever taken, till further ſteps were made for the obtaining many alterations that have crept in ſince that time in other nations, not ſo haſty to do by violence what will one day be done of themſelves without any violence at all.

I aſked to ſee ſome Proteſtant meeting-houſes, and was introduced to a very pleaſing-mannered Livorneſe, who ſpoke ſweet Italian, and was miniſter to a little place of worſhip which could not have contained two hundred people at the moſt; in fact his flock were all ſoldiers, he ſaid. Not a perſon who could keep a ſhop was to be found of *our* perſuaſion, nor was Lutheraniſm half ſo much deteſted even in Italy, he ſaid. Though I remember the boys hooting us at Tivoli too, and calling our Engliſh Gentlemen, *Monſieur Dannato.*

The library does not ſeem ancient, but the grave perſon who ſhewed it ſpoke very indifferent French, ſo that I could better truſt my eyes than my ears; this want of language is terrible!—A celeſtial globe moving by clock-

work

work concealed within, and ſhewing the ſun's place upon the ecliptic very exactly, detained our attention agreeably; and I obſerved a polyglot bible printed at London in Cromwell's time, with a compliment to him in the preface, which they have expunged in ſucceeding editions. A miſſal too was curious enough from its being decorated with ſome ſingular illuminations upon one leaf; at the top of the page a figure of Wickliffe is ſeen, ſtriking the flint and ſteel; under him, in another ſmall compartment, Jerome of Prague blowing tinder to make his torch kindle; below him again down the ſame ſide, Martin Luther, the flambeau well lighted and blazing in his hand; at the bottom of the page poor John Huſs, betrayed by the Emperor who promiſed him protection, and burning alive at a ſtake, to the apparent ſatisfaction of the charitable fathers aſſembled at the council of Conſtance. Another curioſity ſhould be remembered; the manuſcript letter from Ziſca, the famous Proteſtant general who headed the revolters in 1420; I was amazed to ſee in how elegant an Italian hand it was written; the librarian ſaid comically enough—"*Ay, ay,*

it begins all about the fear of God, &c.; thoſe fellows," continued he, "*you know, are always ſure to be canters!*"

The reigning ſovereign has made few changes in church matters here, except that which was become almoſt indiſpenſable, the reſolution to have maſs ſaid only at one altar, inſtead of many at a time; the contrary practice does certainly diſturb devotion, and produce unavoidable indecorums, as no one can tell what he turns his back upon, while the bell rings in ſo many places of a large church at once, and ſo many different functions are going forward, that people's attention muſt almoſt neceſſarily be diſtracted.

The eating here is incomparable; I never ſaw ſuch poultry even at London or Bath, and there is a plenty of game that amazes one; no inn ſo wretched but you have a pheaſant for your ſupper, and often partridge ſoup. The fiſh is carried about the ſtreets in ſo elegant a ſtyle it tempts one; a very large round bathing-tub, as we ſhould call it, ſet barrow-wiſe on two not very low wheels, is eaſily puſhed along by one man, though full of the moſt pellucid water, in which the carp, tench,

tench, and eels, are all leaping alive, to a ſize and perfection I am aſhamed to relate; but the tench of four and five pounds weight have a richneſs and flavour one had no notion of till we arrived at Vienna, and they are the ſame here.

How trade ſtands or moves in theſe countries I cannot tell; there is great rigour ſhewn at the cuſtom-houſe; but till the ſhopkeepers learn to keep their doors open at leaſt for the whole of the ſhort days, not ſhut them up ſo and go to ſleep at one or two o'clock for a couple of hours, I think they do not deſerve to be diſturbed by cuſtomers who bring ready money. To-morrow (30th November 1786) we ſet out, wrapped in good furs and flannels, for

DRESDEN;

WHITHER we arrive ſafe this 4th of December,—

———A wond'rous token
Of Heav'n's kind care, with bones unbroken!

As the ingenious Soame Jenyns ſays of a leſs hazardous drive in a leſs barbarous country I hope: but really to Engliſh paſſengers in Engliſh carriages, the road from Prague hither is too bad to think on; while nothing literally impels one forward except the impoſſibility of going back. Lady Mary Wortley ſays, her huſband and poſtillions ſlept upon the precipices between Lowoſitz and Auſſig; but ſurely the way muſt have been much better then, as all the opium in both would ſcarce have ſtupefied their apprehenſions now, when a fall into the Elbe muſt either have interrupted or finiſhed their nap; becauſe our coach was held up every ſtep of the journey by

by men's hands, while we walked at the bottom about ſeven miles by the river's ſide, ſuffering nothing but a little fatigue, and enjoying the moſt cloudleſs beautiful weather ever ſeen. The Elbe is here as wide I think as the Severn at Glouceſter, and rolls through the moſt varied and elegant landſcape poſſible, not inferior to that which adorns the ſides of the little Dart in Devonſhire, but on a greater ſcale; every hill crowned with ſome wood, or ornamented by ſome caſtle.

As ſoon as we arrived, tired and hungry, at Auſſig, we put our ſhattered coach on board a bark, and floated her down to Dreſden; whither we drove forward in the little carts of the country, called chaiſes, but very rough and with no ſprings, as our very old-faſhioned curricles were about the year 1750. The brightneſs of the weather made even ſuch a drive delightful though, and the millions of geeſe on and off the river gave animation to the views, and accounted for the frequency of thoſe ſoft downy feather-beds, which ſooth our cares and relieve our fatigue ſo comfortably every night. Hares will ſcarce move from near the carriage wheels, ſo little apprehenſive are they of offence; and the partridges

run before one ſo, it is quite amuſing to look at them. The trout in theſe great rivers are neither large nor red: I have never ſeen trout worth catching ſince I left England; the river at Rickmanſworth produces (one ſhould like to know why) that fiſh in far higher perfection than it can be found in any other ſtream perhaps in Europe.

The being ſerved at every inn, ſince we came into Saxony, upon Dreſden china, gives one an odd feel ſomehow; but here at the Hôtel de Pologne there is every thing one can wiſh, and ſerved in ſo grand a ſtyle, that I queſtion whether any Engliſh inn or tavern can compare with it; ſo elegantly fine is the linen, ſo beautiful the porcelaine of which every the meaneſt utenſil is made; and if the waiter did not appear before one dreſſed like Abel Drugger with a green cloth apron, and did not his entrance always fill the room with a ſtrong ſcent of tobacco, I ſhould think myſelf at home again almoſt. This really does ſeem a very charming town; the ſtreets well built and ſpacious; the ſhops full of goods, and the people willing to ſhew them; and if they *do* cut all their wood before their own doors, why there is room to paſs here without

brawling and bones-breaking, which diſguſts one ſo at Vienna; it ſeems lighter too here than there; I cannot tell why, but every thing looks clean and comfortable, and one feels *ſo much at home*. I hate prejudice; nothing is ſo ſtupid, nothing ſo ſure a mark of a narrow mind: yet who can be ſure that the ſight of a Lutheran town does not afford in itſelf an honeſt pleaſure to one who has lived ſo long, though very happily, under my Lord Peter's protection?

Here Brother Martin has all precedence paid *him;* for though the court are Romaniſts, their ſplendid church here is *called* only a chapel, and they are not permitted to ring the bell, a privilege the Lutherans ſeem much attached to, for nothing can equal the noiſe of *our* bells on a Sunday morning at Dreſden.

The architecture is truly hideous, but no ornaments are ſpared; and the church of Notre Dame here is very magnificent. The china ſteeples all over the country are the oddeſt things in the world; ſpires of blue or green porcelaine tiles glittering in the ſun have a ſtrange effect. But nothing can afford a ſtronger proof that crucifixes, Madonnas,

and ſaints, need not be driven out of churches for fear they ſhould be worſhipped, than the Lutherans admiſſion of them into *theirs*; for no people can be further removed from idolatry, or better inſtructed in the Chriſtian religion, than the common people of this town; where a decent obſervation of the ſabbath ſtruck me with moſt conſolatory feelings, after living at Paris, Rome, and Florence, where it is conſidered as a *merry*, not a *holy* day at all! and though there ſeems nothing inconſiſtent or offenſive in our rejoicing on the day of our Lord's reſurrection, yet if people are encouraged to *play*, they will ſoon find out that they may *work* too, the ſhops will ſcarcely be ſhut, and all appearance of regard to the fourth commandment will be done away. The Lutherans really ſeem to obſerve the golden mean; they frequent their churches all morning with a rigorous ſolemnity, no carts or buſineſs of any ſort goes forward in the ſtreets, public and private devotion takes up the whole forenoon; but they do not forbear to meet and dance after ſix o'clock in the evening, or play a ſober game for ſmall ſums at a friend's houſe.

The

The ſociety is to me very delightful; more women than men though, and the women moſt agreeable; exceedingly ſenſible, well informed, and willing to talk on every ſubject of general importance, but religion or politics ſeem the favourite themes, and are I believe moſt ſtudied here;—no wonder, the court and city being of different ſects, each ſteadily and irrevocably fixed in a firm perſuaſion that their own is beſt, cauſes an inveſtigation that comes not in the head of people of other countries; and it is wonderful to ſee even the low Romaniſts ſkilled in controverſial points to a degree that would aſtoniſh the people neareſt the Pope's perſon, I am well perſuaded.

The Saxons are exceſſively loyal however, and have the ſenſe to love and honour their ſovereign no leſs for his difference of opinion from theirs, than if all were of one mind; yet knowing his principles, they watch with a jealous eye againſt encroachments, while the amiable elector and electreſs uſe every tender method to induce their ſubjects to embrace *their* tenets, and weary heaven with prayers for their converſion, as if the people were heathens.

heathens. One great advantage reſults from this odd mixture of what ſo ſteadily reſiſts uniting; it is the earneſt deſire each has to juſtify and recommend their notions by their practice, ſo that the inhabitants of Dreſden are among the moſt moral, decent, thinking people I have ſeen in my travels, or indeed in my life. The general air and manner both of place and people, puts one in mind of the pretty clean parts of our London, about Queen Square, Ormond Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Southampton Row.

The bridge is beautiful, more elegant than ſhowy; the light iron railing is better in ſome reſpects than a ſtone baluſtrade, and I do not diſlike the rule they make to themſelves of going on *one* ſide the way always, and returning the other, to avoid a crowd and confuſion.

But it is time to talk about the picture gallery, where, cold as our weather is, I contrive to paſs three hours every day, my feet well defended by *perlaches*, a ſort of cloth clogs, very uſeful and commodious. And now I have ſeen the *Notte di Corregio*, from which almoſt all pictures of *effect* have taken

their original idea; and here are three other Corregios inimitable, invaluable, incomparable. Surely this *Notte* might ſtand ſide by ſide with Raphael's Transfiguration; and as Sherlock ſays that Shakeſpear and Corneille would look only on the Veſuvius ſide of the proſpect at Naples, while Pope and Racine would turn their heads towards Poſilippo; ſo probably, while the two firſt would faſten all their attention upon the Demoniac, the two laſt would conſole their eyes with the ſweetneſs of Corregio's Nativity. His little Magdalen too ſet round with jewels, itſelf more precious than any or than all of them, poſſeſſes wonderful powers of attraction; it is an hour before one can recollect that there are ſome glorious Titians in the ſame façade; but Caracci, who depends not on his colouring for applauſe, loſes little by their vicinity, and Pouſſin is always equally reſpectable. The Rembrandts are beyond credibility perfect of their kind, and produce a moſt powerful effect. His portrait of his own daughter has neither equal nor price, I believe; though the girl has little dignity to be ſure, and leſs grace about her; but if to repreſent nature as ſhe *is* ſuffices, this is the firſt ſingle figure in Europe

as

as painting a *live woman*.—The Jupiter and Ganymede is very droll indeed, and done with very *un*-Italian notions; but the eagle looks as if one might pluck his feathers; it is very life itſelf.—A candle-light Rubens here is ſhewn as a prodigious rarity; a Ruyſdael as much reſembling nature in *his* country, I do believe, as Claude Lorraine ever painted in *his*.—The crayons Cupid of Mengs which dazzles, and the portrait of old Parr by Vandycke which intereſts one, are pictures which call one to look at them again and again; and the little Vanderwerfs kept in glaſs caſes, ſmooth as ivory, and finiſhed to perfection, are all alike to be ſure; one would wonder that a man ſhould never be weary of painting ſingle figures ſo, and conſtantly repeating the ſame idea; his eyes muſt have had peculiar ſtrength too, to endure ſuch trials, mine have been pained enough this morning with only looking at his labours, and thoſe of the indefatigable Denny. Let me refreſh them with a Parnaſſus of Giacomo Tintoret, who puts all the colouriſts to flight except Corregio.

But here are two pictures which diſplay prodigious genius, by a maſter of whom I

never heard any one ſpeak, Ferdinand Bol, who unites grace and dignity to the clear obſcure of Rembrandt, whoſe ſcholar he was. Jacob bleſſing Pharoah, painted by him, is delightful; and Joſeph's expreſſions while he preſents his father, full of affectionate partiality and fond regard for the old man, heightens his perſonal beauty; while the king's character is happily managed too, and gives one the higheſt idea of the artiſt's ſkill. A Madonna repoſing in her flight to Egypt with a fatigued look, her head ſupported by her hand, is elegant, and worthy of the Roman or Bologneſe ſchools; the landſcape is like Rembrant. This gallery boaſts an Egyptian Mary by Spagnolet, too terrifying to look long at; and a ſmall picture by Lodovico Carracci of the Virgin claſping her Son, who lies aſleep in her lap, while a viſion of his future crucifixion ſhewn her by angels in the ſky, agitates every charming feature of her face, and cauſes a ſhrinking in her figure which no power of art can exceed.

As I ſuffered ſo much for the ſake of ſeeing this collection, I have indulged myſelf too long in talking of it perhaps; but Garrick is dead, and Siddons at a diſtance, and ſome compenſation

ſation muſt be had; can any thing afford it except the ſtatues of Rome, and the pictures of Bologna? here are a vaſt many from thence in this magnificent gallery.

We had a concert made on purpoſe for us laſt night by ſome amiable friends: it was a very good one. What I liked beſt though, was Mr. Tricklir's new invention of keeping a harpſichord always in tune; and it ſeems to anſwer. I am no good mechanic, nor particularly fond of multiplying combinations; but the device of adding a thermometer to ſhew how much heat the ſtrings will bear without relaxation ſeems ingenious enough: we had a vaſt many experiments made, and nobody could put the ſtrings out of tune, or even break them, when his method was adopted; and it does not take up two minutes in the operation.

We have ſeen the Elector's treaſures; and, as a Frenchman would expreſs it, *C'eſt icy qu'on voit des beaux diamants*!* The yellow brilliant ring is *unique* it ſeems, and valued at an enormous ſum; the green one is larger, and ſet tranſparent; it is not green like an emerald, but pale and bright, and beyond

* Here's the place to ſee fine diamonds.

conception

conception beautiful: hyacinths were new to me here, their glorious colour dazzles one; and here is a white diamond from the Great Mogul's empire, of unequalled perfection; beſides an onyx large as a common dinner plate, well known to be firſt in the univerſe. What majeſtic treaſures are theſe!—The ſapphires and rubies beat thoſe of Bavaria, but the Electreſs's pearls at Munich are unrivalled yet. Saxony is a very rich country in her own boſom it ſeems; the agates and jaſpers produced here are excellent, nor are good amethyſts wanting; the topazes are pale and ſickly.

Nothing can be finer, or in its way more taſteful, than a chimney-piece made for the Elector, entirely from the manufacture and produce of his own dominions; that part which we ſhould form of marble is white porcelane, with an exquiſite bas-relief in the middle copied from the antique; its ſides are ſet with Saxon gems, cameowiſe; and ſuch carnelions much amaze one in ſo northern a latitude; the workmanſhip is beyond praiſe. —I aſked the gentleman who ſhewed us the cabinet of natural hiſtory, why ſuch richly-coloured minerals, and even precious ſtones, were found in theſe climates; while every animal

animal product grows paler as it approaches the pole?—" Where phlogiſton is frequent," replied he, " there is no danger of the tint being too lightly beſtowed: our quantity of iron here in Saxony, gives purple to the amethyſts you admire; and ſee here if the rainbow-ſtone of Labrador yields in glowing hue to the productions of Mexico or Malabar."—The ſpecimens here however were not as valuable as the converſation of him who has the care of them; but a *plica Polonica* took much of my attention; the ſize and weight of it was enormous, its length four yards and a half; the perſon who was killed by its growth was a Poliſh lady of quality well known in King Auguſtus's court; it is a very ſtrange and a very ſhocking thing!

Our library here is new and not eminently well ſtocked; but it is too cold weather now to ſtand long looking at rarities. The firſt Reformation bible publiſhed by Luther himſelf, with a portrait of the firſt Proteſtant Elector, is however too curious and intereſting to be neglected; in froſt and ſnow ſuch ſights might warm a heart well diſpoſed to ſee the word of God diſſeminated, which had lain too long locked up by ignorance and intereſt

tereſt united. Here is a book too, which how it eſcaped Pinelli I know not, a Venetian tranſlation of the holy ſcriptures *a Brucioli*, the date 1592. King Auguſtus's maps pleaſe one from their coſtlineſs; the Elector has twelve volumes of them; every letter is gold, every city painted in miniature at the corners, while arms, trophies, &c. adorn the whole, to an incredible expence: they were engraved on purpoſe for his uſe; and that no other Prince might ever have ſuch again, he ordered the plates to be broke.

Sunday, December 17. I am juſt now returned home from the Lutheran church of Nôtre Dame; where, though the communicants do not kneel down like us, it is odd to ſay I never ſaw the ſacrament adminiſtered with ſuch ſolemnity and pomp. Four prieſts ornamented with a large croſs on the back, a multitude of lighted tapers blazing round them, a uniformity in the dreſs of all who received, and muſic played in a flat third ſomehow very impreſſively, as they moved round in a ſort of proceſſion, making a profound reverence to the altar when they paſſed it, ſtruck me extremely, who have been

lately accuſtomed to ſee very little ceremony uſed on *ſuch* occaſions; and I well remember at Piſa in particular, that while we were looking about the church for curioſity, one poor woman knelt down juſt by us, and a prieſt coming out adminiſtered the ſacrament to her alone, the whole finiſhing in leſs than five minutes I am perſuaded. I ſaid to Mr. Seydelman, when we had returned home today, that the Saxons ſeemed to follow the firſt manner in reformation, our Anglicans the ſecond, and the Calviniſts the third: he underſtood my alluſion to the cant of connoiſſeurſhip.

The ſedan chairs here give the town a ſort of homeiſh look; I had not been carried in one ſince I left Genoa, and it is ſo comfortable this cold clear weather! A regular market too, though not a fine one, has an Engliſh air; and a ſaddle of mutton, or more properly a chine, was a ſight I had not contemplated for two years and a half. The Italians do call a cook *teologo*, out of ſport; but I think he would be the propereſt theologian in good earneſt, to tell why Catholics and Proteſtants ſhould not cut their meat alike at leaſt, if they cannot agree in other points.

This

This is the firſt town I have ſeen however, where the butchers divided their beaſts as we do.

The arſenal we have walked over delighted us but little: Saxons ſhould ſay to their ſwords, like Benvolio in the play, "*God ſend me no need of thee!*"—for the Emperor is on one ſide of them, and the King of Pruſſia on the other. This laſt is always mentioned as a pacific prince though; and the firſt has ſo much to do and to think of, I hope he will forget Dreſden, and ſuffer them to poſſeſs their fine territory and gems in perfect peace and quietneſs. One thing however was odd and pretty, and worth remarking, That at Rome there was an arſenal in the church—I mean belonging to it; and here there is a church in the arſenal.

The bombardment of this pretty town by their active neighbour Frederic; the ſweet Electreſs's death in conſequence of the perſonal mortifications ſhe received during that dreadful ſiege; the embarkation of the treaſures to ſend them ſafe away by water; and the various diſtreſſes ſuffered by this city in the time of that great war;—make much of our converſation, and that converſation is intereſt-

ing. I only wonder they have ſo quickly recovered a blow ſtruck ſo hard.

The gaiety and good-humour of the court are much deſired by the Saxons, who have a moſt lofty notion of princes, and repeat all they ſay, and all that is ſaid of them, with a moſt venerating affection. I ſee no national partiality to England however, as in many other parts of Europe, though our religions are ſo nearly allied: and here is a ſpirit of ſubordination beyond what I have yet been witneſs to—an aunt kiſſing the hand of her own niece (a baby not ſix years old), and calling her "*ma chere comteſſe!*"—carried it as high I think as it can be carried.

The environs of Dreſden are happily diſpoſed, for though it is deep winter we have had ſcarcely any ſnow, and the horizon is very clear, ſo that one may be a tolerable judge of the proſpects. Our river Elbe is truly majeſtic, and the great iſlands of ice floating down it have a fine appearance.

They do not double their ſaſh-windows as at Vienna, but there is leſs wind to keep out. In every place people have a trick of lamenting, and there are two themes of lamentation

univerſal for aught I ſee—the weather and the poor. I ſee no beggars here, and feel no rain,—but hear heavy complaints of both. Crying the hour in the night as at London pleaſed me much; why the ceremony is accompanied by the ſound of a horn, nobody ſeems able to tell. The march of ſoldiers morning and night to muſic through the ſtreets is likewiſe agreeable, and gives ideas of ſecurity; but driving great heavy waggons up and down, with two horſes a-breaſt, like a chaiſe in England, and a poſtillion upon one of them, is very droll to look at. Ordinary fellows too in the Elector's livery (blue and yellow) would ſeem ſtrange, but that as ſoon as Dover is left behind every man ſeems to belong to ſome other man, and no man to himſelf. The Emperor's livery is very handſome, but I do not admire *this*. A cuſtom of fifteen or twenty grave-looking men, dreſſed like counſellors in Weſtminſter Hall, with half a dozen boys in their company for *ſopranos*, ſinging counterpoint under one's window, has an odd effect; they are confraternities of people I am told, who live in a ſort of community together, are maintained by

contributing friends, and taught muſic at their expence; ſo in order to accompliſh themſelves, and ſhew how well they are accompliſhed, this curious contrivance is adopted. Every Sunday we hear them again in the church belonging to the pariſh that maintains them. A proceſſion of bakers too is a droll oddity, but ſhews that where there is much leiſure for the common people, ſome cheap amuſement muſt be found: two of theſe bakers fight at the corner of every ſtreet for precedence, which by this means often changes hands; yet does not the conquered baker ſhew any ſigns of ſhame or depreſſion, nor does the conteſt laſt long, or prove intereſting. I ſuppoſe they have ſettled all the battles beforehand: no meaning ſeemed to be annexed either by performers or ſpectators to the ſhow; we could make little diverſion out of it, but have no doubt of its being an old ſuperſtition.

On Chriſtmas eve I went to Santa Sophia's church, and heard a famous preacher; his manner was energetic, and he kept an hour-glaſs by him, finiſhing with ſtrange abruptneſs the moment it was expired. This was in

uſe

uſe among our diſtant provinces as late as Gay's time; he mentions it in a line of his paſtorals, and ſays—

He preach'd the hour-glaſs in her praiſe quite out;

ſpeaking of dead Blouzelind as I recollect. It now ſeems a ſtrange *groſſiereté*, but refinement follows hard upon the heels of reformation.

There is an agreeable fancy here, which one has always heard of, but never ſeen perhaps; the notion of calling together a dozen pretty children to receive preſents upon Chriſtmas eve. The cuſtom is exceedingly amiable in itſelf, and gives beſide a pleaſing pretext for parents and relations to meet, and while away the time till ſupper in reciprocating careſſes with their babies, and rejoicing in that ſpecies of happineſs (the pureſt of all perhaps) which childhood alone can either receive or beſtow. I was invited to an exhibition of this ſort, and for ſome time ſaw little preparation for pleaſure, except the ſight of fourteen or fifteen well-dreſſed little creatures, all under the age of twelve I think, and more girls than boys: the company conſiſted of three or four and twenty people; all ſpoke

French, and I was directed to obſerve how the young ones watched for the opening of a particular door; which however remained ſhut ſo long, that I forgot it again, and had begun to intereſt myſelf in chat with my neareſt neighbour (no mother of courſe), when the door flew wide, and the maſter of the houſe announced the hour of felicity, ſhewing us an apartment gaily illuminated with coloured lamps; a ſort of tree in grotto-work adorned the middle, and the preſents were arranged all round; dolls innumerable, variouſly adjuſted; fine new clothes, fans, trinkets, work-baſkets, little eſcritoires, purſes, pocket-books, toys, dancing-ſhoes,—every thing. The children ſkipped about, and capered with exultation;—"My own mama! my dear aunt! my ſweet kind grandpapa!"—reſounded wherever we turned our heads; I think it was the loveliеſt little ſhow imaginable, and am ſorry to know how deſcription muſt neceſſarily wrong it: *les etrennes de Dreſde* ſhall however remain indelibly fixed in my memory. When the pretty dears had appropriated and arranged their preſents, cake and lemonade were brought to quiet their agi-

tated

tated ſpirits, and all went home happy to bed. Their ſparkling eyes and roſy cheeks ſerved for our theme till ſupper-time; and I ſat trying, but in vain, to find a reaſon why paternal affection appears ſo much warmer always in Proteſtant countries, and filial piety in thoſe which remain firm to the church of Rome.

We returned home to our inn exceedingly well amuſed; the ſupper had been magnificent, and the preceding faſt gave it additional reliſh. I now tremble with apprehenſion however leſt the ſhow of yeſterday was too ſplendid: for if the mothers begin once to vie with each other whoſe gifts ſhall be grandeſt, or if once the friend at whoſe houſe the treat is prepared produces a more coſtly entertainment than his neighbours have hitherto contented themſelves with giving, this innocent and even praiſe-worthy paſtime will ſoon ſwell into expenſive luxury, and burſt from having been poiſoned by the corroding touch of malice and of envy.

Our Saxons however ſeemed well-bred, airy, and agreeable in laſt night's hour of feſtivity; and could I have fancied their gaiety quite natural like that of Venice or Verona, I might

might perhaps have caught the ſweet infection, and felt diſpoſed to merriment myſelf; but much of this was ſtudied mirth one ſaw, and pleaſure upon principle, as in our own iſland; which, though more elegant, is leſs attractive. It is difficult to catch the contagion of artificial hilarity, and a celebrated ſurgeon once told me, that one might live with ſafety at Sutton-houſe among the inoculated patients, without ever taking the diſorder, unleſs the operation were regularly performed upon one's ſelf.

Well! we muſt ſhortly quit this very comfortable reſting-place, and leave a town more like our own than any I have yet ſeen; where, however, the dreſſes, of ordinary women I mean, are extraordinary enough, each when ſhe is made up for ſhow wearing a rich old-faſhioned brocade cloke lined with green luteſtring, and edged round with narrow fur. This is univerſal. Her neat black love-hood however is not ſo ugly as the man's bright yellow braſs comb, ſtuck regularly in all their heads of long ſtraight hair who are not people of faſhion; and no powder is ever uſed among the Lutherans here in Saxony I ſee, except by gentlemen and ladies, who often take

take all *theirs* out when they go to church, from ſome odd principle of devotion. It is very pretty though to ſee the little clean-faced lads and wenches running to ſchool ſo in a morning at every proteſtant town, with the grammar and teſtament under their arm, while every the meaneſt houſe has a folio bible in it, and all the people of the loweſt ranks can read it.

On this 1ſt of January 1787, I may boaſt of having viſited lord Peter, Jack, and Martin, all in the courſe of one day. Hearing Monſ. Dumarre preach to the French Huguenots in the morning, attending the eſtabliſhed church at Notre Dame at noon, and going to the Elector's truly-magnificent place of worſhip at night, where Haſſe's Te Deum was ſung, and executed with prodigious regularity and pomp, over againſt an altar decorated with well-employed ſplendour, exhibiting zeal for God's houſe, animated by elegant taſte, and encouraged by royal preſence;

While from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul.

I ſtudied then to keep my mind, I hope I kept it free from narrow and from vulgar prejudice, deſirous only of ſeeing the three principal ſects of Chriſtians adoring their Redeemer, each in the way they think moſt likely to pleaſe him; nor will I mention which method had the moſt immediate effect on *me*; but this I ſaw, that beneath

> Such plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
> Made vocal only by our maker's praiſe,

Monſieur Dumarre produced from his peaceful auditors more tears of gratitude and tenderneſs in true remembrance of the ſacred ſeaſon, than were ſhed at either of the other churches. Indeed the ſublime and pathetic ſimplicity of the place, the truly-touching rhetoric of the preacher, his ſtory a ſad one; while his perſecuted family were forced to fly their native country, driven thence by the rigour of Romiſh ſeverity, and his life exactly correſponding to the purity of that doctrine he teaches: his tones of voice, his tranquillity of manners,

> His plainneſs moves men more than eloquence,
> And to his flock, joy be the conſequence!

The

The eſtabliſhed ſect here—*Lutheraniſm*, keeps almoſt the exact medium between the other two, though their places of worſhip ſtrike me as ſomething more theatrical than one could wiſh; very ſtately they are certainly, and very impoſing. As few people however are fond of a middle ſtate, as here is prodigious encouragement given by the court to Romaniſts, and full toleration from the ſtate to the diſciples of John Calvin, I wonder more members of the national church do not quit her communion for that of one of theſe chapels, which however owe their very exiſtence in Saxony to that truly chriſtian and catholick ſpirit of toleration, poſſeſſed by Martin alone.

We have recovered ourſelves now from all fatigues; our coach and our ſpirits are once more repaired, and ready to ſet out for

BERLIN.

BERLIN.

THE road hither is all a heavy ſand, cut through vaſt foreſts of ever-green timber, but not beautiful like thoſe of Bavaria, rather tedious, flat, and triſtful: to encreaſe which ſenſations, and make them more grievous to us, our ſervants complained bitterly of the laſt long froſty night, which we ſpent wholly in the carriage till it brought us here, where the man of the houſe, a bad one enough indeed, ſpeaks as good Engliſh as I do, and has lived long in London. I am not much enchanted with this place however. Dean Swift ſaid, that a good ſtyle was only proper words in proper places; and if a good city is to be judged of in the ſame way, perhaps Berlin may obtain the firſt place, which one would not on an immediate glance think it likely to deſerve; as a mere reſidence however, it will be difficult to find a finer.

He who ſighs for the happy union of ſituation, climate, fertility, and grandeur, will think

think *Genoa* tranſcends all that even a warm imagination can wiſh. If with a very, very little leſs degree of poſitive beauty, he feels himſelf chiefly affected by a number of Nature's moſt intereſting features, finely, and even philoſophically arranged; *Naples* is the town that can afford him moſt matter both of ſolemn and pleaſing ſpeculation.

If ruins of priſtine ſplendour, ſolid proofs of univerſal dominion, *once*, nay *twice* enjoyed: with the view of temporal power cruſhed by its own weight, ſolicits his curioſity.—It will be amply gratified at *Rome*; where all that modern magnificence can perform, is added to all that ancient empire has left behind. Romantic ideas of Armida's palace, fancied ſcenes of perennial pleaſure, and magical images of ever varying delight, will be beſt realized at ſmiling *Venice* of any place; but if a city may be called perfect in proportion to its external convenience, if making many houſes to hold many people, keeping infection away by cleanlineſs, and enſuring ſecurity againſt fire by a nice ſeparation of almoſt every building from almoſt every other; if uniformity of appearance can compenſate for elegance

gance of architecture, and ſpace make amends for beauty, *Berlin* certainly deſerves to be ſeen, and he who planned it, ſo be highly commended. The whole looks at its worſt now; all the churches are in mourning, ſo are the coaches: no theatre is open, and no muſic heard, except now and then a melancholy German organ droning its dull round of tunes under one's window, without even the London accompaniment of a hoarſe voice crying *Woolfleet oyſters*. Come! Berlin can boaſt an arſenal capable of containing arms for two hundred and fifty thouſand men. The contempt of decoration for a place deſtined to real uſe ſeemed reſpectable in itſelf, and characteriſtic of its founder. No columns of guns or capitals of piſtols, neatly placed, are to be ſeen here. A vaſt, large, clean, cold-looking room, with ſwords and muſkets laid up only that they may be taken down, is all one has to look at in Frederick's preparations for attack or defence.

In accumulation of ornaments one hopes to find elegance, and in rejection of ſuperfluity there is dignity of ſentiment; but nothing can excuſe a ſovereign prince for keeping as curioſities

rioſities worthy a traveller's attention, a heap of trumpery fit to furniſh out the ſhop of a Weſtminſter pawnbroker. Our cabinet of rarities here is literally no better than twenty old country gentlemen's ſeats, ſituated in the diſtant provinces of England, ſhew to the ſervants of a neighbouring family upon a Chriſtmas viſit, when the houſekeeper is in good humour, and, gently wiping the duſt off my *late lady's mother's* amber-boxes, produces forth the wax figures of my lord John and my lord Robert when *babies*. For this pitiable exhibition, ſhips cut in paper, and ſaints carved in wood, we paid half a guinea each; not gratuity to the perſon who has them in charge, but tax impoſed by the government. Every houſe here is obliged to maintain ſo many ſoldiers, excepting ſuch and ſuch only who have the word *free* written over their doors; here ſeem to be no people in the town almoſt except ſoldiers though; ſo they naturally command whatever is to be had. Moſt nations begin and end with a *military* dominion, as red is commonly the firſt and laſt colour obtained by the chymiſt in his various experiments upon artificial tints. This ſtate is

yet young, and many things in it not quite come to their full growth, ſo we muſt not be rigorous in our judgments. I have ſeen the library, in which we were for the firſt time ſhewn what is confidently *ſaid* to be an Æthiopian manuſcript, and ſuch it certainly may be for aught I know. What intereſted me much more was our Tonſon's *Cæſar*, a book remarkable for having been written by the firſt hero and general in the world perhaps, dedicated to the ſecond, and poſſeſſed by the third. Here is an exceeding perfect collection of all Hogarth's prints.

This city appears to be a very wholeſome one; the houſes are not high to confine the air between them, or drive it forward in currents upon the principle of Paris or Vienna; the ſtreets are few, but long, ſtraight, and wide; ground has not been ſpared in its conſtruction, which ſeems a moſt judicious one; and with this well-earned praiſe I am moſt willing to quit it. It is the firſt place of any conſequence I have felt in a hurry to run away from; for till now there have been *ſome* attractions in every town; ſomething that commanded veneration or invited fondneſs; ſomething

thing pleaſing in its ſociety, or inſtructive in its hiſtory. It would however be ſullen enough to feel no agreeable ſenſation in ſeeing this child of the preſent century come to age ſo: the tomb of its author is the object of our preſent curioſity, which will be gratified to-morrow.

Ou ſont ils donc, ces foudres de guerre,
Qui faiſoient trembler l'univers?
Ils ne ſont plus qu'un peu de terre,
Reſtes, qu'ont epargnis les vers*.

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* What are they after all their pains,
These thunderbolts of war?
Mere caput mortuum that remains
Which worms vouchſafe to ſpare.

POTZDAM.

AND now, if Berlin wants taſte and magnificence, here's Potzdam built on purpoſe, I believe, to ſhew that even with both a place may be very diſmal and very diſagreeable. The commoneſt buildings in this city look like the beſt ſide of Groſvenor-ſquare in London, or Queen's-ſquare at Bath. I have not ſeen a ſtreet ſo narrow as Oxford Road, but many here are much wider, with canals up the middle, and a row of trees planted on each ſide, a gravel walk near the water for foot paſſengers, inſtead of a *trottoir* by the ſide of the houſes. Every dwelling is ornamented to a degree of profuſion; but to one's queſtion of, "Who lives in theſe palaces?" one hears that they are all empty ſpace, or only occupied by goods never wanted, or corn there is nobody to feed with: this amazes one; and in fact here are no inhabitants of dignity at all proportioned to the reſidences provided for them; ſo that when one ſees the copies of antique

bas-reliefs, in no bad ſculpture, decorating the doors whence dangle a ſhoulder of mutton, or a ſhoemaker's laſt, it either ſhocks one or makes one laugh, like the old Bartholomew trick of putting a baby's face upon an old man's ſhoulders, or ſticking a king's crown upon a peaſant's head.

The churches are very fine on the outſide, but ſtrangely plain within: that, however, where the royal body repoſes looked ſolemn and ſtately in its mourning dreſs. Black velvet, with ſilver fringe and taſſels very rich and heavy, hung over the pulpit, family ſeat, &c. and every thing ſtruck one with an air of melancholy dignity. The king of Pruſſia's corpſe, no longer animated by ambition, reſts quietly in an unornamented ſolid ſilver coffin, placed in a ſort of cloſet above ground, the door to which opens cloſe to the pulpit's feet, and ſhews the narrow ſpace which now holds his body, beſide that of his father, and the great elector, as he is ſtill juſtly called.

My ſepulchral tour is now nearly finiſhed: we have in the courſe of this journey ſeen the laſt remains of many a celebrated mortal. Virgil, Raphael, Arioſto, Scipio, Galileo, Petrarch, Carlo Borromeo, and the king of

Prussia. How different each from other in his life! How like each other now! But

Tous ces morts ont vecu; toi qui lis—tu mourras:
L'instant fatal approche, et tu n'y penses pas*.

I could have wished before my return to have paused a moment on the tomb of Melancthon, who might be said to have united in himself *their* separate perfections. Courage, genius, moderation, piety! persevering steadiness in the right way himself; candid acknowledgment of merit, even in his enemies, where he saw their intentions right, though he thought their tenets and their conduct wrong. But we are removed far from the dwelling of the *peacemaker*; let us at least look at the palace, now we have examined the coffin of him whose study and delight was *war*.

Sans Souci is surely an elegantly chosen spot, its architecture excellent, its furniture rich yet delicate, the gardens very happily disposed, the prospect from its windows agreeable, the pictures within an admirable collec-

* All these have liv'd; ye too who read must die:
Haste and be wise, the fateful minutes fly.

tion. A hall built in imitation of the Colonna gallery ſhews Frederick's taſte at once and liberal ſpirit: the front ſeems borrowed from ſomething at St. Peter's; all is beautiful; the gilding of his long-room makes a very ſudden and ſtrong effect, nor are marbles of immenſe value wanting; here is a ſpecimen of every thing I think, and two agate tables of prodigious ſize and beauty. The Sileſian chryſopaz, and Carolina marble of a bright ſcarlet colour, quite luminous like the feathers of a fighting cock, ſtruck me with their ſingular and ſplendid appearance. Rubens's merit was not new to me, I hope; yet here is a reſurrection of Lazarus, in which he has been laviſh of it. The compoſition of this picture ſeems to have been intended to ſurpaſs every thing put together by other artiſts: its colouring glows like life.

The king's town-houſe, however, is finer far than this his villa was deſigned to be; but I grew very tired walking over it: when one has dragged through twenty-four rooms variouſly hung with pink and ſilver, green and gold, &c. one grows cruelly weary with repeating the ſame ideas by drawling through forty-eight more.

I wiſhed to ſee his own private living apartments, and to mind with what books and pictures he adorned the dreſſing-room he always ſate in: the firſt were chiefly works of Voltaire and Metaſtaſio—the laſt were ſmall landſcapes of Albano and Watteau. At our deſire they ſhewed us the little bed he ſlept, the chairs he ſate in familiarly. Suetonius in French and Italian was the laſt author he looked into; they have made a mark at the death of Auguſtus, where he was reading when the ſame viſitant called on him, quite unexpected by himſelf it ſeems, though all his attendants were well aware of his approach. As he expired he ſaid, *I give you a vaſt deal of trouble.* We ſaw the ſpot he ſate in at the moment; for Frederick no more died in his bed, than did the famous Flavius Veſpaſian; his ſervants wept as they repeated the particulars, careſſing while they ſpoke his favourite dogs, one of which, a terrier, could hardly be prevailed upon to quit the body. It uſed to amuſe the king to ſee them frighted when he would take them to a long room lined with French mirrors, which he did now and then to laugh at the effect.

Every

Every thing at Potzdam ſhews a man in haſte to enjoy what he had laboured ſo hard to procure; nor did he ever refuſe himſelf, they ſay, any gratification that could make age leſs wearisome, or illneſs leſs afflictive. He had much taſte of Engliſh ingenuity—combinations of convenience, and improvements in mechaniſm: his own writing-table, however, was contrived by himſelf; it ſtands on four legs, one pair longer than the other to make it ſlope; the covering is green velvet, with a ſquare hole for the ſtandiſh to drop in and not ſpill the ink: I liked the device exceedingly, but wondered he thought any device worth his preference. His converſation to his ſervants was affable and even gay; they loved his perſon, it is plain, and half adore his memory.

Such were the manners then, and ſuch the death, of the far-famed philoſopher of Sans Souci! And in truth, when he had ſo often ſet all preſent and future happineſs to hazard, it would have been inconſiſtent not to haſten the enjoyment: nobody comes to inhabit his fine town, however, which has much the look of buildings in a ſtage perſpective. Soldiers only, and ſuch as ſell wares neceſſary to ſoldiers,

diers, were all the human creatures I could ſee here; nor are families, or travellers of any ſort indeed, better accommodated here than at inns of leſs pompous appearance on the outſide.

For accommodations, however, I care but little; I have now walked over the oldeſt and the youngeſt cities in all Europe, and have left each with ſincere admiration of their contents. Both are full of buildings and empty of inhabitants, nor am I deſirous to add to the number in either. I was going to ſtep forward into ſome room of the palace yeſterday—"Madam, come back this inſtant," exclaimed our Cicerone; "if that chamber is entered, my head will be off my ſhoulders in three days time." Another well atteſted anecdote may be worth relating: A gentleman with whom we paſſed an agreeable evening at Berlin, whoſe lady invited to meet us whatever was moſt charming in the town, told the following ſtory of a ſoldier who, being deſirous of his body's diſſolution, but fearful of his ſoul's ruſhing unprepared into eternity, caught and murdered a ſix months old baby; giving this ſtrange account of his own feelings on the occaſion, and adding, that he did not

like

like to kill an adult, left his own impatience of life's insupportable torment might by that means precipitate his neighbour to perdition; but that a baptized infant would be sure of heaven, and he himself should gain time to prepare for following it—"And, Lord!" said my informer, "what reasoners this world has in it!" The soldier was hanged six weeks after the dreadful crime was committed; he made a very decent and penitential end.

On such facts what observations or reflections can result? I made none, but gave God thanks that I was born a subject of Great Britain.

POTZDAM TO HANOVER.

On the 13th of January 1787 then we quitted Potzdam, strongly impressed by the beauties of a town apparently fabricated by a modern Cadmus, who, when all the soldiers that he could *raise* were fallen in *battle* for his amusement, retired with the five that were left, and built a fine city!

Branden-

Brandenbourg was our next reſting place, and ſeemed to me to merit a longer ſtay in it; I ſaw an old Runick figure in the ſtreet, its ſize coloſſal, and its compoſition ſeemed black baſalt; but of this I could obtain no account for want of language, our ſtill recurring torment.—This place ſeems fuller of inhabitants than the laſt; but it is *ſo* melancholy to have no compenſation for the fatigues of a tedious journey! and in theſe countries information cannot be procured for travellers that do not mean to reſide, preſent letters, &c.; which taſk we have at this ſeaſon little taſte to renew.

Magdebourg makes a reſpectable appearance at a diſtance, from the loftineſs of its turrets; one ſees them at leaſt four long hours before the roads which lead to it permit one's approach; and the towers ſeem to retire before one, like Ulyſſes's fictitious country raiſed to deceive him. Never was I ſo weary in my life as when we entered Magdebourg, where, inſtead of going out to ſee ſights as uſual, I deſired nothing ſo ſincerely as a hot ſupper and ſoft bed, which the inns of Germany never fail to afford us in even elegant perfection.

Our

Our linen too, ſo beautifully, and I will add ſo unneceſſarily fine! The king of Naples probably never ſaw ſuch ſheets and table-cloths as we have been comforted with here, not only at Dreſden, but every poſt ſince.

Magdebourg ſeems to have almoſt all its ſtreets united by bridges; the Elbe divides there into ſo many branches, and none of them ſmall.

Helmſtadt is a little place which affords few images to the mind, and Brunſwick to mere paſſengers, as we were, ſeemed to yield none but ſad ones. The houſes all of wood, even to prince Ferdinand's palace, and painted of a dull olive colour with heavy penſile roofs, giving the town a melancholy look; but we met with young Engliſhmen who commended the ſociety, and ſaid no place could be gayer than Brunſwick. This is among the reports one wiſhes to be true, and we are led the more willingly to believe them.

Another delight which I enjoyed at this city was, to find that every body in it, and every body paſſing through it, adored the ducheſs, whoſe partial fondneſs, and tender remembrance of her native country, juſtly endears

endears her name to every ſubject of Great Britain. Her chapel is pretty; the garden, where they ſaid ſhe always walked two hours every day, put me in mind of Gray's-Inn walks twenty or thirty years ago; they were then very like it.

From theſe ſcenes of ſolitude without retirement, and of age without antiquity, I was willing enough to be gone; but they would ſhew me one curioſity they ſaid, as I ſeemed to feel particular pleaſure in ſpeaking of their charming ducheſs. We followed, and were ſhewn *her coffin!* all in ſilver, finely carved, chaſed, engraved, what you will. "Before ſhe is dead!" exclaimed I—"Before ſhe was even married, madam," replied our Cicerone; "it is the very fineſt ever made in Brunſwick; we had it ready for her againſt ſhe came home to us, and you ſee the plate left vacant for her age." I was glad to drive forward now, and ſlept at Peina; which, though in itſelf a miſerable place, exhibits one conſolatory ſight for a Chriſtian—the ſight of toleration. Here Romaniſts, Lutherans, and Calviniſts, live all affectionately and quietly together, under the protection of the biſhop of Paderborne; and here I firſt ſaw the king of England's

land's livery upon the king of England's ſervants ſince I left home—"And if they *are* ragged youngſters who wear it," ſaid I, "they are my fellow-ſubjects, and glad am I to ſee them!"

The villages and churches hereabouts reſemble thoſe of Merionethſhire, only that not a mountain rears its head at all—one vaſt, wide, barren flat, through which roads that no weather can render better than barely paſſable brought us at length to Hanover, which ſtands, as all theſe cities do in the north of Germany, upon an immenſe plain, with a thick wood of noble timber trees breaking from time to time the almoſt boundleſs void, and relieving the eye, which is fatigued by extent without any object to repoſe upon, in a manner I can with difficulty comprehend, much leſs explain; but the ſight of a paſſing waggon, or diſtant ſpire, is a felicity ſeldom found, though continually ſought by me, while travelling through theſe wide waſted countries, where no idea is afforded to the imagination, no image remitted to the mind, but that of two armies encountering each other, to diſpute the plunder of ſome place already unable to feed its few inhabitants.

The

The horſes however are exceedingly beautiful; we were offered a pair of very fine ones for only forty pounds. They would have run ſuch hazards getting home! "There are two ways to chuſe out of," ſaid I; "if we purchaſe them, we ſhall repent on it every day till we arrive in London; if we do not, we ſhall repent on it every day after we get there." Such is life! we did not buy the cattle.

The cleanlineſs of the windows, the manner of paving and lighting the ſtreets at Hanover, put us in mind a little of ſome country towns in the remoter provinces of England; and there ſeems to be likewiſe a little glimpſe of Britiſh manners, dreſs, &c. breaking through the common and natural faſhions of the country. This was very pleaſing to us, but I wiſhed the place grander; I do not very well know why, but we had long counted on comforts here as at home, and I had formed expectations of ſomething much more magnificent than we found; though the Duke of York's reſidence does give the town an air of cheerfulneſs it ſcarce could ſhew without that advantage; and here are concerts and balls, and efforts at being gay, which may probably ſucceed ſometime. How did all the

the talk however, and all the pamphlets, and all the lamentations made by old King George's new ſubjects, ruſh into my mind, when I recollected the loud, illiberal, and indecent clamours made from the year 1720 to the year 1750, at leaſt till the alarm given by the Rebellion began to operate, and open people's eyes to the virtues of the reigning family! for till then, no topic had ſo completely engroſſed both preſs and converſation, as the misfortunes accruing to *poor* old England, from their King's deſire of enriching his Electoral dominions, and feeding his favourite Hanoverians with their good guineas, making fat the objects of his partial tenderneſs with their beſt treaſures—in good time! Such groundleſs charges remind one of a ſtory the famous French wit Monſieur de Menage tells of his mother and her maid, who, having waſted or ſold a pound of butter, laid the theft upon the *cat*, perſiſting ſo violently that it had been all devoured by the rapacious favourite, that Madame de Menage ſaid, "It's very well; we will weigh the cat, poor thing! and know the truth:" The ſcales were produced, but puſs could be found to weigh only *three quarters*, after all her depredations.

From HANOVER to BRUSSELS.

Travelling night and day through the moſt diſmal country I ever yet beheld, brought us at length to Munſter, where we had a good inn again, and talked Engliſh. Well may all our writers agree in celebrating the miſeries of Weſtphalia! well may they, while the wretched inhabitants, uniting poverty with pride, live on their hogs, with their hogs, and like their hogs, in mud-walled cottages, a dozen of which together is called by courteſy a village, ſurrounded by black heaths, and wild uncultivated plains, over which the unreſiſted wind ſweeps with a velocity I never yet was witneſs to, and now and then, exaſperated perhaps by ſolitude, returns upon itſelf in eddies terrible to look on. Well, the woes of mortal man are chiefly his own fault; war and ambition have depopulated the country, which otherwiſe need not I believe be poor, as here is capability enough, and the weather, though

though ſtormy, is not otherwiſe particularly diſagreeable. January is no mild month any where; even Naples, ſo proverbially delicious, is noiſy enough with thunder and lightning; and the torrents of rain which often fall at this ſeaſon at Rome and Florence, make them unpleaſing enough. Nor do I believe that the *very* few people one finds here are of a lazy diſpoſition at all; but it is ſo ſeldom that one meets with the *human face divine* in this Weſtern ſide of Germany, that one ſcarce knows what they are, but by report.

The town of Munſter is catholic I ſee; their cathedral heavily and clumſily adorned, like the old Lutheran church called Santa Sophia at Dreſden. One pair of their ſilver candleſticks however are eight feet high, and exhibit more ſolidity than elegance. They told us ſomething about the *three kings*, who muſt have loſt their way amazingly if ever they wandered into Weſtphalia, and deſerved to loſe their name of *wiſe men* too, I think. We were likewiſe ſhewn the ſword worn by St. Paul, they told us, and a backgammon table preſerved behind the high altar, I could not for my life find out why; at firſt our inter-

preter told us, that the man said it had belonged to *John the Baptist*, but on further enquiry we understood him that it was once used by some Anabaptists; as that seemed no less wild a reason for keeping it there, than the other seemed as an account of its original, we came away uninformed.

Of the reason why Hams are better here than in any other part of Europe, it was not so difficult to obtain the knowledge, and the inquiry was much more useful.

Poor people here burn a vast quantity of very fine old oak in their cottages, which, having no chimney, detain the smoke a long time before it makes its escape out at the door. This smoke gives the peculiar flavour to that bacon which hangs from the roof, already fat with the produce of the same tree growing about these districts in a plenty not to be believed. Indeed the sole decoration of this devasted country is the large quantity of majestic timber trees, almost all oak, living to such an age, and spreading their broad arms with such venerable dignity, that it is *they* who appear the ancient possessors of the land, who, in the true style of Gothic supremacy,

suck

ſuck all the nutriment of it to themſelves, only ſhaking off a few acorns to content the immediate hunger of the animal race, which here ſeems in a ſtate of great degeneracy indeed, compared to thoſe haughty vegetables.

This day I ſaw a fryar; the firſt that has croſſed my ſight ſince we left the town of Munich in Bavaria. On the road to Duſſeldorp one ſees the country mend at every ſtep; but even *I* can perceive the language harſher, the further one is removed from Hanover on either ſide: for Hanover, as Madame de Bianconi told me at Dreſden, is the Florence of Germany; and the tongue ſpoken at that town is ſuppoſed, and juſtly, the criterion of perfect *Teutſch*.

The gallery of paintings here ſhall delay us but two or three days; I am ſo very weary of living on the high roads of *Teuchland* all winter long! Gerard Dow's delightful mountebank ought, however, to have two of thoſe days devoted to him, and here is the moſt capital Teniers which the world has to ſhow. Jaques Jordaens never painted any thing ſo well as the feaſt in this gallery, where there are likewiſe ſome wonderful Sckalkens;

beſides Rembrandt's portrait of himſelf much out of repair, and old Franck's Seven Acts of Mercy varniſhed up, as well as the martyrdoms repreſenting ſome of the perſecutions in early times of Chriſtianity; theſe might be called the Seven Acts of Cruelty—a duplicate of the picture may be ſeen at Vienna. When one has mentioned the Vanderwerfs, which are all ſiſters, and the demi-divine Carlo Dolce in the window, repreſenting the infant Jeſus with flowers, full of ſweetneſs and innocent expreſſion, it will be time to talk of the General Judgment, painted with aſtoniſhing hardihood by Rubens, and which we ſtopt here chiefly to ſee. The ſecond Perſon of the Trinity is truly ſublime, and formed upon an idea more worthy of him, at leaſt more correſpondent to the general ideas than that in Cappella Seſtini; where a beholder is tempted to think on Julius Cæſar ſomehow, inſtead of Jeſus Chriſt—a Conqueror, more than a Saviour of mankind.

St. Michael's figure is incomparable; thoſe of Moſes and St. Peter happily imagined; the ſpirit of compoſition, the manner of grouping and colouring, the general effect of the whole, prodigious! I know not why he has ſo fallen below

below himſelf in the Madonna's character; perhaps not imitating Tintoret's lovely Virgin in Paradiſe, he has done worſe for fear of being ſervile. Tintoret's idea of her is ſo *very* poetical! but thoſe who ſhewed it me at Venice ſaid the drawing was borrowed from Guariento, I remember.

Who however except Rubens would have thought ſo juſtly, ſo liberally, ſo wiſely, about the Negro drawn up to heaven by the angels? who ſtill retains the old terreſtrial character, ſo far as to ſhew a diſpoſition to laugh at *their* ſituation who on earth tormented him. When all is ſaid, every body knows very well that Michael Angelo's picture on this ſubject is by far the fineſt; and that neither Rubens nor Tintoret ever pretended, or even hoped to be thought as great artiſts as he: but though Dante is a ſublimer poet than Taſſo, and Milton a writer of more eminence than Pope, *theſe* laſt will have readers, reciters, and quoters, while the others muſt ſit down contented with ſilent veneration and acknowledged ſuperiority.

This day we ſaw the Rhine—what rivers theſe are! and what enormous inhabitants they do contain! a brace of bream, and eels of a mag-

nitude and flavour very uncommon except in Germany, were our ſupper here. But the manners begin I ſee to fade away upon the borders; our ſoft feather beds are left behind; men too, ſometimes ſad, naſty, ill-looked fellows, come in one's room to ſweep, &c. and light the fire in the ſtove, which is now always made of lead, and the fumes are very offenſive; no more tight maids to be ſeen: but we ſhall get good roads; at Liege, down in a dirty coal pit, the bad ones end I think; and that town may be ſaid to finiſh all our difficulties. After paſſing through our laſt diſagreeable reſting-place then, one finds the manners take a tint of France, and begins to ſee again what one has often ſeen before. The foreſts too are fairly left behind, but neat agriculture, and comfortable cottages more than ſupply their loſs. Broom, juniper, every Engliſh ſhrub, announce our proximity to Great Britain, while pots of mazerion in flower at the windows ſhew that we are arrived in a country where ſpring is welcomed with ceremony, as well as received with delight. The forwardneſs of the ſeaſon is indeed ſurpriſing; though it freezes at night now and then, the general feel of the air is very mild; willows already

already give ſigns of reſuſcitation, while flights of yellowhammers, a bird never obſerved in Italy I think, enliven the fields, and look as if they expected food and felicity to be near.

Louvaine would have been a place well worth ſtopping at, they tell me; but we were in haſte to finiſh our journey and arrive at

BRUSSELS.

Every ſtep towards this comfortable city lies through a country too well known to need deſcription, and too beautiful to be ever deſcribed as it deſerves. *Les Vues de Flandres* are bought by the Engliſh, admired by the Italians, and even eſteemed by the French, who like few things out of their own nation; but theſe places once belonged to Louis Quatorze, and the language has taken ſuch root it will never more be eradicated. Here are very fine pictures in many private hands; Mr. Danot's collection does not want me to celebrate its merits; and here is a lovely park, and

and a pleaſing coterie of Engliſh, and a very gay carnival as can be, people running about the ſtreets in crowds; but their theatre is a vile one: after Italy, it will doubtleſs be difficult to find maſques that can amuſe, or theatres that can ſtrike one. But never did nation poſſeſs a family more charming than that of *La Ducheſſe D'Arenberg*, who, graced with every accompliſhment of mind and perſon, devotes her time and thoughts wholly to the amuſement of her amiable conſort, calling round them all which has any power of alleviating his diſtreſsful condemnation to perpetual darkneſs, from an accident upon a ſhooting party that coſt him his ſight about ſix or ſeven years ago. Mean time her arm always guides, her elegant converſation always ſoothes him; and either from *gaieté de cœur*, philoſophical reſolution to bear what heaven ordains without repining, or a kind deſire of correſponding with the Ducheſs's intentions, he appears to loſe no pleaſure himſelf, nor power of pleaſing others, by his misfortune; but dances, plays at cards, chats with his Engliſh friends, and liſtens delightedly (as who does not?) when charming Counteſs Cleri ſings to the harpſichord's accompaniment,

with

with all Italian taſte, and all German execution. By the Duke D'Aremberg we were introduced to Prince Albert of Saxony, and the Princeſſe Gouvernante, whoſe reſemblance to her Imperial brother is very ſtriking; her hand however, ſo eminently beautiful, is to be kiſſed no more; the abolition of that ceremony has taken place in all the Emperor's family. The palace belonging to theſe princes is ſo entirely in the Engliſh taſte, with pleaſure grounds, ſhrubbery, lawn, and laid out water, that I thought myſelf at home, not becauſe of the polite attentions received, for thoſe I have found *abroad*, where no merits of mine could poſſibly have deſerved, nor no ſervices have purchaſed them. Spontaneous kindneſs, and friendſhip reſulting merely from that innate worth that loves to energize its own affections on an object which ſome circumſtances had caſually rendered intereſting, are the laſting comforts I have derived from a journey which has ſhewn me much variety, and impreſſed me with an eſteem of many characters I have been both the happier and the wiſer for having known. Such were the friends I left with regret, when, croſſing the Tyroleſe Alps, I ſent my laſt kind wiſhes

back to the dear ſtate of Venice in a ſigh: ſuch too were my emotions, when we took leave laſt night at Lady Torrington's; and reſolving to quit Bruſſels to-morrow for Antwerp, determined to exchange the brilliant converſation of a *Boyle*, for the glowing pencil of a *Rubens*.

ANTWERP.

THIS is a diſmal heavy looking town—*ſo* melancholy! the Scheld ſhut up! the graſs growing in the ſtreets! thoſe ſtreets ſo empty of inhabitants! and it was ſo famous once. *Atuatum nobile Brabantiæ opidum in ripâ Schaldis flu. Europæ nationibus maximè frequentatum. Sumptuoſis tam privatis quam publicis nitet ædificiis**, ſay the not very old books of geography when ſpeaking of this once ſtately city;

But trade's proud empire ſweeps to ſwift decay,
As ocean heaves the labour'd mole away.
GOLDSMITH.

* Antwerp is a noble town of Brabant, ſituated on the banks of the Scheld; frequented by moſt of the nations in Europe, and ſumptuous in its buildings both public and private.

And

And ſurely if the empire of Rome is actually fled away into air like a dream, the opulence of Antwerp may well crumble to earth like a clod. What defies time is genius; and of that, many and glorious proofs are yet left behind in this place. The compoſition of a picture painted to adorn the altar under which lies buried that which was mortal of its artiſt, is beyond all meaner praiſe. The figure of St. George might ſtand by that of Corregio, and ſuffer no diminution of one's eſteem. The deſcent from the croſs too!—Well! if Daniel de Volterra's is more elegantly pathetic, Rubens has put *his* pathos in a properer place.—The bleſſed Virgin Mary ought to be but the ſecond figure certainly in a ſcene which repreſents our almighty Saviour himſelf completing the redemption of all mankind. But here is another devotional piece, highly poetical, almoſt dramatic, repreſenting Chriſt deſcending in anger to conſume a guilty world. The globe at a diſtance low beneath his feet, his pious mother proſtrate before him, covering part of it with her robe, and deprecating the divine wrath in a moſt touching manner. St. Sebaſtian ſhewing his wounds with an air of the tendereſt ſupplication; Carlo Borromæo

beſeeching in heaven for thoſe fellow-creatures he ceaſed not loving or ſerving while on earth; and St. Francis in the groupe, but ſurely ill-choſen; as he who left the world, and planned only his own ſalvation by retirement from its cares and temptations, would be unlikely enough to intreat for its longer continuance: his dreſs however, ſo favourable to painters, was the reaſon he was pitched upon I truſt, as it affords a particularly happy contraſt to the cardinal's robes of St. Carlo.

I will finiſh my reflections upon painting here, and apologize for their frequency only by confeſſing my fondneſs for the art; and my conviction, that had I ſaid nothing of that art in a journey through Italy and Germany, where ſo much of every traveller's attention is led to mention it, I ſhould have been juſtly blamed for affectation; while being cenſured for impertinence diſguſts me leſs of the two. What I have learned from the Italians is a maxim more valuable than all my ſtock of connoiſſeurſhip: *Che c'è in tutto il ſuo bene, e il ſuo male*—that *there is much of evil and of good in every thing:* and the life of a traveller evinces the truth of that poſition perhaps more than

than any other. So perſuaded, we made a bold endeavour to croſs the Scheld; but the wind was ſo outrageouſly high, no boat was willing to venture till towards night: at that hour "*Unus, et hic audax**," as Leander ſays, offered his ſervice to convey us; but the paſſage of the Rhine had been ſo rough before, that I felt by no means diſpoſed to face danger again juſt at the cloſe of the battle.

When we find a diſpoſition to talk over our adventures, the great ice iſlands driving down *Rhenus ferox*, as Seneca juſtly calls it, and threatening to run againſt and deſtroy our awkward ill-contrived boat, may divert care over a winter's fire, ſome evening in England, by recollection of paſt perils. I thought it a dreadful one at the time; and have no taſte to renew a like ſcene for the ſake of croſſing the Scheld, and arriving a very few moments ſooner than returning through Bruſſels will bring us—*a la Place de*

* One—and he a bold one.

LILLE;

LILLE;

WHERE every thing appears to me to be juſt like England, at leaſt juſt by it; and in fact four and twenty hours would carry us thither with a fair wind: and now it really does feel as if the journey were over; and even in that ſenſation, though there is ſome pleaſure, there is ſome pain too;—the time and the places are paſt;—and I have only left to wiſh, that my improvements of the one, and my accounts of the others, were better; for though Mr. Sherlock comforts his followers with the kind aſſertion, That if a hundred men of parts travelled over Italy, and each made a ſeparate book of what *he* ſaw and obſerved, a hundred excellent compoſitions might be made, of which no two ſhould be alike, yet all new, all reſembling the original, and all admirable of their kind.—One's conſtantly-recurring fear is, leſt the readers ſhould cry out, with Juliet—

Yea, but all this did I know before!

How

How truly might they ſay ſo, did I mention the oddity (for oddity it ſtill is) in this town of Lille, to ſee dogs drawing in carts as beaſts of burden, and lying down in the market-place when their work is done, to gnaw the bones thrown them by their drivers; they are of maſtiff race ſeemingly, croſſed by the bull-dog, yet not quarrelſome at all. This is a very awkward and barbarous practice however, and, as far as I know, confined to this city; for in all others, people ſeem to have found out, that horſes, aſſes, and oxen are the proper creatures to draw wheel carriages—except indeed at Vienna, where the ſtreets are ſo very narrow, that the men reſolve rather to be harneſſed than run over.

How fine I thought theſe churches thirteen years ago, comes now thirteen times a-day into my head; they are not fine at all; but it was the firſt time I had ever croſſed the channel, and I thought every thing a wonder, and fancied we were arrived at the world's end almoſt; ſo differently do the ſelf-ſame places appear to the ſelf-ſame people ſurrounded by different circumſtances! I now feel as if we were at Canterbury. Was one to go to

Egypt, the ſight of Naples on the return home would probably afford a like ſenſation of proximity: and I recollect, one of the gentlemen who had been with Admiral Anſon round the world told us, that when he came back as near as our Eaſt India ſettlements, he conſidered the voyage as finiſhed, and all his toils at an end—ſo is my little book; and (if Italy may be conſidered, upon Sherlock's principle, as a ſort of academy-figure ſet up for us all to draw from) my deſign of it may have a chance to go in the portfolio with the reſt, after its exhibition-day is over.

With regard to the general effect travelling has upon the human mind, it is different with different people. Brydone has obſerved, that the magnetic needle loſes her habits upon the heights of Ætna, nor ever more regains her partiality for the *north*, till again newly touched by the loadſtone: it is ſo with many men who have lived long from home; they find, like Imogen,

That there's living out of Britain;

and if they return to it after an abſence of ſeveral years, bring back with them an alien-

ated mind—this is not well. Others there are, who, being accuſtomed to live a conſiderable time in places where they have not the ſmalleſt intention to fix for ever, but on the contrary firmly reſolve to leave *ſometime*, learn to treat the world as a man treats his miſtreſs, whom he likes well enough, but has no deſign to marry, and of courſe never provides for—this is not well neither. A third ſet gain the love of hurrying perpetually from place to place; living familiarly with all, but intimately with none; till confounding their own ideas (ſtill undiſcloſed) of right and wrong, they learn to think virtue and vice ambulatory, as Browne ſays; profeſs that climate and conſtitution regulate men's actions, till they try to perſuade their companions into a belief moſt welcome to themſelves, that the will of God in one place is by no means his will in another; and moſt reſemble in their whirling fancies a boy's top I once ſaw ſhewn by a profeſſor who read us a lecture upon opticks; it was painted in regular ſtripes round like a narrow ribbon, red, blue, green, and yellow; we ſet it a-ſpinning by direction of our philoſopher, who, whipping it merrily about, obtained as a general

effect the total privation of all the four colours, ſo diſtinct at the beginning of its *tour*; —*it reſembled a dirty white!*

With theſe reflexions and recollections we drove forward to Calais, where I left the following lines at our inn:

Over mountains, rivers, vallies,
Here are we return'd to Calais;
After all their taunts and malice,
Ent'ring ſafe the gates of Calais;
While, conſtrain'd, our captain dallies,
Waiting for a wind at Calais,
Muſe! prepare ſome ſprightly ſallies
To divert *ennui* at Calais.
Turkiſh ſhips, Venetian gallies,
Have we ſeen ſince laſt at Calais;
But tho' Hogarth (rogue who rallies!)
Ridicules the French at Calais,
We, who've walk'd o'er many a palace,
Quite well content return to Calais;
For, ſtriking honeſtly the tallies,
There's little choice 'twixt them and Calais.

It would have been graceleſs not to give theſe lines a companion on the other ſide the water, like Dean Swift's diſtich before and after he climbed Penmanmaur: theſe verſes were therefore written, and I believe ſtill remain, in an apartment of the Ship inn:

He

He whom fair winds have wafted over,
Firſt hails his native land at Dover,
And doubts not but he ſhall diſcover
Pleaſure in ev'ry path round Dover;
Envies the happy crows which hover
About old Shakeſpeare's cliff at Dover;
Nor once reflects that each young rover
Feels juſt the ſame, return'd to Dover.
From this fond dream he'll ſoon recover
When debts ſhall drive him back to Dover,
Hoping, though poor, to live in clover,
Once ſafely paſt the ſtraits of Dover.
But he alone's his country's lover,
Who, abſent long, returns to Dover,
And can by fair experience prove her
The beſt he has found ſince laſt at Dover.

THE END.

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